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NME MUSICAL EXPRESS

DYLAN'S OPEN-AIR BASH?

Page 3

Photo: JOE STEVENS

INTRODUCING JOHNNY ROTTEN'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND

Pages 7/8

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending May 26, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	SEE MY BABY JIVE	Wizzard (Harvest)
1	2	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON	Dawn (Bell)
2	3	HELL RAISER	Sweet (RCA)
7	4	AND I LOVE HER SO	Perry Como (RCA)
12	5	ONE AND ONE IS ONE	Medicine Head (Polydor)
6	6	GIVING IT ALL AWAY	Roger Daltrey (Track)
11	7	ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA (2001)	Deodato (Creed Taylor)
5	8	BROTHER LOUIE	Hot Chocolate(Rak)
15	9	BROKENDOWN ANGEL	Nazareth (Mooncrest)
4	10	HELLO HELLO I'M BACK AGAIN	Gary Glitter (Bell)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending May 28, 1968

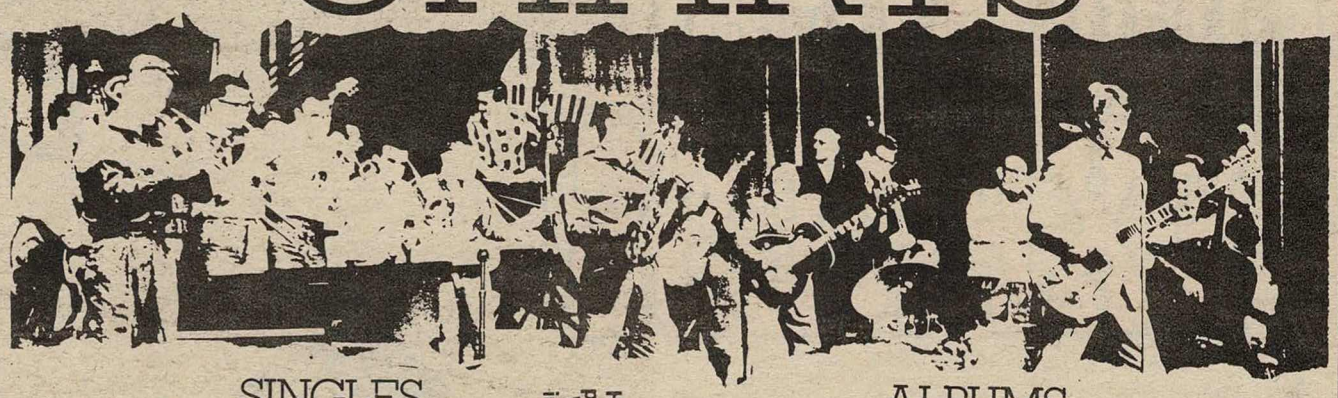
Last Week	This Week		
1	1	YOUNG GIRL	Union Gap (CBS)
3	2	HONEY	Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)
4	3	A MAN WITHOUT LOVE	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
2	4	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	Louis Armstrong (HMV)
7	5	I DON'T WANT OUR LOVING TO DIE	Herd (Fontana)
5	6	LAZY SUNDAY	Small Faces (Immediate)
17	7	JOANNA	Scott Walker (Philips)
11	8	RAINBOW VALLEY	Love Affair (CBS)
6	9	SIMON SAYS	1910 Fruitgum Company (Pye Int)
10	10	WHITE HORSES	Jackie (Philips)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending May 31, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET	Billy J Kramer (Parlophone)
1	2	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	3	SCARLET O'HARA	Jet Harris & Tony Meehan (Decca)
4	4	LUCKY LIPS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	5	IN DREAMS	Roy Orbison (London)
11	6	WHEN WILL YOU SAY I LOVE YOU	Billy Fury (Decca)
5	7	CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)
6	8	TWO KINDS OF TEARDROPS	Del Shannon (London)
10	9	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
—	9	I LIKE IT	Gerry & the Pacemakers (Columbia)

CHARTS



SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Week ending May 27, 1978	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	RIVERS OF BABYLON — Boney M (Atlantic)	5	1
2	(2)	NIGHT FEVER — Bee Gees (RSO)	7	1
3	(7)	BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY — Darts (Magnet)	3	3
4	(3)	BECAUSE THE NIGHT — Patti Smith (Arista)	4	3
5	(10)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU — Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	3	5
6	(14)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR — John Paul Young (Ariola)	3	6
7	(4)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE — Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS)	11	2
8	(16)	MORE THAN A WOMAN — Tavares (Capitol)	3	8
9	(5)	AUTOMATIC LOVER — Dee Dee Jackson (Mercury)	6	5
10	(6)	NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY — Andrew Gold (Asylum)	9	2
11	(21)	WHAT A WASTE — Ian Dury (Stiff)	4	11
12	(11)	JACK AND JILL — Raydio (Arista)	4	11
13	(17)	HI TENSION — Hi Tension (Island)	3	13
14	(—)	IT MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE DANCIN' — Rose Royce (Warner Bros)	1	14
15	(18)	DO IT DO IT AGAIN — Raffaella Carra (Epic)	4	15
16	(9)	LET'S ALL CHANT — Michael Zager Band (Private Stock)	6	6
17	(19)	NICE 'N SLEAZY — Stranglers (United Artists)	3	17
18	(30)	CA PLANE POUR MOI — Plastic Bertrand (Sire)	2	18
19	(8)	(I'M ALWAYS TOUCHED BY YOUR) PRESENCE DEAR — Blondie (Chrysalis)	3	8
20	(—)	COME TO ME — Ruby Winters (Creole)	1	20
21	(12)	SHE'S SO MODERN — Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	7	11
22	(26)	A BI NI BI — Ishar Cohen & Alphabeta (Polydor)	1	22
23	(15)	THE DAY THE WORLD TURNED DAYGLO — X Ray Spex (EMI Int)	4	15
24	(—)	ON A LITTLE STREET IN SINGAPORE — Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	1	24
25	(—)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT — John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	1	25
26	(13)	EVERYBODY DANCE — Chic (Atlantic)	8	11
27	(—)	OH CAROL — Smokie (Rak)	1	27
28	(28)	ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES — Sham 69 (Polydor)	2	28
29	(—)	SHAME — Evelyn "Champagne" King (RCA)	1	29
30	(20)	IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE — Suzi Quatro (Rak)	10	2

BUBBLING UNDER

JUPITER — Earth Wind and Fire (CBS); (DON'T FEAR) THE REAPER — Blue Oyster Cult (CBS); BOOGIE SHOES — K.C. And The Sunshine Band (TK); PUMP IT UP — Elvis Costello (Radar).

ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Week ending May 27, 1978	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER — Various (RSO)	10	1
2	(3)	THE STUD — Soundtrack (Ronco)	5	3
3	(6)	ABBA THE ALBUM — Abba (Epic)	17	1
4	(5)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE — Johnny Mathis (CBS)	5	5
5	(2)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE — Genesis (Charisma)	7	2
6	(7)	20 GOLDEN GREATS — Frank Sinatra (EMI)	2	7
7	(4)	20 GOLDEN GREATS — Nat King Cole (Capitol)	8	1
8	(8)	LONG LIVE ROCK & ROLL — Rainbow (Polydor)	4	8
9	(9)	LONDON TOWN — Wings (EMI)	7	4
10	(19)	PENNIES FROM HEAVEN — Various (World Records)	5	12
11	(—)	BLACK & WHITE — Stranglers (United Artists)	1	11
12	(10)	RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	64	1
13	(18)	PASTICHE — Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	12	13
14	(12)	EASTER — Patti Smith (Arista)	4	12
15	(15)	BAT OUT OF HELL — Meat Loaf (Epic)	9	10
16	(21)	20 CLASSIC HITS — The Platters (Mercury)	5	21
16	(—)	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY — Soundtrack (Casablanca)	1	16
18	(16)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES — Ian Dury (Stiff)	16	7
19	(13)	ANYTIME, ANYWHERE — Rita Coolidge (A & M)	5	13
20	(—)	POWER IN THE DARK — Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	1	20
21	(—)	EVERYBODY PLAYS DARTS — Darts (Magnet)	1	21
22	(25)	20 GOLDEN GREATS — Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)	12	2
23	(10)	CITY TO CITY — Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	12	4
24	(14)	KAYA — Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	9	6
25	(23)	THIS YEAR'S MODEL — Elvis Costello (Radar)	9	8
26	(—)	OUT OF THE BLUE — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	28	3
27	(24)	THE KICK INSIDE — Kate Bush (EMI)	12	1
28	(29)	SHOOTING STAR — Elkie Brooks (A & M)	2	27
29	(22)	PLASTIC LETTERS — Blondie (Chrysalis)	12	7
30	(—)	POWER AGE — AC/DC (Atlantic)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO — Andrew Gold (Asylum); SHOWPIECES — James Galway (RCA); PARKERILLA — Graham Parker (Vertigo); THE '56 SESSIONS Elvis Presley (RCA).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending May 27, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK	Wings
2	(3)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis/Deniece Williams
3	(4)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	Olivia Newton John/John Travolta
4	(6)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
5	(2)	THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU	Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway
6	(11)	BABY HOLD ON	Eddie Money
7	(10)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
8	(8)	DISCO INFERNO	The Trammps
9	(9)	IMAGINARY LOVER	Atlanta Rhythm Section
10	(5)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees
11	(16)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
12	(7)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman
13	(14)	THIS TIME I'M IN IT FOR LOVE	Player
14	(18)	ON BROADWAY	George Benson
15	(17)	MOVIN' OUT (ANTHONY'S SONG)	Billy Joel
16	(19)	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN	Sweet
17	(30)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty
18	(21)	DANCE WITH ME	Peter Brown
19	(24)	TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD	Meat Loaf
20	(23)	DEACON BLUES	Steely Dan
21	(27)	YOU BELONG TO ME	Carly Simon
22	(26)	BECAUSE THE NIGHT	Patti Smith
23	(12)	COUNT ON ME	Jefferson Starship
24	(28)	EVERY KINDA PEOPLE	Robert Palmer
25	(13)	CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU	Barry Manilow
26	(15)	WEREWOLVES OF LONDON	Warren Zevon
27	(—)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba
28	(—)	HEARTLESS	Heart
29	(20)	JACK AND JILL	Raydio
30	(22)	EGO	Elton John

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending May 27, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(2)	LONDON TOWN	Wings
3	(5)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
4	(3)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
5	(4)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
6	(7)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
7	(11)	SHOWDOWN	Isley Brothers
8	(9)	CHAMPAGNE JAM	Atlanta Rhythm Section
9	(8)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
10	(10)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
11	(6)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
12	(16)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis
13	(12)	WEEKEND IN L.A.	George Benson
14	(18)	MAGAZINE	Heart
15	(15)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE . . .	Genesis
16	(20)	CENTRAL HEATING	Heatwave
17	(14)	EXCITABLE BOY	Warren Zevon
18	(13)	SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR	Jimmy Buffett
19	(17)	AJA	Steely Dan
20	(27)	FM	Various Artists
21	(26)	BOYS IN THE TREES	Carly Simon
22	(22)	INFINITY	Journey
23	(24)	HEAVY HORSES	Jethro Tull
24	(19)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx
25	(—)	SO FULL OF LOVE	The O'Jays
26	(30)	EASTER	Patti Smith
27	(23)	VAN HALEN	
28	(25)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart
29	(—)	THE LAST WALTZ	The Band & Various Artists
30	(21)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

Stranglers, Sham, XTC, Rats: extra

THE STRANGLERS, prevented by the GLC from playing a major gig in London (as reported last week), have no such problems in Glasgow. Their concert at the Apollo Centre tomorrow (Friday) is completely sold out and, as the result of exceptionally heavy ticket demand, they've added a second show at the same venue. It's a last-minute booking for this Sunday (28), and tickets are available immediately.

SHAM 69 are to headline a quick return concert at London's New Roxy Theatre in Harlesden, following their sell-out success at that venue on May 12. The second show is on Saturday, June 3, and special arrangements are being made to allow what's described as "maximum freedom of movement" by removing the front rows of seats.

XTC, newly returned from Europe, have slotted in two last-minute gigs this weekend before their two previously-reported London Marquee nights next Tuesday and Wednesday (30-31). They are at Birmingham Barbarella's (Saturday) and Manchester Rafters (Bank Holiday Monday). The also appear at Shefield Top Rank (June 2) and Liverpool Eric's (3) — see separate story, page 5.

THE BOOMTOWN RATS have now managed to fix a concert in Belfast, as the opening date of their previously-reported British tour. It's on June 13 at the Ulster Hall, the same venue which The Buzzcocks were forced to cancel due to lack of insurance cover. And there's now a distinct possibility of a Dublin gig also being slotted in. Meanwhile, the Rats' new single "Like Clockwork" is released by Ensign on June 9 — it's taken from their LP "Tonic For The Troops", out the following week.

999 are playing a surprise one-off date at London Camden Music Machine next Tuesday (30), and advance tickets are available at £1.50. It's the only gig they are able to fit in at this time, as they're currently busy working on their second album, which they want to finish before supporting The Stranglers on their European dates.

ADAM & THE ANTS have lost their guitarist Johnny Bivouac, who left the band at the weekend due to "personal differences". They're now looking for a new guitarist, and anyone interested should contact Andy at 01-584 0932.

THE BUZZCOCKS have been forced to cancel their two Irish dates, planned for Belfast Ulster Hall (June 1) and Dublin Stella Cinema (2). This is due to the on-going problem in Ireland of the venues being unable to obtain adequate insurance cover. The band are now hoping to re-arrange the dates for September.

WAYNE COUNTY & The Electric Chairs have been forced to cancel their European tour, which should have started this month coinciding with move to a permanent base in Berlin. Reason is that bassist Val Haller is in hospital suffering from hepatitis, and the band won't be doing any gigs until he has recovered.

Runaway JOAN JETT

THE RUNAWAYS will be touring Britain again in July. It will be their second visit with their new four-piece line-up, following their personnel changes a year ago. Details of their dates and venues are expected next week.

BRIAN JAMES, former leader of The Damned, makes his first London appearance with his new band Tanz Der Youth at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, June 18. They'll be one of the estimated 15 acts on the bill of the Bohemian Love-In, originally planned for London Lyceum but now switched to the Roundhouse, and full details are expected next week. Tanz Der Youth made their live debut with The Stranglers at Brighton last Saturday.

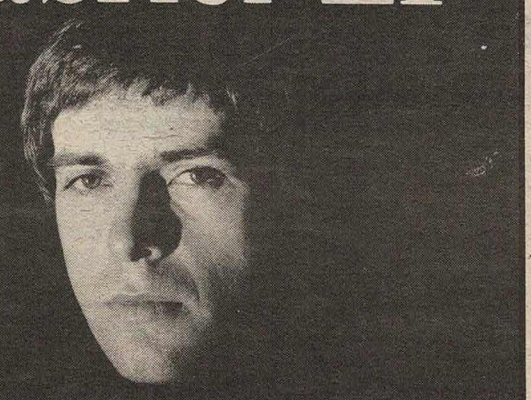
'PUNK ROCK MOVIE' CINEMA SCREENINGS

"THE PUNK ROCK MOVIE" — the film documentary produced by Don Letts which revolves around the Sex Pistols, with guest appearances by several other pioneer new-wave bands — is to be released for cinema screening in the near future. It's been acquired by Notting Hill Studios, who have blown up the original 16mm print to 35mm cinema size, and are making it available for nationwide screening.

The same company was responsible for "The London Rock & Roll Show", which is being networked by ITV next Monday (29) at 11 pm. This is the film record of the 1973 Wembley Stadium concert with Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Little Richard, Bill Haley and Jerry Lee Lewis, among others. Mick Jagger was in the audience, and he comments on the performers during the film.

It was directed by Peter Clifton, who was subsequently responsible for the Led Zeppelin movie "The Song Remains The Same". And Notting Hill Studios are currently working on three more movie projects — an Otis Redding biography called "Sweet Soul Music", a Supertramp special, and a reggae action musical titled "Born For A Purpose".

Gabriel LP —tour soon



PETER GABRIEL has his latest solo album, his second since leaving Genesis, released by Charisma on June 9 and it could lead to some confusion, because it's called simply "Peter Gabriel", which was also the title of his first solo set! He is also planning to play a few selected concert dates in Britain later in the year; NME understands they'll be in the autumn, and will include at least one night at a major London venue.

The new album consists of 11 songs: **On The Air, D.I.Y., Mother Of Violence, A Wonderful Day In A One-Way World, White Shadow, Indigo, Animal Magic, Exposure, Flotsam And Jetsam, Perspective** and **Home Sweet Home.** All were penned or co-written by Gabriel. One of the tracks "D.I.Y." has just been issued as a single.

The LP was recorded at studios in Holland and New York, and produced by ex-King Crimson stalwart Robert Fripp — who also co-wrote "Exposure" with Gabriel, and plays guitar on some of the tracks. Apart from Bruce Springsteen's keyboard player Roy Bittan and two session musicians, rest of the backing band comprises Gabriel's 1977 touring group.

NEWS DESK

MAJOR AUTUMN TOURS

Blues stars for Britain

"BLUES FESTIVAL '78" is the name of a package touring Europe this summer, and stopping off in this country for a one-off concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Friday, July 21. It features Buddy Guy and Junior Wells, Clifton Chenier & his Red Hot Louisiana Band and the Chicago Blues All-Stars. Tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50.

Buddy Guy (guitar and vocals) was last in Britain as long ago as 1965, while Junior Wells (harp and vocals) has never played here before. They'll be backed by the Chicago Blues All-Stars, who will also perform their own set, and they comprise Hubert Sumlin, Eddie Clearwater and Jimmy Johnson (all guitar and vocals), Big Voice Odum (vocals), David Myers (bass) and Odie Payne (drums). The Louisiana outfit, well-known to blues specialists, is fronted by Chenier on electric accordion.

The gig is promoted by the Asgard agency in association with Straight Music, who are also lining up U.K. tours later in the year by blues artists Albert King, Bobby Bland and Etta James. And B. B. King is confirmed for a return visit for a string of autumn concerts.

Dylan for July 15 open-air gig?

PLANS ARE UNDER WAY for Bob Dylan to headline a massive open-air concert in Britain at the end of his European tour. This would be in addition to his six sold-out concerts at London Earls Court next month. And there's a strong possibility that Eric Clapton and his band would join Dylan in the outdoor event.

Details have not yet been finalised, and the offical word is that promoter Harvey Goldsmith is currently trying to persuade Dylan to play the open-air show — and that, if it takes place, it would be in July at a site "not far from the London area".

NME understands that, if the gig is confirmed, the most likely date and venue is Saturday, July 15, at Blackbushe Airport in West Surrey.

This venue, frequently in use for drag racing, has invited offers from promoters to stage rock concerts there. And there has been talk in the local Press of a major event being held on the site.

A spokesman for the airport confirmed on Monday that they were expecting a big concert to be presented there on July 15. He added: "I can't yet say who

the star will be, except that it's a million-dollar-a-day man".

If it materalises, as expected, the concert will provide the many thousands — already disappointed by being unable to secure Earls Court tickets — with the opportunity of seeing Dylan, without resorting to the touts. Over 94,000 tickets have already been sold for his London gigs (June 15-21), and there have been reports of some changing hands for as much as £150 each.

It's largely to overcome this lucrative black market trade that efforts are being made to set up the extra gig — and it's also the reason why the promoter has given advance notice of his intentions, even though it is not yet finalised. So please do not apply for tickets at this stage; they are not available yet, simply because the concert is still unconfirmed.

If it does happen at Blackbushe, the site is readily accessible from London. It's close to Camberley, which is on the main A.30 and has a regular train service from Waterloo.

As previously reported, Eric Clapton is guesting with Dylan in a couple of his outdoor shows on the Continent, and it's likely that he would do so if the British gig goes ahead.

Dylan's final gig in Europe is in Scandinavia on July 13.

Permanent site for festivals?

THE DISUSED U.S. air base at Greenham Common in Berkshire could become a permanent pop-rock festival site — if some members of the local county council have their way. A small U.S. garrison is still stationed at the airfield, to keep it available in case of emergency, but the Americans now want to re-activate it as a base for fuel tanker planes — a move to which local residents strongly object. Several protest meetings have already been held.

Conversion to a festival site would have the double advantage of (a) eliminating the continuous noise of aircraft landing and taking off, and (b) reduce the cost of staging festivals elsewhere. It's pointed out that the nearby Reading Festival last year cost the local authorities £54,000, mainly in police supervision.

The Government's committee on festivals last year recommended the adoption of a permanent site, so they could be swayed by the offer. The Defence Ministry is now considering the future of Greenham Common, in the light of the Americans' request and the council's suggestion.

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RECORD NEWS

'War of the Worlds' epic

JEFF WAYNE'S musical version of H. G. Wells' novel "The War Of The Worlds", which has been three years in the making, is set for release as a CBS double album on June 9. Running over 95 minutes, it features Richard Burton (as narrator), Justin Hayward, Phil Lynott, Julie Covington, David Essex and Chris Thompson of Manfred Mann — plus such well-known session musicians as Chris Spedding, Herbie Flowers and Barry de Souza. It was written, conducted, produced and arranged by Wayne, and comes with a 16-page booklet at £6.99. A single "Forever Autumn", sung by Justin Hayward, precedes it on June 2.

● Imagination Records, the company with offices in San Francisco and London, have signed former Starry Eyed & Laughing lead vocalist **Iain Whitmore** to a three-year recording and publishing deal. He starts recording his first solo album "The Angel Changes Shape" next month.

● Uptown Records are a small new-wave label operating out of Mablethorpe, Lincs. Their first release is a four-track EP by Leicester band **Disco Zombies,** selling at 99p.

● Rushed out this week by Virgin is a new single by **The Motors** titled "Airport", taken from their current album "Approved By The Motors". B-side is a live version of "Cold Love", recorded at London Marquee and not on the LP.

● For the first time ever, the nationwide chain store of Woolworths is to back an upcoming group. They are Irish band **Gimik,** whose first single will be released exclusively through 865 Woolworths shops on June 16, selling at 70p.

● Satril Records have signed **Mike Read,** new Luxembourg disc-jockey and presenter of TV's "Pop Quest", to a worldwide deal. His self-penned debut single "Are You Ready" is out this weekend.

● Due to the success of the **Patti Smith** single "Because The Night", Arista have printed a further quantity of the colour bag, originally intended only for the first 40,000 copies. Re-sleeved singles should be available this week.

● Leading British reggae band **Aswad** have been signed worldwide by the Grove Music Company, which issues their single "Not Our Wish" on its own Grove Music label this weekend.

● **Dead Fingers Talk** have their debut album "Storm The Reality Studios", produced by Mick Ronson, released by Pye on June 9. It includes their current single "Hold On To Rock'n'Roll".

● A new single by the **Electric Light Orchestra** is issued by Jet this weekend, as a prelude to their string of Wembley concerts next month. Titled "Wild West Hero", it's taken from their "Out Of The Blue" album.

● The official theme of the 1978 World Cup is released by Pye on June 2 — it is "World Cup Argentina" by **Ennio Morricone.**

● **Steel Pulse** have a new single issued by Island on June 16 titled "Prodigal". It's taken from their album "Handsworth Revolution", due out the previous week.

Left to right: BURTON, WAYNE and ESSEX

Gimmick Corner

● Latest marketing gimmick comes from Chiswick Records, who are putting out the new **Radio Stars** single as a limited six-inch edition! Five thousand copies are available in this form, though the normal seven-inch pressing is also on sale. Titled "From A Rabbitt", it's released this week.

● Another novelty comes from the GTO label who, with multi-coloured records now almost commonplace, have pressed the first 10,000 copies of **The Movies'** new album "Bullets Through The Barrier" in clear transparent vinyl! All tracks are self penned by the band, and one of them — titled "No Class" — is issued as a single this week. The LP follows on June 9.

● **Eater** Have a live EP, recorded at London Dingwalls last month, released by The Label Records on June 2. Titled "Get Your Yo-Yo's Out", it features four tracks — "Debutante's Ball", "Holland", "No More (Bedroom Fits)" and "Thinkin' Of The U.S.A." And continuing this week's burst of gimmicks, this one's pressed in white vinyl!

● **The Stranglers'** new album "Black And White" went Gold before its official release date last Friday, with 134,000 advance orders.

● **Humphrey Ocean,** original bassist with Ian Dury's old band Kilburn & The High Roads has a single titled "Whoops A Daisy" issued by Stiff on June 2 — penned by Dury and another former Kilburn, Russell Hardy. New bands with debut singles on Stiff's 1-Off label are **The Members** and "Solitary Confinement" (out this weekend) and **The Realists** with "I've Got A Heart" (out June 9).

● Two former **Box Tops** million-sellers, "Cry Like A Baby" and "The Letter", are coupled on a Stiff single issued tomorrow (Friday) as the first of the label's projected Necromancers series.

● Singles for June 2 release: "Love Me Baby" by Sheila B. Devotion (EMI), "My Favourite Fantasy" by **Van McCoy** (MCA), "I Need To Know" by **Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers** (Island) and "Still The Same" by **Bob Seger** (Capitol).

● Reggae band **Matumbi,** currently on tour with Ian Dury, have signed a worldwide deal with EMI for release on their Harvest label. Their first single "Rock Parts 1 and 2" comes out on June 9, and their self-produced debut album "Seven Seals" is scheduled for September.

● Canterbury-based new-wave outfit **The Infested** have their debut four-track EP issued on June 5 by Disaster Records, titled "1977 Here We Come".

● **Kate Bush's** follow-up to her recent No. 1 hit "Wuthering Heights" is rushed out tomorrow (Friday) by EMI, titled "Man With The Child In His Eyes". Among other singles out the same day are "When An Old Cricketer Leaves The Crease" by **Roy Harper** (Harvest), **Mud's** re-working of the old Dobie Gray hit "Drift Away", and a track from **Stomu Yamashta's** new "Go" album titled "Crossing The Line" and featuring Steve Winwood (Island).

SPRINGSTEEN LP & SINGLE

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN'S long-awaited fourth album "Darkness On The Edge Of Town" is rushed out by CBS this weekend. It contains ten self-penned songs, two of which — "Something In The Night" and the title track — have previously been performed in concert. He's backed by his regular touring band and, besides handling vocals, Springsteen also plays lead guitar and harmonica. The LP is followed on June 9 by a new single titled "Prove It All Night". This week he began a four-month U.S. tour, but there are so far no plans for him to visit Britain.

● WEA have signed a four-year licensing agreement with PVK Records, and among first releases will be the comeback single by former Fleetwood Mac stalwart **Peter Green** — titled "The Apostle", it's due out early next month. And Green's new album "In The Skies", now virtually complete, will follow soon afterwards.

SHAKE, RATTLE & ROLL.

If that's the tune your bike jives to ,could be you haven't been servicing it lately. Which is one good reason you should get Motor Cycle Mechanics every month.

Not only will M.C.M. help cure your shaking, rattling and rolling - it'll tell you (with easy to follow step-by-step photographs) how to get the ultimate performance from your machine.

This month M.C.M. reveals the mysterious know-how to power tuning a Norton Commando engine.

We look at buying a second hand RD150 Yamaha, and ask whether or not they are good buys.

Stopping in the wet (part 2) are iron discs better in the wet than stainless steel discs?

A great exclusive about the Ducati 900 Desmo engine which Mike Hailwood will be riding in the Isle of Man next month.

A full report on how badly panniers and top boxes affect handling.

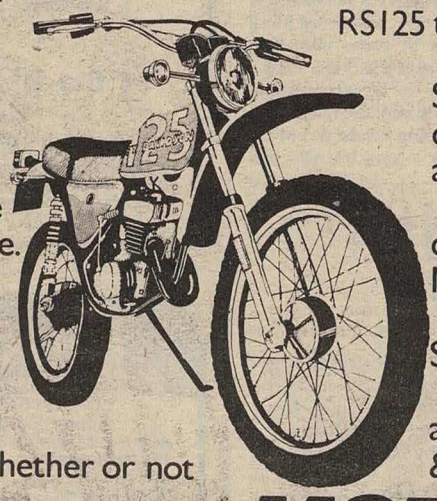
We ride and report on the SST250/ SX125 Harley-Davidson. Plus the Yamaha RS125 twin.

Frank Melling takes us to Sweden where we're introduced to Husqvarna's 360 automatic with skis.

Dave Walker explains the correct way to rebuild an MZ250.

Plus your chance to win a Suzuki 250.

Don't miss our June issue and forget those Shake, Rattle & Roll blues.



MOTOR CYCLE MECHANICS

FREE PLUG BRUSH WORTH 45p.

ON THE ROAD

STEEL PULSE have added still more dates to their continuing tour. They are **Blackpool** Norcalympia with Supercharge (May 29), **Cardiff** Top Rank (June 7), **London Peckham** Bouncing Ball (16) and **Harlow** Spurriers Town Park open-air (17). Their **Bristol** gig on June 8 is switched from Stars & Stripes to Tiffany's, and on June 11 they now play **Middlesbrough** Town Hall instead of **Newcastle** New Tyne Theatre.

SHOWADDYWADDY headline concerts at **Glasgow** Apollo (tonight, Thursday), **Newcastle** City Hall (Friday), **Blackpool** Opera House (June 3), **Leeds** Grand Theatre (4), **Eastbourne** Congress (8) and **Southampton** Gaumont (9 and 10).

THE CORTINAS are going on tour again and their first three confirmed gigs are **Bradford** Royal Hotel (this Sunday), **Manchester** Rafters (June 2) and **Nottingham** Sandpiper (8). More dates are being finalised for June and July.

THE MOVIES are back on tour to promote their new album (see Record News). First gigs confirmed are **London Wandsworth** South Thames College (tomorrow, Friday), **Cheltenham** Eve's (June 2), **Manchester** Rafters (3), **Bristol** Granary (8), **Oxford** Westminster College (9), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (10), **Sheffield** University (13) **London** Shoreditch College (16), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (17), **Aberdeen** Ruffles (20), **Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic (21 and 22), **London Camden** Music Machine (24), **Penzance** The Garden (27), **Plymouth** Woods Centre (28) and **Bath** Brillig Arts Centre (29). More are being finalised.

LITTLE ACRE are doing the rounds at **Wednesbury** College of Further Education (tonight, Thursday), **London Stoke Newington** Pegasus (Friday), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (Saturday), **London Fulham** Golden Lion (Sunday), **London Kensington** Nashville (June 1), **Walsall** West Midlands College (9), **Birmingham** University (16), **Crewe** Madeley College (17), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (18), **Dudley** Teachers Training College (23), **Leicester** University (26), **Keele** University (28), **Retford** Porterhouse (29), **Newport** Harper Adams College (30) and **Bristol** Brunel Technical College (July 1).

PIN-UPS see the month out with gigs at **Plymouth** Drake Club (tonight, Thursday), **Barnstaple** Chequers (Friday), **Bude** Headland Ballroom (Saturday), **Plymouth** Raleigh Club (Sunday) and **Bradford** University (31).

STADIUM DOGS play **Liverpool** Eric's (tonight, Thursday), **Ulverston** Penny Farthing (Friday) **Egremont** Tow Bar Inn (Saturday), **Swindon** Brunel Rooms (June 6), **London Stoke Newington** Pegasus (7, 20 and 30), **Sheffield** Limit Club (9), **Reading** Target Club (21) and **London Canning Town** Tidal Basin Tavern (23).

RACING CARS are to top the bill in a special Welsh rock concert to be staged at **Cardiff** Eisteddfod Pavilion on Saturday, July 1. Other acts are still being finalised, but are likely to include Dave Edmunds' Rockpile and Budgie.

TRAPEZE extra: **Nottingham** Sandpiper (this Saturday), **London Bellingham** Saxon Tavern (June 1), **London** Marquee (2), **Retford** Porterhouse (17) and **Maidstone** College (30).

MATCHBOX add **Cambridge** St. Catherine's College (June 13), **London Leyton** Lion & Key (25) and **London Wood Green** Bumbles (27) to their date sheet. But **Southend** Minerva (June 2) and **Portslade** Town Hall (17) are postponed.

DANA GILLESPIE plays a string of four Thursday-night gigs at the **London** club Maunkberries — tonight, June 1, 8 and 15. She's backed by Snakes Alive, the same musicians who played with her on her London dates earlier this year.

JOHNNY COUGAR returns from a European tour to promote his new Riva single "Factory" at **Bristol** Granary (June 1), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (2), **Dudley** J.B.'s (3), **Manchester** Mayflower (4), **Keighley** Nikkers (6), **Sheffield** Limit (7), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (8), **Newport** The Village (9), **London Strand** Lyceum (11), **Leicester** University (15), **Burton** 76 Club (16), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (17), **Chelmsford** Chancellor Hall (18), **Doncaster** Outlook (19) and **Newport** Stowaway (20).

JENNY DARREN plays her first-ever open-air concert on June 17, guesting with Steel Pulse at **Harlow** Spurriers Town Park. Other new gigs for her are **Aberdeen** Ruffles (June 14), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (July 2) and **Birmingham** Barbarella's (7).

TONIGHT have set a string of selected gigs to promote their current single "Money That's Your Problem". They visit **Torquay** 400 Club (tonight, Thursday), **Melsham** Town Hall (Friday), **Exeter** College (Saturday), **Cheltenham** Youth Centre (June 1), **Milford Haven** Centre (2), **Fishguard** Frenchman's Motel (3), **Scarborough** Penthouse (9) and **Newcastle** Royal (11).

Here And Now: free tour with Alternative TV

HERE AND NOW, who completed the Planet Gong tour last month after the departure of Daevid Allen, have now lined up a free tour in their own name. And they are supported on seven of the dates by Alternative TV. The band are also considering building an 80-ft silver pyramid, buying a generator and gigging independent of existing circuits.

Dates so far confirmed for Here and Now with Alternative TV are Romford Albemarle Club (June 3), Canterbury Kent University (4), Brighton Sussex University (5), Southend Zero Six (6), Southampton University (7), Coventry Warwick University (12) and London W.11 Queen Elizabeth College (16).

Gigs without Alternative TV include Brentwood Hermit Club (tomorrow, Friday), London W.11 Tabernacle (Saturday), Oxford Mayfly Festival (Sunday), High Wycombe Nags Head (May 29), Kingston Kaleidoscope (June 2), Bradford-upon-Avon Jones Hill Fayre (8), Bristol Nethan Playing Fields (9), Exeter Rougemont Gardens (10), Stroud Marshall Rooms (11), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (13), Manchester Austin College (14), Leicester University with Daevid Allen's El Planeta Gong (15) and London Woodbridge Adventure Playground (16).

All the above gigs are free, and Here and Now are also taking part in the Stonehenge Summer Solstice Free Festival (June 18-25) and the Glastonbury Free Festival (July 1-10).

XTC, X-RAY MATINEES

LIVERPOOL's top rock venue Eric's is starting a series of early-evening shows every Saturday, at which admission will be restricted to under 18's. First band featured on June 3 is XTC, who are playing a similar teenagers-only show at London Marquee next week (see Gig Guide, page 61), followed by X-Ray Spex on June 10. All bands involved will then go on to play an orthodox set later in the evening. The under-18's matinees (5-8pm) will be cheaper than the main sessions.

KINKS SPLINTER BAND

UNITED is the official name of the new band formed by the two defecting Kinks members, John Gosling (keyboards) and Andy Pyle (bass). Joining them in the line-up are ex-Blodwyn Pig drummer Ron Berg, ex-Remus Down Boulevard guitarist and vocalist Dennis Stratton and Dave Edwards (also guitar and vocals). They've already played a few warm-up pub dates, and are at London Hackney Middleton Arms tomorrow (Friday). Details of a major tour and record deal will be announced shortly.

REAL THING FILM SPOT

THE REAL THING are the subject of an unusual, if not unique, departure by the producers of the hit film "The Stud". Ten days ago they filmed an eight-minute insert for the movie at London Tramps night spot, and this is now being included in all subsequent prints of the film to be shown here and in America, as well as at the Cannes Film Festival. A special sound track single from the sequence, featuring the group performing the Biddu composition "Let's Go Disco", is being rushed out by Pye.

ELKIE BROOKS EXTRA

ELKIE BROOKS has added more dates to the tail end of her extensive British concert tour. She plays Middlesbrough Town Hall (June 2) and two shows at Glasgow Theatre Royal (4), which are both replacements for gigs postponed earlier in the tour when she was ill. She has new bookings at Sunderland Empire (June 5) and Bradford Alhambra (6), and the tour finally ends when she returns to Hull New Theatre on June 7 for two performances.

JOE TEX DUE IN U.K.

JOE TEX brings his full U.S. soul show to Britain for a one-off concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday, June 24. It will be his first visit since he toured here with Clarence Carter a decade ago. Billed as "The Joe Tex Revue", its impact is said to surpass James Brown's current touring show. Tex is bringing an 11-piece band, featuring Leroy Hadley on lead guitar, and two girl dancers. Promoters are Straight Music, and tickets are on sale now priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2.

● **Leading American gospel and soul artist Jessy Dixon headlines his first ever London concert at the Rainbow on September 2. He'll also be appearing in the three-day Greenbelt Festival at Bedford Odell Castle on either August 26 or 27, and five provincial concerts are at present being finalised for him. He'll be backed by his regular eight-peice touring band, and a new album will be issued to coincide with his visit. (N.B. There's no printing error in his name — he used to be Jesse Dixon, but he now spells it Jessy).**

REED IN COURT CASE

HERB REED has given a High Court undertaking to change the name of his group. He left The Platters in 1969, and has subsequently been billing his group as "Herb Reed And His Platters". But the present line-up of five Platters objected and instituted legal action. Counsel said that, although Reed is no longer a member of The Platters, he didn't seek to stop him using the name altogether. It was agreed that future billing will be "Herbert Reed of the Original Platters and his Group".

ALL-STARS' BENEFIT

THE CARF ALL-STARS are a pick-up band of well-known musicians who play a benefit at London City University tomorrow (Friday), in aid of the Campaign Against Racism and Fascism (the initials of which give the band its name). Among those who have agreed to play are Henry McCullough, Mitch Mitchell, Carol Grimes, Dick Heckstall-Smith, Bob Davenport, John Halsey, Tim Hinckley, Andy Roberts and James Litherland, with several more still to be added.

REZILLOS NEWCOMER

THE REZILLOS, The Scottish new-wave outfit who record for America's Sire label, have acquired a new bassist in Simon Templar (where have we heard that name before?) who hails from Newcastle. He takes over from William Mysterious who, according to the band, "conveniently disappeared during a frenzied flying saucer attack"! The switch took place during the course of the group's current tour, which they are managing to complete without interruption.

THE HEAT: GIGS OFF

THE HEAT have had to cancel their dates in the North of England during the remainder of May and throughout June, due to the departure of their drummer Paul Riley. Steve Goodwin, drummer of Ariola-Hansa band Valentino, has offered his services whenever possible and will probably play with them on a few scheduled Southern dates. But they've decided against using another stand-in for the rest of the tour, and will re-set the gigs after they've signed a new permanent member.

MIKE LOVE FOR TOUR

MIKE LOVE of the Beach Boys is expected to tour Britain later in the year with his own band Celebration, with whom he's currently undertaking a series of free concerts in America. Line-up comprise Love (lead vocals), Charles Lloyd (sax and flute), Ron Altbach (piano), Dave Robinson (bass), Mike Kowalski (drums), Ed Carter and Wells Kelly (guitars) and Gary Griffin (synthesisers).

BIG-NAME RETAINERS

THE RETAINERS are a new band of well-known musicians whose line-up includes four former Kokomo members — Alan Spenner, Neil Hubbard, Mel Collins and Tony O'Malley — plus ex-Ace sideman Paul Carrack. Spenner and Hubbard were also previously with The Grease Band, while Collins worked with King Crimson. They have London gigs at Covent Garden Rock Garden (June 9 and 10 and again on July 7 and 8), Fulham Golden Lion (June 18), Camden Dingwalls (June 20 and July 20) and Kensington Nashville (June 29).

CHICAGO IN AUTUMN

CHICAGO, currently working on a new album in Miami before setting out on a massive summer tour of the States, are likely to visit Britain in the autumn (either October or November) to headline a few selected concerts. This would be their first visit here with their new guitarist Donnie Dacus.

STEWART SAILS AGAIN

ROD STEWART'S chart-topping single "Sailing" is being re-released by Riva on June 9, to coincide with BBC-1's repeat screening of its highly acclaimed series "Sailor", which begins a 13-week run on June 17. The first 10,000 copies of the reissues will be in a full-colour sleeve of the Ark Royal, on which the series is based. And on June 11, BBC-2 repeat the 60-minute Stewart documentary "Rod The Mod", up-dated since its first showing 18 months ago.

KNEBWORTH CHANGES

TOM PETTY & The Heartbreakers replace Jeff Beck in the Knebworth open-air concert on Saturday, June 24. They have third billing behind Genesis and Jefferson Starship. Also in the show are Devo, Brand X and the Atlanta Rhythm Section. Beck has withdrawn because he felt he would not have sufficient time to get his new band together. Petty and the band are coming in specially for this gig, but they will be returning in the autumn to headline a full tour.

MARLEY IN BULLRING

BOB MARLEY and the Wailers' gig on the Mediterranean island of Ibiza, reported last week, is now set for June 28. And it's the first of a series of nine big concerts this summer in the island's bullring, which are being lined up by promoters Andrew Miller and Noel d'Abo under the banner of "Music Ibiza '78". Sound, lighting and stage gear are being sent out from London, and set up there for the duration of the series. Details of subsequent concerts will be announced shortly.

THOROGOOD DUE HERE

GEORGE THOROGOOD & The Destroyers, the highly-rated r-and-b trio from Delaware, pay a promotional visit to Britain next month during which they'll be undertaking three gigs — at London Camden Dingwalls (June 13 and 14) and Birmingham Barbarella's (17). Their Sonet LP, with their name as its title, was recently Radio Luxembourg's Album of the Week — and their single "Can't Stop Lovin'" was Paul Burnett's Record of the Week on Radio 1.

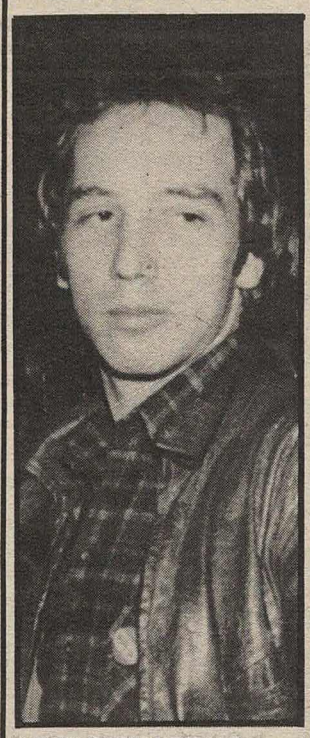
ARETHA CASH FROZEN

ARETHA FRANKLIN has had a motion of attachment granted against her in New York. This is the initial outcome of the action taken by Ember Concert Division , following her failure to honour her contractual commitment to appear at the London Palladium last year. The motion freezes her New York bank account, the proceeds of ticket sales for her upcoming Carnegie Hall concert, and royalties due to her from Atlantic Records.

MAC COMING FOR SURE

FLEETWOOD MAC have now committed themselves to a British visit this year, irrespective of whether or not their projected concerts in Russia materialise. They told our US correspondent that they owe it to their British supporters to perform here, in view of the continued success of their "Rumours" album, now in its 65th chart week. They said they would like to play at a major summer outdoor event but, if that proved impossible, they'd settle for a string of indoor concerts

NME Editor



NEIL SPENCER is the new Editor of the NME. Currently assistant editor, Spencer takes over from Nick Logan on June 1.

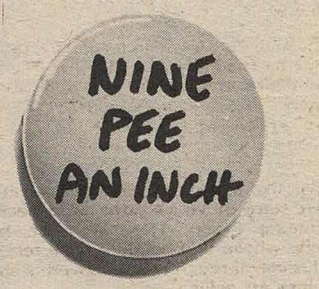
Spencer joined the NME as features editor in January 1975 after working for a year as a freelance contributor. He was appointed assistant editor in January, 1976.

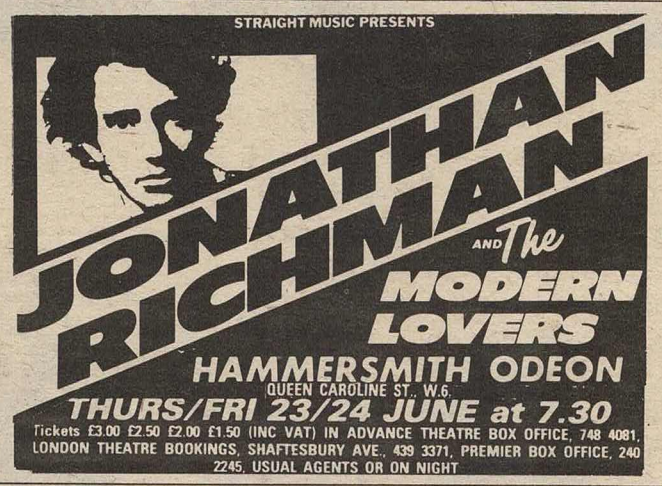
Starting as a writer, Nick Logan has been associated with the NME since 1968. He was made features editor, then assistant editor and became editor in 1973 at the age of 26. Under his editorship NME regained its position as the best-selling U.K. rock weekly, some 40,000 copies ahead of its nearest rival.

His decision to leave NME was made because he felt "ten years in any one job was long enough" and because he wants to explore other avenues in publishing.

OPEN-AIR MADDY

STEEL PULSE (June 4), Richard Digance (18), Maddy Prior (25) and Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee (July 2) are the first acts confirmed for the 1978 summer season of Sunday concerts at London Regent's Park Open-Air Theatre. They are promoted by John Martin of the Derek Block Office, in association with London's Capital Radio.




STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
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AND The MODERN LOVERS
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THURS/FRI 23/24 JUNE at 7.30
Tickets £3.00 £2.50 £2.00 £1.50 (INC VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

DARTS EXTRA

DARTS are to play a third night at London Hammersmith Odeon next month, in view of exceptionally heavy ticket demand. The band are already set for this venue on June 17 and 18 at the tail of their current British tour, the latter date being a special Variety Club charity gig. And they have now added an extra show there on Friday, June 16 — for which tickets go on sale next Monday priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

Yes, we've got something really special for Cherry 'B' drinkers—fabulous Sterling Silver bottle tops, complete with attractive Sterling Silver chains. They're 30mm in diameter and come with a 450mm chain. And we're offering them at the amazing price of £4.99 (including postage and packing).

All you have to do is complete the coupon and send it off with your Cheque/Postal Order made payable to Showerings Limited, together with 1 Cherry 'B' red foil bottle top, to Showerings Limited, Cherry 'B' Top Offer, Kilver Street, Shepton Mallet, Somerset. BA4 5ND. (allowing 28 days for delivery, from date of sending).

But hurry! It's got to be this year's top offer and it's open only while stocks last or until September 30th 1978, whichever is earlier.

Offer open only to persons 18 years of age or above, resident in the U.K.

Cherry 'B' Long with lemonade and ice.

Cherry 'B' Long with tonic and lots of ice.

Cherry 'B' Long with soda and ice.

Cherry 'B' Long on the rocks with plenty of lemon.

Move onto Cherry 'B' Long

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I am 18 years of age or over and resident in the U.K.

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Please send me a Cherry 'B' Sterling Silver bottle top and chain.

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Cherry B

John, budgie, Mum.

John Boy the Younger

Johnny Rotten doesn't live here any more

J. Lydon (vcls), Jim Walker (drms), Jah Wobble (bs), Keith Levine (gtr).

"HERE, LEND us a fiver Neil." John Lydon's upturned palm pokes toward The Guest Journalist, an expectant eyebrow arching above the famed John Rotten stare. Britain's most famous rock star is tapping me for a hand-out.

Is he joking? Is this another arch put-on, in the grand Johnny Rotten tradition of arch put-ons?

"I'm broke," he says flatly. "Completely penniless. There's no money coming in at all. Nothing. *He* has it all ..."

The eyes roll in silent reference to well-known and heeled King's Road anarchist and rag trade magnate Malcolm McLaren, ex-New York Dolls' manager, ex-Sex Pistols' manager, and currently protagonist of a flurry of lawsuits against Pistols' photographer Ray Stevenson and now film maker and ex-Roxy Club DJ, Rasta Don Letts.

Presently too, it seems, McLaren and his Glitterbest organisation will be engaged in another legal tussle, this time with his former protege and Sex Pistols' frontman, a situation that under British law precludes all but the vaguest references to and conjecture about relations between the two parties concerned.

Suffice to say that on the Lydon side of the tracks, the wounds inflicted by the Pistols' breakup and subsequent events are deep and bloody. The resentments held are bitter and savage. The resolutions for the future, though, are considered and determined. No matter what happens, you feel — and as much should be clear from past events — John Lydon is not a man to be kept down.

Which is just as well considering not only the current financial embarrassment of both Lydon and the slightly motley musical trio rehearsing with him, but also the immediate prospects for its relief.

"Frankly," says Wobble, the band's bassman, "with John's business affairs the way they are, I reckon it could be six to 12 months before this band is gigging."

IN THE MEANTIME the quartet of Lydon (vocals), Jah Wobble (bass), Keith Levine (guitar), and Jim Walker (drums) face the usual precarious hand-to-mouth existence that's the lot of any unsigned rock band, and quite a few signed and successful ones to come to that. Just because we put these guys on the *NME* cover, it don't necessarily mean that they can afford the time of day.

They do at least have somewhere to live though. "This," says Lydon with a gesture that takes in the scraggy three-story terraced house that he bought with Pistols' proceeds and which overlooks a thundering inner London juggernaut artery, "is all I got out of it ... the Pistols. It's very nice but now I can't afford to pay the bills, the rates, nothing..."

The three other members of the band sit dolefully on the sagging sofa, and Wobble and Levine compare sympathetic notes on the injustices of being struck off the social security as a result of their joining forces with Lydon in this line-up. Jim Walker sits quietly on one side, resisting all attempts by the others to haggle him into going to the off licence with the ackers dutifully coughed up by The Visiting Journalist.

On the wall "Anarchy" posters are relieved only by the occasional photograph of the Kray Brothers. On the turntable it's reggae.

It is not what certain members of the rock press touchingly refer to as an "interview situation" — that comes later once John Lydon is conveniently absent. He's never liked committing himself to tape, least of all now he's faced with a minefield of legal complications.

The conversation roams around, centering mostly — and inevitably disparagingly — on the activities of former Sex Pistols and McLaren. Tales and incidents are related; some sinister, some downright laughable. John — he responds to a passing reference to 'Johnny Rotten' with a wry "He's not here" — seems particularly concerned lest the tapes that Paul Cook and Steve Jones apparently made with Great Train Robber Ronald Biggs in Rio de Janeiro are released under the Pistols' name.

The former Pistol describes Biggs as "someone to avoid at all costs rather than seek out. People seem to have forgotten that that train driver is still a vegetable." *(Actually, he's dead — Ed.)*

Lydon also has a small fund of stories to relate about his recent visit to Jamaica and the attempts by Boogie, a former Pistols' roadie, to film him there—attempts which went so far as to involve the hapless cameraman hiding in the bushes by the Sheraton Hotel swimming pool.

MENTION OF the way some people closely involved with the Pistols have changed their 'anarchistic' attitude over recent months spurs me to trot out the old George Orwell adage about "all power currupting".

"Well that ain't true," says Wobble. "Just look at John, it ain't corrupted him. He used to be *far* worse than he is now."

"It's true," agrees Lydon with a cackle. "I was far more corrupt when I started than now. These days I'm not corrupt at all ..."

Jah Wobble — he aquired the Jamaican prefix as a result of his obsession with reggae — is better placed than most to pass judgment. He's known John Lydon some five years now, first encountering him when they were enrolling at Kingsway College of Further Education together.

"I thought he was a Led Zeppelin fan," he recalls. "I was queueing up behind him and we had a bit of a quarrel about who was going to put their name down first ...

"After that he just started crawling around after me, and I let him be my mate. He used to

Continues over page.

NEIL SPENCER meets and hears John Lydon's new combo. JOE STEVENS took the pics.

Three more views of J. Lydon: The Artist As James Joyce Impersonator; As Southern Belle; As his Mum knows him.

From previous page

have to buy me drinks though, cos no-one liked him then. He used to wind everyone up, everyone. People who say he's a bastard now should have seen him then."

Wobble himself was still something of a skinhead at the time, fresh up from his native Whitechapel and the terraces of West Ham, which easily outstripped the current rock scene as a source of inspiration. His heroes at the time, he says, were the West Ham team; "Trevor Brooking definitely. Not just cos he's a good footballer but the way he plays the game ... you can relate that to life — style, elegance. Musically I've always been into black music, always. First soul then reggae, which I followed through from my skinhead days. Bit of a cliche but it's true."

It's worth mentioning at this point that Wobble has acquired himself a reputation in some quarters as something of a bruiser, and there are comparisons drawn between him and Sid Vicious, whom Lydon also met at the Kingsway College and who, of course, also went on to play bass alongside Lydon. Furthermore, it was Wobble who played back-up to Vicious in the seady fracas at a Pistols gig at the 100 Club in summer '76 when *NME's* Nick Kent, in the words of Malcolm McLaren, "got what was coming to him", and was 'done' by Vicious and his chain.

The Vicious / Wobble comparisons, though, don't really wash. Wobble is not the type to share Vicious' taste either for exotic pharmaceuticals, crazed American ladies of high parentage, or the cranky exhibitions of bloody self-destruction which Vicious has paraded before the world.

Wobble's interest in the rock scene began only with the Pistols' emergence in late '75. Since then he's entertained the notion of playing bass without ever taking up the instrument seriously until a month or so ago.

AT THE OTHER extreme, Keith Levine started playing guitar at the age of seven, and received classical training in both guitar and piano well into his teens.

He describes his major point of interest in rock Before Pistols as Bowie. "I was a skinhead for four weeks. . . I was a hippy first, then a skin cos I wanted to be different, but all the skinheads I knew were stupid and would just fight all the time, so I became a hippy again, a hippy in skinhead clothes."

A follower of the fledgling punk scene from its earliest inception, Levine belonged to The Clash in their earliest incarnation, surviving only a matter of weeks before his departure/expulsion for reasons which he says should be "obvious. . . I wasn't into politics."

A flirtation with drugs was apparently another reason why Levine didn't stay the course with the City Rockers; certainly "Liar" on the The Clash's first album is widely reputed to refer to him at this time, a period when he also met Wobble and Lydon for the first time.

Having flunked his first punk band, Levine weaned himself from his drug habit and concentrated his energies on mixing sound for The Slits, a group whom he describes as currently "about the most original and exciting group around. . . like The Sex Pistols used to be in a way."

Drummer Jim Walker is ostensibly the odd man out in the group. A clean cut Canadian who at 23 is the oldest member of the outfit, he left his native Vancouver six months ago inspired by the wave of imports and excitement coming over from the U.K., and disillusioned by the apathetic response meted out to the local combo with whom he was plying his trade, The Furys. His recruitment to the Lydon band came with a rock paper advertisement which had already yielded some 20 sticksmen to the bored ears of the other three before Walker took to the kit and was hired, in his own words, "after about five seconds. Really. I just knew it was the best band I'd ever had."

TOGETHER THEY ARE . . . well hell, the foursome boast no collective moniker at present, or at least not one they'll publicly admit to beyond a "seven day biodegradable" tag of The Carnivarious Buttockflies.

The band are hardly less reticent about their *raison d'etre;* they've all had a gutful of the projections and rationalisations shot their way by critics and their ilk, OD'd into stupefaction by the popular press ballyhoo about punk.

"Music's just a laugh," says Wobble. "Yeah, there ain't no big message or anything," says Levine. "We're just trying to be as honest as possible."

Lydon likewise holds few briefs for the new venture. "Things now are worse than when the Pistols started," he says. "Pathetic. Still, I did try".

It's a feeling that seems common to the band as a whole; the aftermath of post-Pistols, post-punk disillusionment, the feeling that inspite of it all, nothing has really changed. . . that it's the "same fat old hippy trip"; that the business has accommodated, emasculated.

In the light of this all this, certain truths are held by the band to be self-evident. Like that there'll be no manager — "It's the obvious thing after what's gone down in the last 12 months."

"That ain't Catch 22," says Keith. "It's another Catch altogether."

But some things have changed, I insist. The New Wave stars definitely have a different attitude towards their role and toward their fans.

"Yeah, it's a one percent change," says Wobble, "but it's an important one — a crucial one. A lot of it's down to the Pistols and Rotten especially. . . like that Capital Radio programme he did with Tommy Vance *(A Punk And His Music)* — to me that was more important than the Pistols getting the front page of the *Daily Mirror."*

One of the things that alienated a lot of people from the Pistols and punk in general was the way that violence became so glorified for a spell. Like if rock culture can't get itself together on that level. . .

"Well, put this down," says Wobble. "All the violence with the punk thing is very symbolic violence. It's just people posing in a violent way, and if you go down to any pub in Britain on a Friday or Saturday night you're going to see real violence, like glasses hitting people's faces, but people never write about that. There's a murder a day in London that never gets reported."

Yeah, but symbolic or not, there was a period in summer '76 when at every Pistols gig I went to there were scraps. It got very sinister, like the violence was actually being engineered.

"I don't think it was engineered," says Keith. "The violent pose was on though. . . maybe some managers of punk bands tried to engineer it. . ."

It seemed like the karma of that time worked its way back to the Pistols when Paul and John got done over in the street though.

"Yeah, but that was 35-year-old geezers," says Keith. "National Front blokes. . . they're the ones who are influenced by what they read in *The Sun* about punk."

"At the time," adds Wobble, "the Pistols' gigs were just a good place to go and listen to some raucous out-of-tune music and have a booze-up and fall about on the floor and knock people over and have a general laugh. Get drunk, pass out, wake up with a hangover and go to the next gig. Watch Rotten take the piss out of everyone and people take seriously what he said. It was good . . ."

WE TALK about the differences between the rock culture and the reggae culture, which I suggest has a good deal more dignity than most rock bands or acts can muster. Both Levine and Wobble agree.

"Rock is obsolete," says Wobble. "But it's our music, our basic culture. People thought we were gonna play reggae, but we ain't gonna be no GT Moore and The Reggae Guitars or nothing. It's just a natural influence — like I play heavy on the bass. . ."

And more and more rock seems to be copping reggae's influence, like the way the whole of Elvis Costello's act is based on a dub concept — different levels of instruments, bass, drums and voices.

"Yeah, Costello's probably done it better than anyone. The Stranglers are starting to use it now too. But like a lot of rock bands get it wrong — like that 'Wild Dub' that Gen X did, that was just topside dub, it didn't go down to the roots."

Later Keith Levine tells me that he's interested in using his experience as a sound man on 'rock dub' in the band's repertoire, and later still I get a chance to hear what he's talking about when the band practise their as yet limited set in a workaday rehearsal studio somewhere in South London.

What becomes immediately apparent on seeing and hearing what for want of anything better we'll term the John Lydon Band is that they aren't going to be any surrogate Sex Pistols. In a fact, once Keith gets across to the vocal console and starts knob twiddling, what emerges at times sounds more like something from "Electric Ladyland" than your archetypal three-chord punk powerthrash.

There is a quality of deliberation and thought to their music that was apparent only fleetingly with the Pistols. Of course, there is a limit to what a line-up of bass, drums, guitar and vocals can achieve, as Keith readily bears witness after their first number. "What can you do?" he shrugs. "It don't sound like heavy metal though, does it. Does it?"

No, it doesn't. Levine's guitar style alone precludes any such comparison. Though built on chord sequences and a minimal amount of solo work, Levine seems to have somehow stripped the sound he culls from his Les Paul Junior to stark streamlined basics.

There's no windmill Townshend power chords, not even Steve Jones blood and thunder attack; just cool precision wielded with unmistakable power.

Wobble is evidently limited as to what he can attempt on his Fender Precision bass, but there's no mistaking that the man has a genuine feel for the rhythms of the instrument and should at his present rate of progress be able to see off a sizeable portion of the opposition before the year is out.

He certainly has a rhythm partner to match. Jim Walker plays a rapid, sharp shooting kit, full of busy flurries and cymbal breaks.

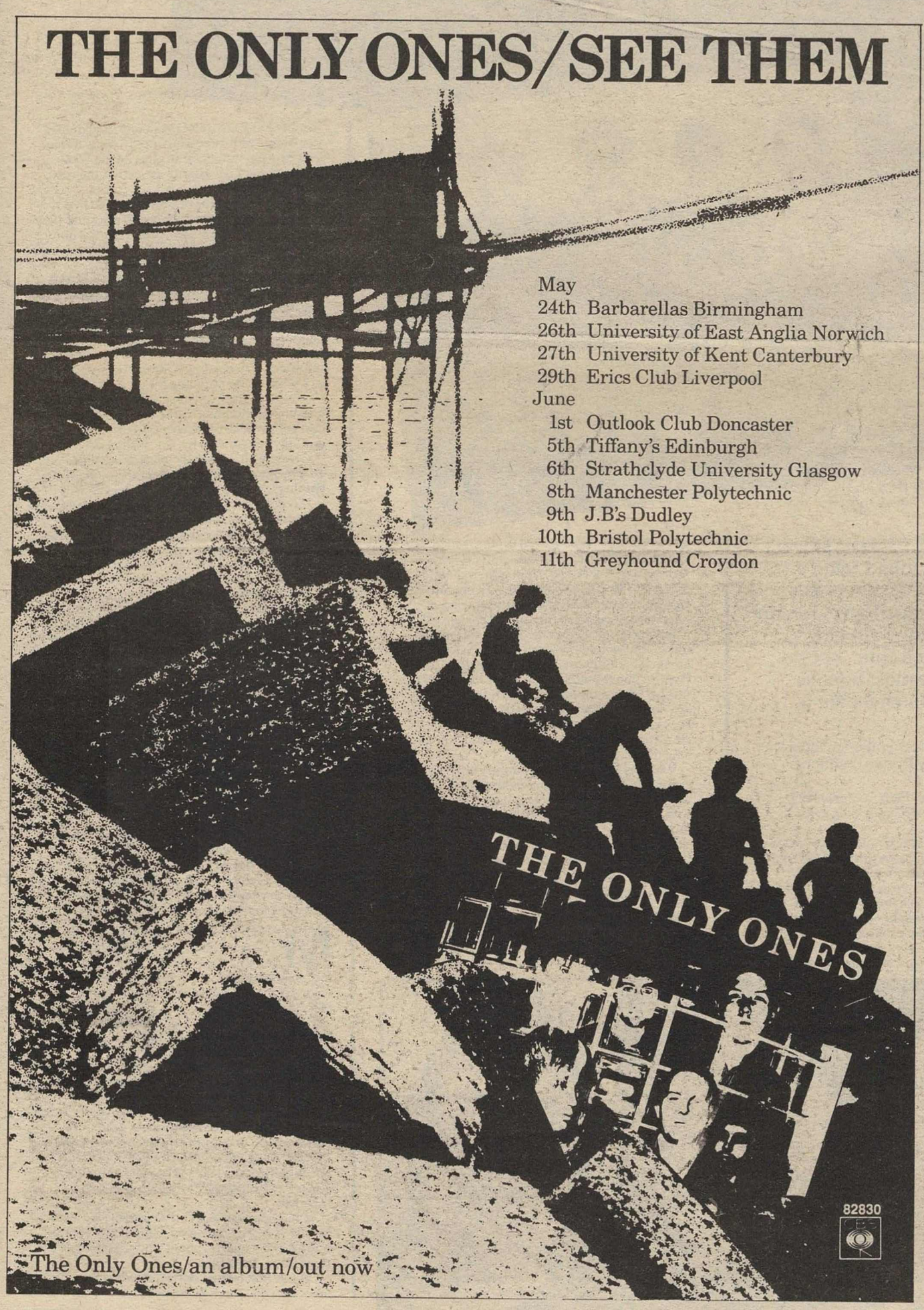
JOHN LYDON meanwhile alternately slumps beside the microphone in apparent boredom or hulks over the microphone incanting the lyrics to "Religion" in a painfully deliberate way. His style has also been an unholy combination of reggae DJ and pub carouser; the time I saw him rehearse he seemed intent on projecting anguish as simply and powerfully as possible. His persona remains as inscrutable as it was with the Pistols; a mercurial visage flitting between outrage, glee, anger and mockery. He's got a strange mug alright; at times he can look like nothing less than a deranged Irish literati out of the James Joyce and Flann O'Brien mould. Other times he wears the glazed trance of a movie psychopath. In reality of course, he's something else again — actually disarmingly human much (but definitely not all) of the time. His family, incidentally, are real charming folk.

The numbers they play include "Religion, formerly entitled "Sod In Heaven" and a scathing attack on Roman Catholicism such as one might expect from a disillusioned Irish Catholic: *"Suck your host. . . the holy ghost. . . read how many dead in The Irish Post. . ."*

They also do a song called "Public Image", are toying with the prospect of featuring "EMI", and played "Belsen Is A Gas" — a number in the past that has always been considered to be the work of Sid Vicious. They also seem to be fond of playing "My Generation", a number which Wobble introduces as "a vision I had last night". One suspects that its inclusion is somewhat sarcastic.

Don Letts also showed up to jam and do some startlingly competent talk overs. "Can you do a toast of 'Religion' maan?" asks Lydon.

Are they the future of rock and roll? Bollocks. The last word is Wobble's. "Talking and analysing and going round in a circle is last year's thing. Things are too obvious now. If people don't know what's going on in the music industry now with the big bands etc., then they'll never know. We're not into making statements, we're just into having a laugh. We just got a vibe and people in tune are just gonna pick it up." Seen.



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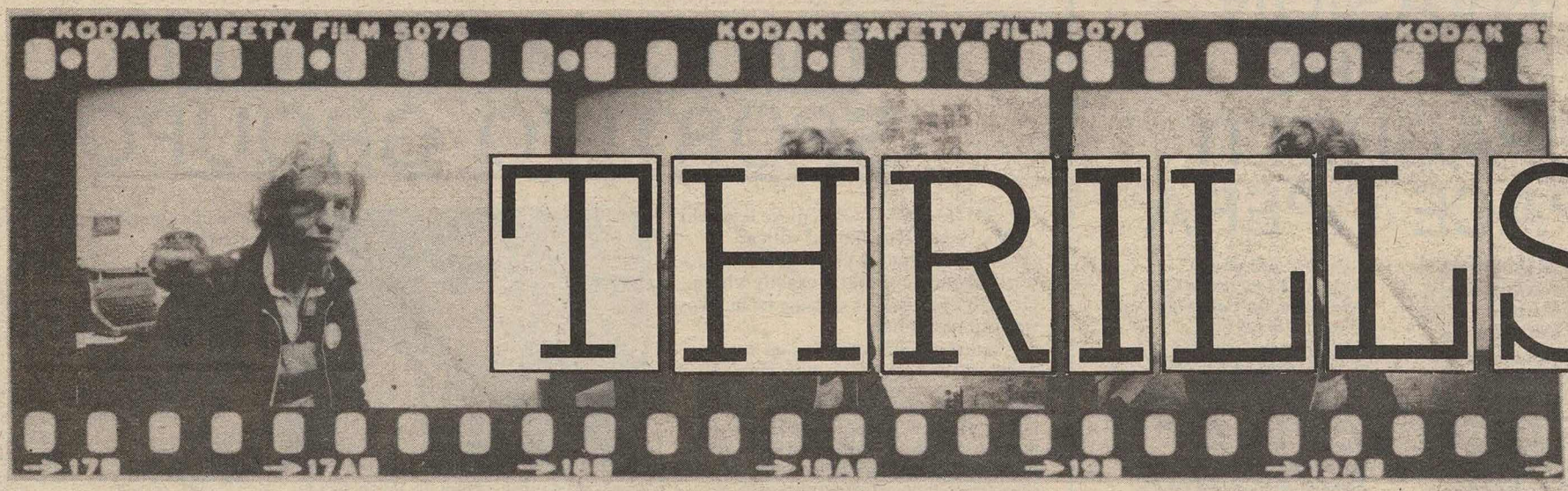


Pic: JOE STEVENS

LET'S FIGHT AGAIN

LIKE WE DID LAST SUMMER

VIOLENCE FLARED at two rock gigs last week.

On Friday one man was stabbed during Buzzcocks' set at Bradford's St. George's Hall. And on Wednesday the drummer with Doll By Doll ended up with a fractured jaw after a brawl at a gig in East London. Two other band members required hospital treatment.

The incident in Bradford involved a locally notorious group of National Front-supporting punks.

The fight broke out midway through Buzzcocks' set, halfway down the hall, Pete Shelley told *Thrills*. Apparently a lone NF supporter whose stupid chanting was infuriating other members of the crowd was set upon by some people around him. His mates arrived to help him, and in the ensuing battle a man was stabbed.

Seemingly it wasn't too serious, because the victim ran off before the police arrived. Whether he was pro- or anti-NF is not known.

Thus the police arrived to find that they couldn't arrest anyone because the man they needed to question had fled. To make up for it, they cut the power to the PA — but not to Buzzcocks' other equipment. The band finished off their set playing instrumental versions of their best-known songs, while the audience "had a singsong".

THE EAST LONDON affray was more serious — at least, judging by the state of Doll By Doll manager Bruce Williamson's face when he visited *NME* on Friday. That's him at the top of the page.

His injuries, he claimed, were sustained at a club called the Hollies which has recently been opened at the Tidal Basin Tavern, E16, right by the dock gates.

The Hollies operates a 2.00 am licence on rock nights, and presumably attracts the after-hours crowd from neighbouring dockland pubs.

According to Williamson, the band played its set on Wednesday to no reaction whatsoever. However, when they left the stage, guitarist Jo Shaw was just walking past the pub pool table when suddenly he was attacked for no discernible reason at all; knocked to the floor, and then kicked and trampled where he lay.

Drummer David McIntosh protested at this, whereupon two guys started hitting him, fracturing his jaw in the process.

Williamson himself dived in, and had two glasses smashed over his head and then was hit with a mike stand, which left him needing 12 stitches in his head.

About ten attackers were involved, he claims. The whole band were left in a state of shock, and had to drive themselves to the hospital, where McIntosh was detained overnight.

Despite all this mayhem, however, they mysteriously declined to press charges. Williamson's reason was that they didn't want to risk a repeat attack.

Talking to landlady Valerie Hollingsworth, however, evinces a quite different story.

According to her two bar staff and, she says, three customers who witnessed the fight, the incident came about because the band, in the course of taking their equipment out, kept knocking one of her customers about.

"As far as we're concerned," she told *Thrills*, "it was definitely the band." They'd never had any trouble like it before — ask any of the bands.

As it happens, *Thrills* had already spoken to Garrie Lammin of Cock Sparrer, whose set there the previous week had, we'd heard, been curtailed due to bother.

Lammin was quick to set us straight. Yes, the set had been cut short, but purely because the audience had been too boisterous in their enthusiasm, and "gels" were getting knocked about.

"It's usually one of the safest places to go," Garrie went on. "I don't wanna give it a bad name."

Although it was not suggested, he stressed that the people who beat up Doll By Doll couldn't have been Cock Sparrer's "lot". Perhaps they were merchant seamen, taking advantage of the licence extension?

Perhaps. Or perhaps it was a bunch of hardnuts inflamed by Doll By Doll's lurid handout posters, which proclaim: "KEEP DEATH ON THE STAGE," whatever that means.

The handout goes on to boast about how guitarist Jackie Leven has spent "5 months inside", while David McIntosh has a "history of mental illness".

Really, boys, you can't have it both ways — coming on like minor league psychopaths in your publicity and then go running to the papers crying when someone takes you at your word. The whole incident reminds me of Raped doing their utmost to shock people and then complaining when Rough Trade were offended by "Pretty Paedophiles".

Still, Raped only got one EP stomped on.

This time it was the whole band.

MEANWHILE in Preston a local youth has been charged with the murder of Henry Bailey, the guy who died during the gang fight which broke out at a gig at Preston Polytechnic three weeks ago (*Thrills* 13.5.78).

PHIL McNEILL

THRILLS

BLACKMAIL CORNER

DEAR BLACKMAIL CORNER,

With reference to your expose of Adam Ant. It's a pity he didn't meet your blackmail demand of a leather bondage and plastic underwear soiree in the motel of your choice, because you have got your facts wrong and, worse, left out lots of other innocent poseurs.

For a start, the band was Bazooka Joe, who played revivalist and original R'n'R. Ask Joe Strummer — The 101'ers got well blown off. Ask Mick Jones, one-time audience member (all Nouveau Teds together then). The shirt on the guitarist is what Whirlwind have just caught up on.

Apart from that, the whole band was so inbred it suffered from genetic damage. The pic above shows (left)Rick Slaughter (nee Wernham), sticksman in this early incarnation of the Joe, now banging his head for The Motors. Also he suffers from being Knox's cousin.

Which brings us to the guy in the centre with the white SG, John (Fatboy) Ellis, recently of The Vibrators.

And to the bass player Pat Collier (right), once of the same and now poncing around in front of The Boyfriends. Adam, better known as Stuart then, replaced Collier when the latter left to be a recording engineer, recording Mantovani and Bing Crosby (it's all true, I tell you). Still, I'm sure he'd swear blind it was all Pop Music now.

Other sleep-inducing fax on this rock'n'roll launch pad include Lee (pub rock) Kosmin as lead singer, and The Vibrators' drummer as roadie (very apt).

Incidentally, the main man was the guy in the 'cowboy' shirt — Danny Angel, nee Kleinman (second left). Doomed to obscurity due to actually being talented, he has just made a set of recordings with Adam and Fatboy Ellis to be released as an EP called "North London Rocks Out, The World Yawns".

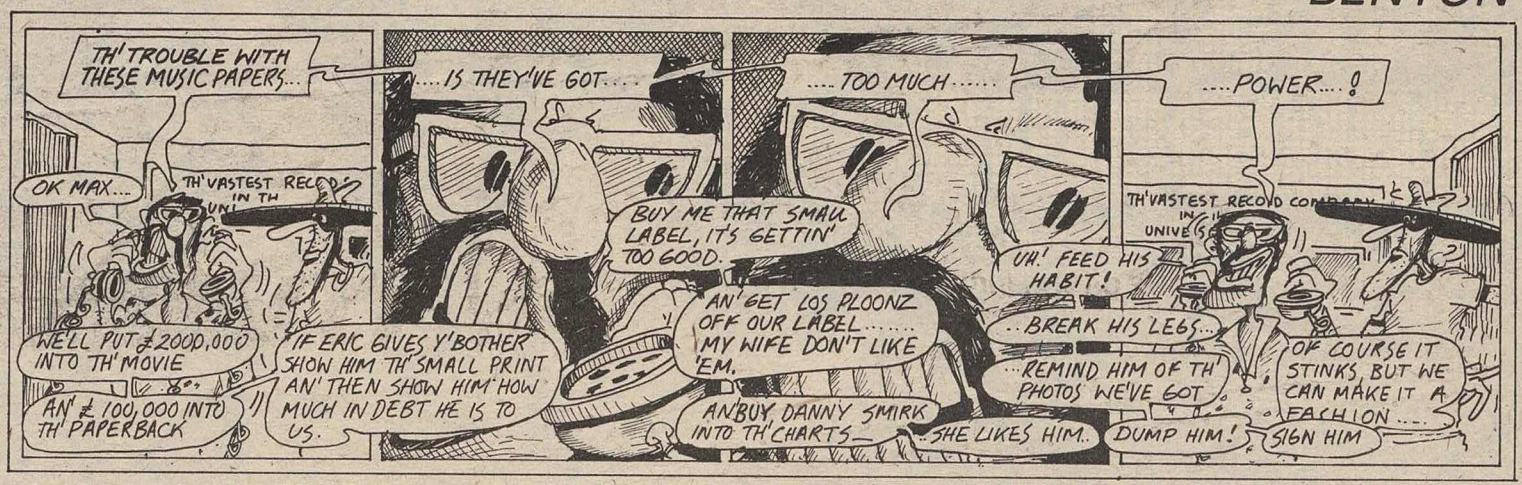
PS — Bazooka Joe is one of the three groups in England that Knox didn't play in at some point in his extremely long career in rock'n'roll.

GREEN GRASS HOLMES

THRILLS

The Lone Groover

BENYON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AN' BUY DANNY SMIRK INTO TH' CHARTS—
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....TOO MUCH.....
UH! FEED HIS HABIT!
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INVASION OF THE SPAGHETTI SPACE OPERA

LEONARD NIMOY has now settled his contract with Paramount and will once again don his pointed ears for a reprise of his Mr Spock persona in the *Star Trek* feature film, now with an increased budget of $15 million.

Latest figures released by Paramount state that the TV show is now 77% more popular than it was seven years ago. In TV syndication the series of 79 programmes is currently playing 308 times a week across the US; it is also being screened in 51 countries and 42 languages.

There are 371 *Star Trek* fan clubs, 50 *Star Trek* books, 431 *Star Trek* fanzines and 30 *Star Trek* conventions a year attracting some 20,000 people.

Meantime the space symphony boom takes a new twist. Jerry Weintraub, producer of *Oh God,* who is currently doing a deal for a Presley biopic with Col Tom Parker, has acquired exclusive rights to the 28-minute, five movement *Star Wars* suite and will be presenting a nationwide symphonic package tour, complete with special effects and lasers, in major arenas right across America.

Finally, spurred by Hollywood's success in the space lanes, the Italian film industry is in full gear, producing what may be a rash of "spaghetti space operas".

Movies include *Battle In Star Space, Star Odyssey, War Of The Robots,* a soft porn *Beasts In Space,* and a catastrophe movie, *The Zombies Are Coming* among others.

The UK too will not miss out on the boom. Rank Film Productions recently announced that they will make *Sky Fall,* a large-scale space rescue story involving a joint US-Russian mission, based on the Harry Harrison novel of the same name. A $10 million budget has been set.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

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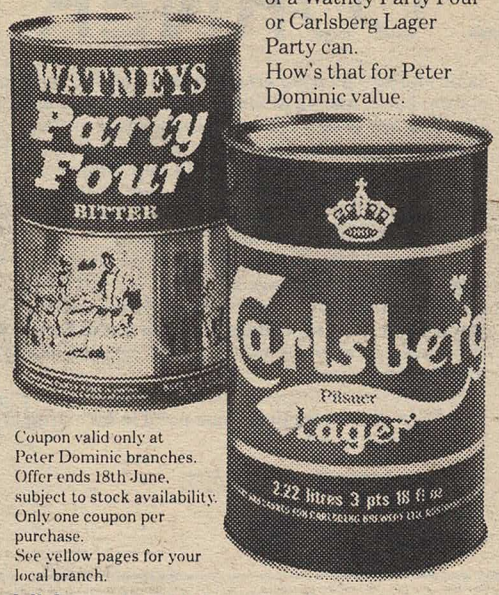

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I WAS A GROUPIE SPORTIVO GROUPO

YOU CAN'T GET more left field than a Dutch band with an Italian name playing Americana trash classics, but that is exactly where Gruppo Sportivo are coming from. Way way out of left field.

Where they are heading may be more traditional, however. Yes, my friend, there is a place for them in your heart.

Four men and two women from the Hague, Holland, Gruppo would probably not have gotten anywhere at all in the '60s. But with the creeping destruction of chauvinism, both national and sexual, in rock'n'roll, with the breaking of male Anglo-American dominance by the likes of Abba, Kraftwerk, Blondie and Patti Smith, the time now looks right.

I think you'll like them. In fact, I think you'll like them even more than the Dutch do.

In Holland, Gruppo (it's pronounced Group-oh Sporteevo) run second to Golden Earring in a field of about four serious contenders. Success, yes, but hardly on the scale they deserve.

Anyway, they set sail for this green and pleasant land last week, and you are expected to put up a considerably more enthusiastic performance than their blase country people — you know, the sort of welcome you laid on for Blondie.

If you don't, let me tell you, me and Epic Records will be very annoyed.

As a special treat, Epic are releasing the superb "10 Mistakes" album to coincide with Gruppo's visit.

Very sexy, very crazed, very '50s, very adventurous, very insistent, very funny, "10 Mistakes" filtered over here after Ariola released it in the Netherlands in March — whereupon, first on the block, I seized on it and expressed astonishment.

Where to begin? Hans Vandenburg's consummate array of tacky guitar licks and jukebox sounds; his songwriting virtuosity; the Gruppettes — Meike Touwe and Josee Van Iersel — revelling in blank ooh-wahs, play-acting their parts in Vandenburg's deceptively simple song stories; Peter Calicher roving across a carnival terrain of B Bumble and Del Shannon licks on his rinky dink organ and piano . . .

Even if you hate the 'superpop' era of the early '60s and late '50s — and I'm none too keen myself — this band's sly silliness will seduce you.

In fact, it's wrong of me to harp on the '50s, because everybody's well sick of grease-hop nostalgia by now, or should be. Gruppo Sportivo have got a magic which easily transcends their apparent influences.

But enough of all this. If you've been attending Mr Peel's nightly love-ins, you don't need any prompting to rush out and spend. So, assuming we're all well into the record already, let me tell you something you don't know. Like what Gruppo Sportivo are like onstage.

Bloody awful.

Apart from the stuff that's on the album — which constitutes half of their 90-minute set — they are quite dreadful live. Fortunately, they've promised to cut back to a more Anglicised three-quarters of an hour over here, so you shouldn't have to suffer such abominations as "The Pogo Never Stops". Nevertheless, it's my duty to give you some idea what goes on at Gruppo's home matches.

And I'd venture you don't get more homely than a school hop now, do you — even when it's in the completely unpronounceable town of Wageningen, near the German border of Holland.

Ariola Benelux P.R. at one shoulder, Epic

London the other, I enter the school hall to the strains of "Wild Thing" honked out by the local punk revivalists.

Meet the band. Meet the band's dog. Gruppo Sportivo are the first band I've encountered who take their dog to gigs.

Hard to tell the friends, manager, roadies and hangers-on from the group, though the usual rule-of-thumb applies: if they take their trousers off they're in the band. Meike Touwe takes everything off; she must be the leader.

The set starts with a whimper. I'd been looking forward to this real flash beginning I'd heard about (and which I believe they have reinstated for British consumption): a tape of one of the band's songs is playing, they filter onstage, and by the end of the number the live group has seamlessly taken over from the recorded one.

But as they explain later, change is all. They drop this reportedly stunning entrance for a really dopey slow song warbled by Gruppo's imminent sex symbol Josee Van Iersel.

It's useless.

To make matters worse, they follow that with Meike camping about on some dreadful '20s jazz comedy number. They do it extremely well, but if they tried it on in the UK the shrift would be short indeed.

I want to go home.

But wait! What's this I hear?

Hunched over his keyboards stage right, leathers and dago hair shaking like a real rock'n'roller, Peter Calicher hammers out the opening bars to "Nut Rocker". This is it — "Mission A Paris", one of the many highlights of "10 Mistakes".

It settles into a cheeky mid-tempo, the Gruppettes doing the riff on kazoos as they hand-jive pictures in the air, every lick as carefully synchronised as the web of vocals they create with Calicher and Vandenburg.

This is it! For most of the next 90 minutes I am enthralled.

SOME TWO HOURS later, I huddle with Hans Vandenburg and Peter Calicher in a milieu which, via their prestigious influence in the Dutch pop scene, they have obtained for our interview.

Basically, we are stting in a cupboard.

A small store-room underneath a local club, dank and bare. We share our cupboard with several hundred stacked chairs. The Gruppo Sportivo basement tapes.

"This your place?" asks Hans. "It's very nice."

The interpreter we've brought along turns

JOSEE VAN IERSEL

IT'S A SHOWDOWN

'Showdown', the new Isley Brothers album. Eight brand new tracks, including the current single 'Take Me To The Next Phase (Parts I and II)'.
All of them indelibly stamped with the freshness, warmth and zest that have made the Isley Brothers a living legend.

HANDSOME HANS VANDENBURG Pic: ANTON CORBIJN

out to be largely ornamental — but even so, doesn't Vandenburg (or Van DeFruits, as he calls himself in his song credits) find it a problem writing in English? And does he ever write in Dutch?

"Well, I'm trying to," he shrugs. "We don't do it yet. When we 'ave a good song in Dutch, we're going to do it I think. Maybe in Italian, or in Spanish, or whatever . . ."

"German is a language that you can use for a particular mood," interjects Calicher (they already do one German song, "Armee Monica", which is a plea by a German whore to an American soldier to take her to America). "And so you can use Italian for a kind of . . . plastic, and orange-coloured . . . I dunno . . . a small band playing and dancing, then you have to sing Italian maybe."

Quite. Their name is Italian: Sports Group. The ring is better in Eytie, but it doesn't mean anything.

"It sounds silly when you sing rock'n'roll songs in Dutch," says Hans. "It's difficult to tell everything we wanna tell, in English, but it's still possible. I really wish I was English."

Do you consider that your culture is American?

"I back you pardon? Yeah, my culture is American. Not English. I wanna go to America."

Gruppo sport a lot of '50s influences. Do you feel part of *that* culture?

"No, we're not a part of it, because it's '78 now. I like the music better than the music now. Three years ago it was really bad — a lot of funk . . . I didn't like it.

"I think it's much more better now. Bands like Costello, Mink de Ville, Tom Petty . . ."

Would you compare yourself to anyone else? Blondie, for instance?

"No, not for a moment," he replies decisively. "I think we're rather original in what we're doing."

I compliment Vandenburg on his guitar playing, particularly his twangy '50s style. He is amazed.

"Yeah? But I can't play — and I couldn't play in the '50s either."

In fact, he claims (falsely, no doubt) not to know anything about rock'n'roll but, like Nick Lowe, he says he steals whatever he fancies.

LAST WEEK Hans Vandenburg tried to steal the hearts of the London press at a lunchtime reception at Ronnie Scott's club.

Most artists play a diffident two or three songs at these functions. Gruppo played about ten, all from "10 Mistakes" bar Hans' solo spot when the bass amp packed up — a silly J Richman type song called "Tokyo" which several *NME* staff reckoned was the best number on display.

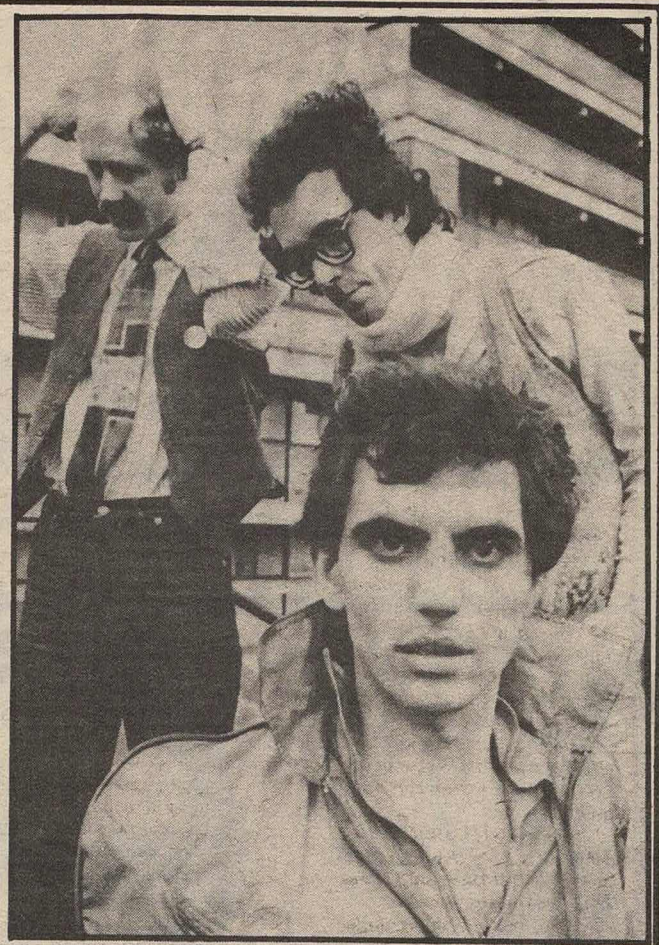
Apparently the staff outing found the Dutch version of humour somewhat obscure.

Well, sucks to them. Let's not mince words. If not Abba bigger Gruppo than are, out year the before is, hat I eat will my.

PHIL McNEILL

THRILLS

TRANSLATION: If Abba are not bigger than Gruppo by the end of the year, I will beat my cat.



BLOTCHES ON THE LANDSCAPE

I STUMBLED upon the exclusive new premises of Event Horizon Records in the outback of darkest Camberwell.

Event Horizon is the self-started, self-financed, self-centred brainchild of one Landscape, self-styled band of the '80s.

Landscape's components are John Walters (electric sax and flute), Chris Heaton (electric piano), Pete Thoms (electric trombone), Richard Burgess (drums), and Kaptin Whorlix (basses). As a pub manager once said to them, "Music without vocals? — I don't believe in it!"

Well, they do believe in it, and very strongly, it appears. Richard also believes in avoiding categorisation.

"At this point in our career, if we get too strongly categorised it could severely limit us. What we'd like to do is define a new category . . . We are not a jazz rock band, we are Landscape."

Very true, I might add. Such a disparate (and talkative) bunch have I rarely clapped eyes on. From the extreme clash of their personalities, their dress, their instruments, and their ideas, emanates their wild and distinctive music.

"Once you've got past the visuals, got used to the sound of the band, the look of the instruments, the change of the rhythms, you feel there's a lot more still to come," reckons Pete Thoms.

So how do they compare themselves with less complex music?

"Well, we provide a three-course meal as opposed to a hamburger."

This extensive cooking ability was not learnt overnight. But John certainly doesn't regret the four and a half years they've spent slogging round pubs and establishing a following.

"A lot of bands," he says, "are stuffed into the studio before they're really formed, while they're entirely at the producer's mercy as to what actually comes out. Whereas we went for a long time without recording at all — just getting our own sound together. That wasn't really by design, but I think it's done us a lot of good. We've really come to understand how to manipulate sound."

When finally they did record, it was with a mobile unit, managed and produced by themselves in Event Horizon. I asked them if this didn't amount to an obscene gesture in the direction of the record business empires.

"It wasn't a political move. We just wanted to get a record out, so we decided to form our own record company and agency."

Shrewdly, I deduced that this was a bid for freedom by this extremely discerning and meticulous crew.

"That's what it's all about," added Richard. "It's control by the *musicians*."

Had they been under management, they would have been moulded into some specific image. But as it is, their collective chaos has a very wide appeal. In fact they claim to be playing to "noticeably more spikey-topped audiences these days."

Do they get gobbed on then?

"They don't dare. Pete can reach six foot out with his trombone and gob very accurately."

As a band without category, they aim to reach an audience without category. Their sound of the '80s is total absorption. It animates limbs, it stimulates brains, it campaigns against musical apathy.

It all goes to show that starting a record company to promote your own band isn't that hard after all. As long as you've got conviction.

"There's a lot of people around who haven't really got a music for themselves," John observes. "They'll latch onto something, like the new wave, because it's the most interesting thing around. But what they think are the most interesting things aren't the most satisfying things, and I think those people are really waiting for Landscape."

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

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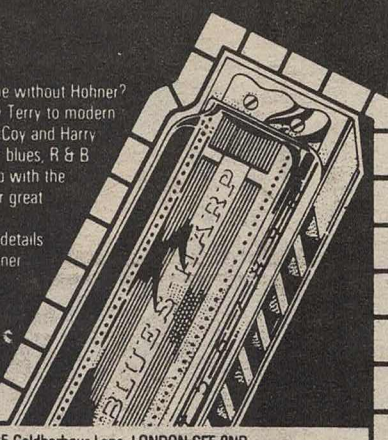

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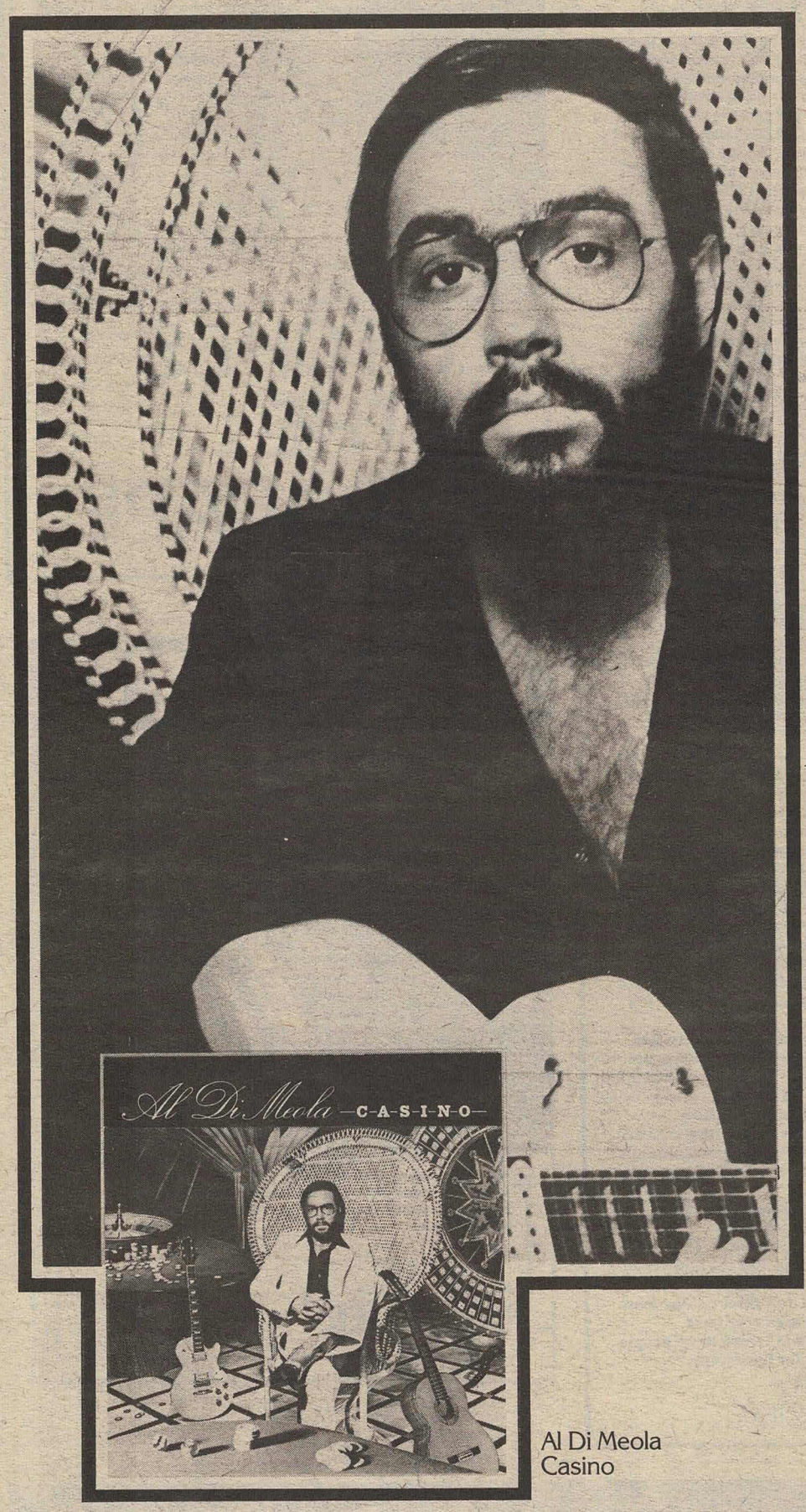
DISCOVER UNEXPLORED MUSICAL TERRITORY WITH

AL DI MEOLA

A WINNER IN THE 'CASINO.'



Al Di Meola
Casino

Casino, the new album from Al Di Meola, highlights the prodigious talents of the man who made his name as lead guitarist with the phenomenal Return To Forever.

With his unique skill and imagination, plus the help of a galaxy of top musicians, Di Meola has made a dazzling journey into new musical horizons.
It's called 'Casino.'
Al Di Meolas guests include:
Steve Gadd on drums.
Anthony Jackson on bass guitar.
Mingo Lewis on congas and bongos,
and Barry Miles on all forms of keyboards.

82645
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PLASTIC displays fibreglass teeth

"MY BIRD HAS THROWN UP..."

The French produce Punk's Greatest Hit (eat your heart out, Pistols!)

IT IS VERY NEARLY a tradition in the ever-wacky British pop charts that for any record from *le continent* to be designated a 'contender', it must be suitably annointed with that agonised snoring sound that's supposed to suggest carnal enthusiasm.

From Jane Birkin and Serge Forward's "Je T'aime, Moi Non Plus" to Donna Summer and beyond into the seemingly bottomless wastelands of Eurodisco, aural hand jobs have proved a viable import.

That's one reason why the chartwise appearance of Plastic Bertrand and his "Ca Plane Pour Moi" can be considered a novelty. The second is that it's sung almost entirely in French. The third is that it purports to be a *punque* disc, no less. And if it is, then it can also claim to be the first *punque smash internationale.*

"Ca Plane", recorded in Belgium with native session musicians, was first released in France where — aided by a spot on a prestigious TV pop show — it went on to be a million-selling number one in January of this year. It then repeated its success in Belgium, Switzerland, Canada, Germany, Holland, Sweden, Italy and Greece, and now looks dead set to do so here and in the U.S.

How, you wonder, can a vocal record of practically zero intelligibility achieve all this? It turns out that, even in their own language, the lyrics to "Ca Plane" mean little. To begin with, they're mostly French slang, and therefore translate literally into gibberish.

"Allez oop, my bird has thrown up, is knocked out. In fact, the whole place is a mess. The settee, the bar. Leaving me here alone like a big nerd. Ooh, ooh, ooh, my foot on a plate."

Thus runs the official record company transpation of one the verses.

Careful study reveals, though, that the song's protagonist lives a life of comical gutter chaos, into which for no apparent reason walks a girl with a *"Chinese hairdo and wooden throat"*. She contributes to the chaos for a day or two and then leaves. Our hero is confused, though hardly upset, and dismisses it with a philosophical *"ca plane pour moi"*. Which, incidentally, doesn't quite mean "that's alright by me", as the BBC thinks — rather it means "and I'm high because of it all", "plane" being French doper talk for stoned.

Various other decidedly less savoury expressions crop up throughout.

It's not exactly up in The Coasters' class, and The Kingsmen might wonder at what their legacy hath wrought, but The Trashmen could dig it.

Plastic Bertrand (yes, he does exist; no, he's not a figment of Nick Lowe's imagination and, so help me, people really do call him *Plastique),* however, feels it's a step above the outright nonsense category.

"The words don't really mean anything," he explains in broken English. "They are just words put together for sound . . . the words and the sound make one. That's why it is a success all over.

"If you are naive, the effect will be naive, but if you are perverse the effect will be perverse, and if you are clever the effect will be clever."

A fairly astute assessment of the song's incipient across-the-board appeal.

In fact, "Ca Plane" originated as a "gimmick" born out of the songwriting and production team of Lacomblez Deprejck's fondness for the *punque* idiom and desire to do a caricature thereof. "All is too much . . . Over the top. My image is the same thing, it exaggerates."

Yet the former Brussels theatre student with two follow-up singles already chartbusting in key continental markets harbours no illusions as to where and on which side his bread is buttered.

"My audience ranges from little children to old people," he proudly asserts. "All of my songs, when I sing then I'm always smiling. In twenty years time I will be a crooner, like Frank Sinatra . . ."

Ah well pop pickers, fun while it lasts.

PAUL RAMBALI.

THRILLS

West Runton Pavilion

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS FOCK BAND

LINDISFARNE

Deaths

RIGBY (Eleanor). Aged 85, of Ashey Road, Ryde, died peacefully at St. Mary's Hospital, Newport, on April 20.

Left: West Runton Pavilion reveals a new title for Lindisfarne. Above: a grand old lady passes on (Isle of Wight County Press). Sent by Gary Blatch and Wazoo

BLUE JEANS GO GAY

CALLING ALL heterosexual students! If you don't want to be taken for a pooftah, don't wear blue jeans on June 1st.

You see, June 1 has been chosen by the National Union of Students as Blue Jeans Day. On that day, all gay students have been asked to wear blue jeans to assert their homosexuality. If you don't want to know how it feels to be gay, you better change your pants.

The idea originates from the United States, where it has already been tried with a certain degree of success on several occasions. The last American Blue Jeans Day, April 14 this year, drew howls of protest at one Boston university from heterosexuals who were most peeved at having to change their trousers.

Which, of course, completely misses the point.

Turn the tables on macho man for a day! Make him feel like a fag! Your chance for a good laugh — next Thursday.

PHIL McNEILL

THRILLS

THIS SIDE

PRODUCED BY THE GLIMMER TWINS

THE ROLLING STONES

NEW SINGLE ON ROLLING STONES RECORDS

THAT SIDE

FAR AWAY EYES

PRODUCED BY THE GLIMMER TWINS

THE ROLLING STONES

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE NEW SINGLE ON ROLLING STONES RECORDS

BERNIE TORME (L-R): Mark Harrison, Phil Spalding, Jimi Hendrix

MEL TORME'S PUNKY BROTHER

BERNIE TORME. Bernie Torme??? Doesn't really give too much away does it?

It's the kind of name you might expect to see in modest lights atop your local Theatre Royal, or on a grubby billboard at the end of Blackpool pier in the off-season. You might, however, look twice if you saw it on a fly-poster outside the Marquee . . .

Unlikely as it may seem, the latter location is the correct one, and far from being some kind of seedily clapped-out torch singer, Bernie is in fact a dynamite gee-tar playing Irishman from the fair city of Dublin.

Bernie's handle also hangs on a powerhouse trio of which Phil Spalding (bass) and Mark Harrison (drums) are also members. They'll probably end up causing as much confusion as Brinsley Schwarz, which won't bother them in the least; they chose the name primarily on the strength of its interest-through-curiosity value.

The three were in Nottingham to play just one of a series of rebookings achieved when they toured the country with The Boys earlier this year, and after a hasty soundcheck I hauled them off to a nearby pub with the intention of extracting the full B.T. biography.

It turns out to be pure textbook. Having long ago decided to abandon his University College degree in Classics for the wunnerful wurld of rockaboogie, Bernie played in a number of bands in and around Dublin, the most successful of which was The Urge, who actually got around to releasing two singles (watch those Small Ads next week, folks!), and were probaly what you'd call a cult. Eventually, however, disenchantment set in, and, packing his white Strat in its battered case, he set sail for shores afresh.

To cut a short story even shorter, Bernie ended up in London, scraping a living by giving guitar lessons, and playing in the odd pub band.

Meanwhile, Phil and Mark had also done stints in various no-hopers, although Mark claims that his band Headquarters were "very big in Wood Green." Phil played bass for Joker ("fairly big in Wood Green") and through a mutual friend — actually a pupil of Bernie's — they learned that the Irishman was looking for a rhythm section. Hotfooting it round to Bernie's front room, the obligatory jam session was indulged in, and when all seemed to go well, they joined permanent forces under Bernie's moniker in April '77.

Since then things have progressed at a fairly steady rate. They've supported The Vibrators, The Boomtown Rats and most recently The Boys. As well as that they played most of the smaller clubs in London, a fact which helped them onto the live Vortex album, alongside Neo, Art Attacks and others.

Despite their assertion that being on the album did them more harm than good (they say the tracks "Streetfighter" and "Living For Kicks" weren't representative — they've since dropped the latter), their performance did at least convince Jet Records, who had been interested for some time anyway, to take the plunge and sign them in December of last year.

That done, Phil could give up his job as a computer operator (hmmm . . . that sounds strangely familiar), and Mark ceased operations as a betting shop manager. They are now poised for launch on Monster Records, a new subsidiary of Jet. 'Launch' is very much the operative word. In a rash of careless enthusiam Phil tells me:

"Apparently, from what we can gather, it's going to be a really big operation — you know, a lot of money's changing hands for a distribution deal, multi-million pound worldwide things. I mean, it's not gonna be just like bleeding Chiswick Records!"

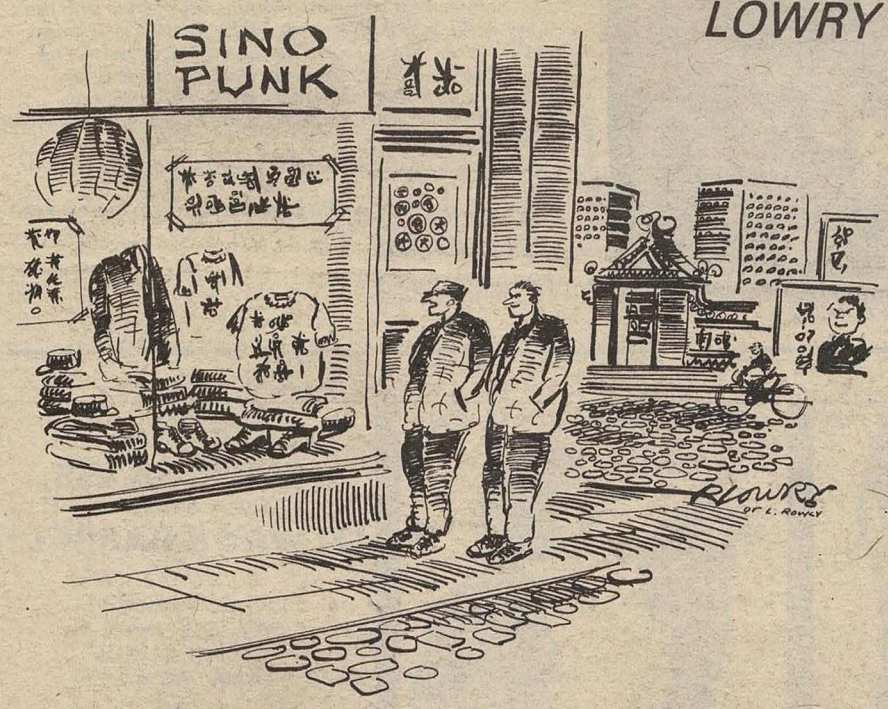
He's obviously getting a little carried away, and when I rebuke him for scorning such a worthy venture as Chiswick, he relents a little.

"Oh, right, they're a great label, but I shouldn't think they've got a very big budget, you know? They may have a few quid to put a full page ad in every music paper for every single and album that Radio Stars release, but that's about it. I mean, we're talking about *Monster Records*. This is *big business.*"

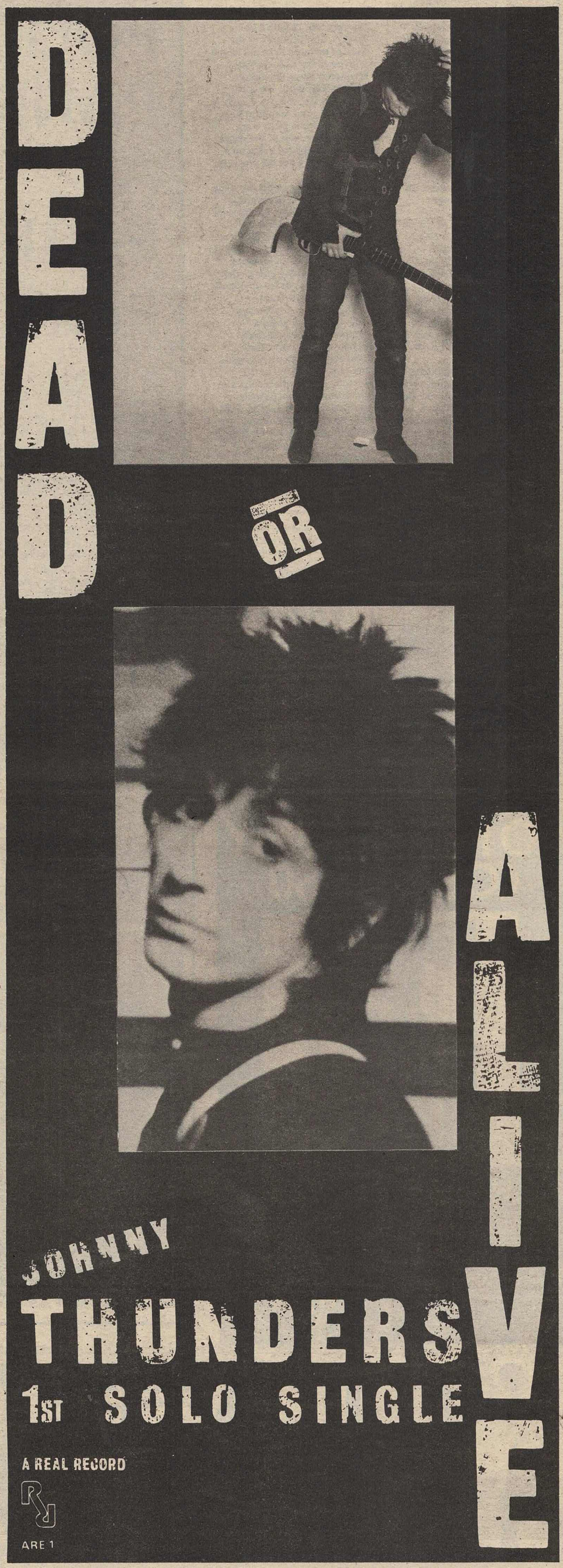
Pretty exciting, eh? But I still hadn't heard them play,

● Next page

LOWRY



"Far out, man. They've got the latest 'Death to the counter-revolutionary capitalist roaders and long live the glorious proletariat' T-shirts".



● From previous page

and by now I was extremely interested to see what kind of music would be produced by this combination of two highly wired London boys and a soft spoken Dubliner. Indeed, Bernie had so far said so little that I already had him down as a typically Shoi Oirish Lad, and was wondering whether to prepare for an evening of gentle protest songs.

This ridiculous premise only made my first encounter with live Torme all the more surprising.

Listening to them play is an experience somewhat akin to being dragged through a mountain by a speedboat. I believe it's what you call a Wall Of Sound, and since they mentioned the comparison first, I have no hesitation in saying that if you've heard Motorhead, you have a fair idea of what to expect from these boys.

The songs are short, sharp, and with a few exceptions (wait till you hear Bernie Torme do "Heard It Through The Grapevine"), all original. They are apolitical, don't tax your powers of concentration too much, and if you feel so inclined you can bang your head on the floor.

When they stretch out, as on the very '60s "Don't Look Back", Bernie tears out the kind of tortured licks not heard with anything like enough frequency since one James Marshall Hendrix was alive and well. He's totally absorbed in playing, and his guitar hero poses would be tacky were they not born out of the sheer nervous delight of being on a stage, beating out the music he loves.

Phil Spalding stalks the stage pulling a variety of revolting faces, his bass style reminiscent of a navvy with a road srill. Mark Harrison treats his kit as an object of perverse hatred, and the total effect is one of such ball breaking energy that it seems ludicrous for any band to try and follow them.

They go down extremely well, and will doubtless continue to be asked back whenever they play. Their future looks extremely bright, and as they flop out in the dressing room with feeble cries for strong ale, one nagging thought crosses my mind. Will they be able to stand their own frenetic pace? After all, there's none of us getting any younger.

STEPHEN GORDON

THRILLS

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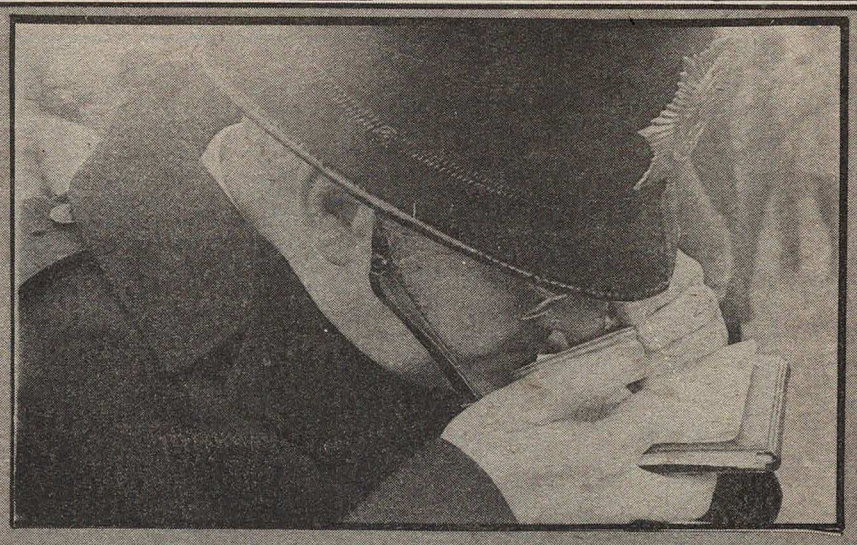
"And you can get up to a turd off!" Spotted in the Evening Sentinel by C. Bullock of Stoke.

„the normal"

STUDENTS!
EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES ARE ON PAGE 69

POLICE PANIC AT PARK PICNIC



Above: highly trained police dog inspects oriental 'snuff box' for hashish stains. Left: freak disguised as policeman (note doggy imitating Alsatian) mingles with police disguised as hippies. For his pains, he was arrested. Pix: TIM MALYON

SATURDAY MAY 13 — the Smokey Bears Legalise Cannabis Picnic in Hyde Park. What a bore this is going to be, throwbacks to the '60s frozen in a time-warp along with Pink Floyd and Sgt. Pepper.

As I arrive a couple of hundred people are crushed into a tiny island ghetto in the middle of Hyde Park's deserted green acres. Ho hum, I was right: utterly boring. Not relevant to anything that is going on.

There were 7,000 people at Trafalgar Square last week demonstrating against Windscale; there were 70,000 people in the Rock Against Racism rally the following day. What is the point of two hundred nerds sitting under a cloud of smoke looking like an Iron Age village out on a coach trip?

Dramatically, things change.

Police buses loom over the horizon like green UFOs and a couple of dozen burly hippies stand up in the crowd and arrest their neighbours.

Uniformed police encircle the picnic in a tight cordon while others move through the crowd searching systematically. More people arrive and stand around being searched. Some of the busts are for Rizlas and lettuce 'opium' still in its plastic packet as allowed into the country by Customs & Excise.

A strange silence hangs over the bizarre scene. More people arrive.

But suddenly someone is banging a drum and shouting, "Trafalgar Square! Trafalgar Square!"

The picnic starts to walk towards Hyde Park Corner and forms into a column. Police bar the gates into Park Lane, but the Smokeys flow over the fence like smoke and there is a strange excitement in the air as everyone realises there are now some 10,000 people marching on Trafalgar Square.

The column cuts through Green Park and yells "Legalise cannabis!" at Buckingham Palace; turns back to Trafalgar Square and yells "Legalise cannabis!" at Nelson then dodges struggling past the police to get to the House of Commons where, under heavy police pressure, the march splinters and dissolves, only to turn up again half an hour later at a smoke-in that has been going all afternoon since the police left.

For three hours the faded hippies of the cannabis counter-culture had taken the streets from the police.

The Windscale demo didn't do it with their tight polite meeting; the Rock Against Racism rally didn't do it with their stop - at - the - red - lights - to - let - the - traffic - through march.

There were forty arrests. I saw people bleeding in the police station. It's been ten years since the Wooton Commission recommended the legalisation of marijuana . . .

That night I catch the TV news to see how the media deal with this surprising turn of events. According to the news it didn't happen.

There is no mention of ten thousand angry people rampaging around London and shouting for justice outside Buckingham Palace and the House of Commons.

"And finally," says the newsreader with an indulgent smile, "this afternoon The Queen and Prince Philip stopped four runaway carriage-horses at an army riding display."

Somebody in the room laughed.

"All that fuss outside Buckingham Palace," they said, "and there was nobody home."

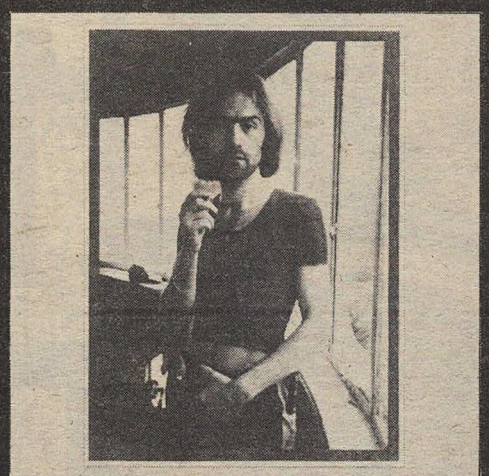
● There is a benefit for the Legalise Cannabis Campaign at Central London Polytechnic, Cavendish Street on June 2. Details: 01-289 3881.

● Any witnesses to the Picnic arrests please contact Release 01-289 1123.

OLIVER POGES JR.

THRILLS

GETTING BACK TO REALITY ONLY COSTS £2.50



HARPER 1970-1975
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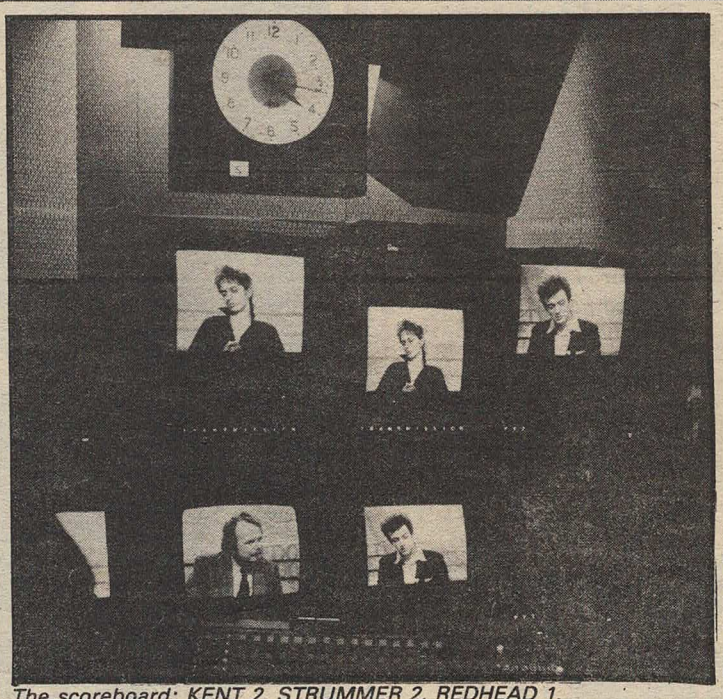
BACK TO REALITY
HARVEST SHSM 2025



The scoreboard: KENT 2, STRUMMER 2, REDHEAD 1.

Pic: JOE STEVENS

*DAVID FROST and Ian Smith, Michael Parkinson and Muhammad Ali, Norman Mailer and Gore Vidal . . : Last Saturday night on **Don't Quote Me** (BBC-2), British televiewers witnessed a further epic smallscreen encounter in the grand tradition of those legendary TV stand-offs between giants of our time.*

Nick "Is he on drugs, Mummy?" Kent, writer of no fixed abode and grandiloquent gesture, made a stunning world television debut in a debate about the music press.

*"Well, Brian, it just come over and I 'it it," Kent informed presenter Brian Redhead as he scored a direct hit on **Monotony Maker** editor Ray Coalman's naked cranium with the tip of the hashish cheroot he chainsmoked throughout.*

Unfortunately, this exchange took place off-camera and so could not relieve the deathly banality of the studio discussions, first between grumpy Roy Harper and the suave Kent, and then between Rick 'Waffle' Wakeman, Joe 'Wanker' Strummer, Coalman and Our Hero. The usual BBC ploy of filling up the studio with as many people as possible in the forlorn hope of achieving 'confrontation', ensured that nobody said anything worth repeating.

Mr. Kent's nicotine stains showed up lovely in colour, mind.

*By the way, Rick, which band **were** you in before Yes?*

LEW DEGRADE

THE END

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'HI OTWAY'
'LOOK! I'VE GOT SOME INTERESTING SONGS & A FEW IDEAS'
'YOU KNOW - THE OLD ONE TWO, I'LL SING - YOU PRODUCE A HIT ALBUM!'
'AFTER 'GENEVA' OTWAY, YOU MUST BE JOKING!'
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WHITE MANSIONS is presented in a unique package, a feature of which is the special full-sized 28 page book which traces this evocative tale in words and pictures.

This book is also included with the cassette.

Album: AMLX 64691 £4.49 Cassette: CXM 64691 £4.49

AC/DC

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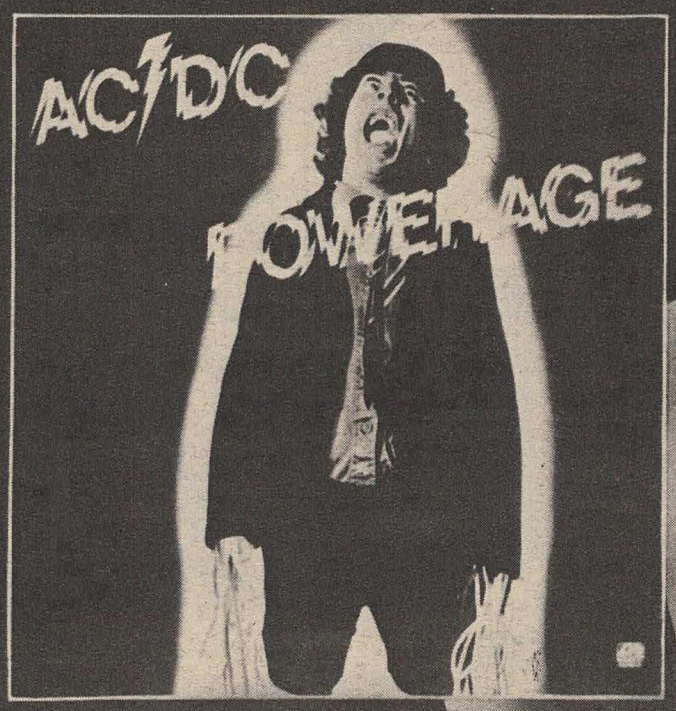

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27th	HANLEY	Victoria Hall	15th	DERBY	Assembly Rooms
29th	ABERDEEN	Capital Theatre	16th	KEIGHLEY	Victoria Hall
30th	GLASGOW	Apollo	18th	COLCHESTER	A.B.C.
MAY			19th	LEEDS	Polytechnic
1st	MIDDLESBROUGH	Town Hall	21st	SHEFFIELD	Top Rank
2nd	COVENTRY	Locarno	22nd	BRISTOL	Colston Hall
4th	LIVERPOOL	Empire	23rd	BOURNEMOUTH	Village Bowl
5th	NEWCASTLE	Mayfair Ballroom	24th	PLYMOUTH	Metro
6th	MANCHESTER	Free Trade Hall	26th	BLACKBURN	King George's Hall
7th	LONDON	Hammersmith Odeon	27th	CARLISLE	Market Hall
11th	GREAT YARMOUTH	Vauxhall Holiday Camp Ballroom	28th	EDINBURGH	Odeon
			29th	DUNDEE	Caird Hall

SOLD OUT
SOLD OUT
SOLD OUT

HAS JOHNNY MOPED

FLIPPED HIS WIG???

Giggus Mopedus! Pic: CHRIS L-URCA.

FROM THE OUTSET, the atmosphere was fairly nasty. The South Bank Poly — opposite the Welfare at London's dilapidated Elephant and Castle — is, in any case, a bit of a kharzi, but when you've got 90 minutes to kill in a pigsty of a bar over-populated by tatty-haired students, then the only recourse left open is righteous animosity.

Eight-thirty I'd got there and Johnny Moped weren't due on till ten. A dire little outfit were going through their paces (fast HM) in front of a dishevelled mob more interested in the loud table-football competitors than in passe punk. I *think* the group were serious. I *know* they were dreadful.

And there was I, ankle-deep in spilt beer and ullage, stuck in south-east London with over an hour on my hands before a rare Johnny Moped gig. They were, at least, here — I'd spotted guitarist Slimey Toad weaving his way to the bar (I don't know why because he doesn't drink). More often than not Johnny Moped — the singer, not the group — can be relied upon to be unreliable.

So I was quite keyed up. You don't hear any Moped morsels on the airwaves and no one's ever seen 'em outside London but the "Cycledelic" album floored me and in a mere 90 sodding minutes they were actually going to take the stage.

By the time they appeared I was giving a fair impression of an aggressive newt, a light ale bottle in either hand to fend off the clumsy little inebriates around me. I felt a bit like the photographer who was so overcome by the magnificence of the Hindenberg that he forgot to take any pictures when it crashed — I didn't take any notes.

The awesome shambles that is Johnny Moped live left me ga-ga mouthed and jelly-kneed. Even if they hadn't overwhelmed me with their ragged raunch and studied parody-punk I'd have never forgotten the event thanks to the manic pricks with AA road map eyes who were able to instigate two separate fights by their dangerous flailing about — I still didn't spill a drop, your honour.

Some of the student organisers seemed as incapably drunk as the clientele and almost managed to provoke a back-stage barney (over encores or some such nonsense).

The Mopeds were great even if the dire PA was completely out to lunch.

Johnny himself was a model of unkempt professionalism as he solemnly pogoed up and down, seemingly in slow motion, bellowing in that hollow 'Time Gentlemen, Please' voice to the rough-hewn rhythms of "VD Boiler", "Incendiary Device", "Panic Button" and the rest. His stunning castrato version of "Little Queenie" is rendered intact, too.

Afterwards, bassist Fred Berk — who resembles nothing so much as a middle-aged flasher, even if he is only 21 — was moderately pleased with the set (like the others, he knew nothing of the aggro out front) as he desperately scratched around for a drink. Special guest (inaudible back-up vocals) and long time chum Captain Sensible was acting pretty straight even though he was wearing a silly shire-horse straw hat. Slimey was with Mrs Toad, an unutterably attractive girl who could pass for thirteen in or out of a gym-slip. Drummer Dave Berk (no relation) sat and smiled.

Johnny, as is his wont, seemed as far gone as the PA and from him emanated a similarly intense crackle. If I'd smiled I think he'd have bopped me.

SEEING AS I was the only person on the paper with the requisite dubious taste to actually like the perverse "Cycledelic", it was yours truly who was asked to talk to Johnny Moped. I'd already, in a manner of speaking, met Mr Moped and Fred Berk at a reception for the video made to accompany the "Darling, Let's Have Another Baby" single. A hopelessly muzzy debacle, the video seemed to have been put together by a bunch of visually-arrested chimpanzees (going, I assume, on the dodgy premise that if you give enough chimps enough paper and pens and enough time they'll bash out the complete works of Bill Shakespeare), and I was surprised neither by Johnny's sullen moping in a corner nor by Fred's unsettling claims that "No one understands me, Monty, do you know what I mean?"

Slimey and Dave seemed pretty regular, so I thought it as well to talk to them. Not so bright was the suggestion of meeting in a pub — they're both teetotal — but in the palatial splendour of Chiswick Records' reception room *(He means a cluttered office above "Rock On" — Ed)* we finally came face to face to face; Slimey, Dave and me.

We got off to a bad start. Slimey professed himself a Crystal Palace supporter (so are the others, but in a casual fair-weather way) and I said, that fact notwithstanding, he and Dave appeared to be the 'sensible' ones. Slimey said that didn't mean anthing. Dave was more charitable.

"There's no rift in the band but it is weird that there's Fred and Johnny and us two . We try to organise everything and they try to balls everything up.

"They're amazing as a team, they have me in stitches for hours." Obviously a well-balanced, happy group. Of long-standing, too, as the album's inner sleeve indicates. An elaborate family tree (set, unfortunately, against a Nuremberg rally photo — Barney Bubbles was given carte blanche on the cover design) details the Croydon Connection from the Black Witch Climax Blues Band through Genetic Breakdown and The Damned to Johnny Moped Mk V and all the rest.

"I know it sounds a cliche," says Dave, "but we were the original garage band. Because, really, we couldn't get any gigs."

That's why the new wave was so important, adds Slimey: "It allowed people like us to get on black vinyl. And justifiably, I think." Though he's got no time for the Chelsea/Menace axis, as stated in his "Wee Wee" political claptrap put-down: "They haven't bothered to create anything remotely on the ball."

Whatever, Dave has played with The Damned (as replacement for the sacked Rat), Captain Sensible has played with the Mopeds and Slimey has put out his own single on Toadstool Records ("Because I was sure Johnny was going to quit for good"). A little bit of incestuous Croydon-rock, captured forever.

Slimey is an engagingly open character with precious few pretentions, if any. At school he was told to forget about being a 'pop star' because he was too scruffy and, in any case, the only graduate in that field from that institution was Peter Oliver of Paper Lace. Slimey's mainly self-taught on guitar, although he did go to a jazz tutor for a brief period.

"But for the music we're playing now, it's no good at all. I understand the little black dots but it's no use to me for this sort of thing. I suppose when it's all over, when I'm 25 or 27, then I can go and read the dots like the rest of the orchestra."

Why 27?

"Well, when I'm old."

I'm 27.

"We've blown it," says Dave.

No, I know what you're getting at. The Stones, for instance, were great in the '60s but sound now like a bunch of tarts playing rock'n'roll.

"I don't begrudge the Stones anything because they did it first," argues Dave. "They're entitled to a special position. I'd like to think we're starting something off but whether we are or not . . ."

Slimey ends that line of conjecture with a curt, "Nah, we're not". His favourite musician is, surprisingly, Allan Holdsworth. He likes all those jazzy tomcats, proper musicians.

His current exotic appellation came about when visiting *NME*'s old King's Reach Tower abode. Like all callers to that architectural millstone, he and his companion (Chris Miller) were required to give their names and intent to a formidable lady on reception. I'd had several run-ins with this humourless harridan myself, always singing in as Alfred Hitchcock.

"I had to think up a name in 20 seconds," he recalls. "I said would Slimey Toad do and Chris laughed. She had to write out the tickets. Mr Toad she put but there was some confusion over Rat's name. She couldn't spell Scabies."

Slimey's main concerns at the moment are finding a way of telling Social Security that he's in a band ("They want me to be a milkman") and helping baby seals ("They're all being hit on the head"). He was quoted in American fanzine *Search And Destroy* as intending to donate ten per cent of all his royalties to hospitals.

"Maybe more, it depends how much I get."

You're serious?

"I am. I think it's necessary, don't you? Just give me the forms, I'll do it. But I'd rather not do it till we're on a wage." That's one of the reasons he and Dave want to make another album immediately.

"We had to do a slapdash album or none at all," says Dave. "It's nearly a year since we did 'Cycledelic'."

Slimey, though, faces facts: "You mention a recording studio to Chiswick and the top of Ted Carroll's head opens to let all the steam out."

Which all helps to keep the circle static. Damn few people have heard "Cycledelic," let alone seen the band perform. A legacy of Johnny's idiosyncratic timekeeping and its effect on prospective promoters. But, claim Messrs Berk and Toad, that's all done with. Johnny is a changed man thanks to — cue violins — a new woman.

Seems that all the disappearing acts on gig nights were down to Johnny's involvement with one Brenda Legend, a 43-year-old cracker (according to Slimey) who he met while washing dishes in a Job Centre kitchen. Brenda objected to the group because it kept Johnny away from her.

"The world revolved around Brenda," says Slimey, who keeps ingenuously asking if I believe him. "I thought Brenda ruled forever. But Johnny's new girlfriend has taken him under her wing and now Kaser Laserbeam rules the roost.

"She's really good for him. Washes his clothes and tells him not to be smelly. Do you believe me?"

Yes, but you really think that Johnny (the old man of the group at 24) needs looking after?

"Johnny is a real eccentric, a poor eccentric. He's the one with all the talent. If it weren't for Johnny we wouldn't be here. He's the one with the terrific voice which Julie Burchill hates."

Ah, well, in these enlightened times you must tread softly, ever aware of every ant egg's rights whilst walking around with CONCERN tattooed on your forehead. And, er, some of Moped's songs ("VD Boiler" for starters) do evince a sexist attitude — not that I mind, I think women need a bit of upsetting basically. But is Slimey's attitude the result of some deep-rooted psychosis about women?

"No. I was a misogynist but after Julie Burchill called us 'cuddly little misogynists' I suddenly saw the light and looked around for another Toad, to make little tadpoles with.

"We're breaking out of misnogyny but I do think I was justified in hating women. Male chauvinist pigs are one of the world's big things."

You're in favour of them?

● *continues over page.*

MONTY SMIFF catches rare specimen of Giggus Mopedus, talks to DAVE BERK and SLIMEY TOAD, etc., etc. PENNIE SMIFF went to the 200, took pictures, etc., etc.

T hen ew sma shit
from Clay sonand
T he Argonauts

Outno won Virgin VS215

MO' MOPED

● *from previous page.*

"I think we're great."

But you treat Mrs. Toad well?

"Yeah," he says quietly and with some doubt.

As Slimey and I discuss the vices of career women like Margaret Thatcher ("A classic example of a case gone wrong"), the virtues of masturbation ("We've all got urges, haven't we?") and "VD Boiler" ("A savage indictment of the permissive society"), Dave resignedly opts out: "I don't agree with any of this. If you treat women with respect then they'll treat you with respect. If they don't like it, then they can go and fuck off. "I can't see how anyone could take 'VD Boiler' seriously. I mean, the women who take that seriously deserve to be offended."

AND SO we come to the crunch — why is it that so few people make the Moped connection?

Dave, reasonably, puts it down to their serious lack of gigging (which is, at last, being partway rectified).

Slimey, as usual, has his own theory.

"We might be ahead of our time or maybe we're so humorous that people think we're a joke.

"We take the piss out of everything *and* ourselves. It makes it fun, which is another thing rock'n'roll should be."

No doubt about it — what this country needs is a Johnny Moped tour. I said that.

"I'd rather be an underdog than a Radio Star or a Rich Kid." Slimey Toad said that.

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Fri 26	Clouds **Edinburgh**
Sat 27	Rock Garden **Middlesborough**
Sun 28	Stage Coach **Dumfries**
Mon 29	Tiffany's **Glasgow**
Tue 30	Manique **Falkirk**

JUNE

Thur 1	Circles **Swansea**
Sat 3	Boat Club **Nottingham**
Sun 4	Memorial Hall **Newbridge**
Tue 6	Limit **Sheffield**
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Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Hang on to that free Pistols single

I'VE GOT a Sex Pistols single called "Submission" which came free with "Never Mind The Bollocks". An odd item, the B side is blank, though my stylus tracks from the inside to the outside edge. Is it worth anything? — **R. SOLE, Chelmsford, Essex.**

● **I don't know the going market rate for the single right now, but it's certainly worth hanging on to because it was only available with the first 10,000 copies of "Bollocks", the song later being incorporated as an extra track on the album. Incidentally, "Submission" was one of the few tracks which retained its correct identity on the "Spunk" bootleg, "God Save The Queen" becoming "No Future", "EMI" being disguised as "New York" and "Anarchy In The UK" appearing as "Nookie". But that, I suppose, is another story.**

I BOUGHT Big Star's "Radio City" in a department store sale. It cost just 49p and it's *brilliant!* But where, oh where, does one find a copy of the band's "No.1" album — even for a tenner? — **R. D. Matthews, Isleworth, Middx.**

● **Snap! I bought my copy of "Radio City" for 49p — at Debenham's no less . . . though a copy of "No.1" has eluded me also. But a wire from Reuter's rock office claims that EMI are to release *both* Big Star albums as a double sometime in July. Originally released on Ardent, "Radio City"/"No.1" will appear on Stax here, though the original covers will be retained.**

Now, if EMI-Stax could just see their way clear to putting out Big Star's third and as yet unreleased album — which is said to contain versions of "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" and Lou Reed's "Femme Fatale", then we could all sleep happy in our beds at night.

THOUGH I have read *NME* for three years, I don't recall ever seeing a photo of The Yardbirds in the paper. Could you rectify this? Also, could you tell me where I could find a copy of the band's "Five Live Yardbirds" album? — **KEITH HULME, Lancaster University.**

● **Though we went berserk on The Yardbirds back in April, '73, when Roy Carr and CSM provided their Consumer's Guide to Relf and Co, I must admit that we haven't provided too many snapshots of the band in recent months. This we hereby rectify. However, we can't help you overmuch with "Five Live Yardbirds" except to inform you that some of the tracks — namely "Too Much Monkey Business", "Got Love If You Want It", "Smokestack Lightning", "I'm A Man" and "Here 'Tis" — now form part of "The Yardbirds Featuring Eric Clapton" on Charly CR 30012.**

If you want the original album, released on Columbia XS 1677 in 1966 and deleted in June, 1974, then your only bet is to drop a line to a collectors' shop such as Rock On, and just cross your fingers. If it's any consolation, "Five Live Yardbirds" is far more common than "Live Yardbirds", which was released on Epic and then rapidly withdrawn after a legal injunction had been placed. Oddly enough though, a few copies of latter arrived in Britain about a year ago bearing the inscription "Manufactured by Columbia Special Products" — but these disappeared within a few days and have since failed to surface.

PLEASE list all the albums made by Spirit, including catalogue numbers and availability. — **G. PAXMAN, Waltham Cross, Herts.**

● **Okay, I guess that any band that has Kojak for a drummer is worth a line or two. The gen is that Spirit originally signed with Ode, cutting "Spirit" (1968), "The Family That Plays Together" and "Clear" (both 1969), "Spirit" and "Clear" now forming part of an important double (Epic PEG 31457), while "Family" can still be found on Br. CBS 63523 or as part of another import twosome on Epic BG33761, sharing sleeve space with "Feedback" (1971), the band's fifth album, which came out here on the now deleted Epic 6d507.**

Album four was "The Twelve Dreams Of Dr Sardonicus" (1970), still available on Br. Epic 64191, while for album six, Spirit moved to Mercury and provided "Spirit Of '76" (1975), a double which you'll find on homegrown Mercury 6672012.

"Son Of Spirit" (1975) and "Farther Along" (1976) are both import only jobs (on Mercury 1053 and 1094 respectively) though "Future Games" was awarded a Phonogram release here and is still around on Mercury 9100036, the only other currently available album being "The Best Of Spirit" a compilation job on US Epic KE32271, the British version getting the chop.

But that's not all, folks, for Illegal Records are — this very week — to unveil "Spirit Live" (Illegal ILP 01), an in-concert affair which contains three previously un-recorded songs in "Looking Down", "Wild Thing" and "Hollywood Dream", the same label also pushing out a single, "Nature's Way"/"Stone Free" (IL 007), the latter song being the Hendrix number of that title.

It's also rumoured that Illegal may be able to market "Potatoland" (also known as "Randy And Cass Together Again"), the album that Epic refused to issue, thus causing the rift between the label and the band — though which version of this is to be made available is anyone's guess, for at least two different tapes are known to exist, one being a complete concept job, the other being half concept-half rock'n'roll and containing such numbers as "Walking The Dog".

There's also a Phonogram promotional album around that is said to be a cut down version of "Spirit Of '76", perhaps with a different mix.

I'M VERY interested in Cajun music and I was wondering if you could list a few albums that are available in Britain? — **DON TAYLOR, Reading, Berks.**

● **Taking the easy way out, I'll point you in the direction of the Sonet catalogue, which boasts two compilations called "The Cajuns", Vol.1 (SNTF 643) featuring the Balfa Brothers Orchestra and The Ardoin Brothers Orchestra, while Vol.2 (SNTF 644) contains cuts by The Grand Mamou Orchestra, The Branch Playboys and Bessyl Duhon. Also on the same label is some fine Zydeco — that's blues-sodden Cajun to the uninitiated — recommended listening in this department being Clifton Chenier's "Bayou Blues" (SNTF 5012) and two marvellous albums by Rockin' Dopsie, namely "Doin' The Zydeco" (SNTF 718) and "Zy-de-Blue" (SNTF 761).**

WHAT'S happened to Magna Carta? They seem to have disappeared off the face of the earth since GTO released the band's "Putting It Back Together" album. — **PAT LLOYD, Wrexham.**

● **I immediately got on the hot-line to Yorkshire to check on Magna's whereabouts, and though founder-member Chris Simpson wasn't home — it seems that he and the band are currently touring Scandanavia — the news is that Simpson (guitars, vocals), Robin Thyne (percussion, recorders, guitar, vocals) and Lee Abbott (bass), the foursome who currently comprise Magna, are alive and well and soon to record a new album for Phonogram. Meanwhile HMV, Oxford Street, and other other leading importoriums are now stocking copies of Magna's "Martin's Cafe" (Dutch Vertigo 6360 146), an album never released in this beleagured isle.**

Phase II YARDBIRDS, with Beck. From left: Chris Dreja (rhythm), Jeff Beck (lead), Jim McCarty (drums), Keith Relf (vocals, harp), Paul Samwell-Smith (bass).

THE MOVIES

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Saturday	10th	**PORTSMOUTH**	Polytechnic	Wednes	28th	**PLYMOUTH**	Woods
Tuesday	13th	**SHEFFIELD**	University	Thursday	29th	**BATH**	Brillig Arts Centre
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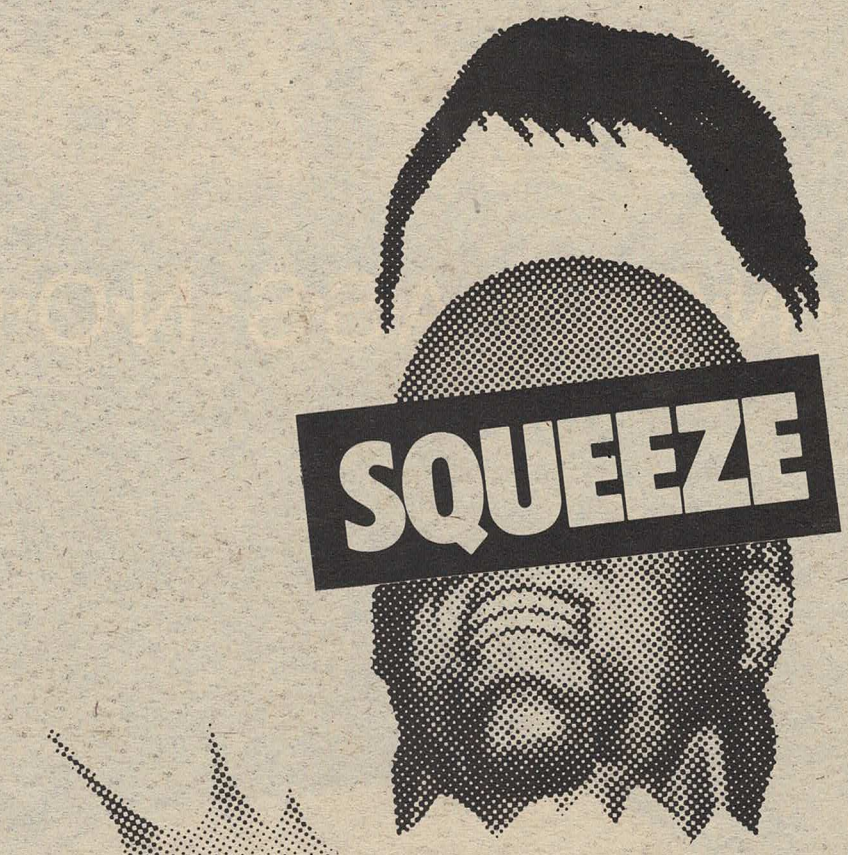

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SINGLES

A star is born . . . From left: Jilted John, Gordon, and Julie.

U.K. SINGLE OF THE WEEK

JILTED JOHN: Jilted John/Going Steady (Rabid). Bleating about the bush in the self-righteous, self-important, self-indulgent moniker of such worthy crusades as bitterness, vengeance AND obsessive disgust with his lot, King Elvis took two albums to tell Elsie Costello that he's a victim not a lover.

At first he was okay. Then you twigged the cloned riffs, that the American accent he cultivated wasn't High Satire and by the time one finally realised that carping and moaning were all one'd known since one'd known El, WELL! Quite frankly, for me he was getting to be a pain in the calf.

But now the maladjusted misfit Who WILL Be King skulks from the seamy underbelly of chip-shops, bus shelters and baby-sitting settees in last year's Akron, Ohio — Manchester . . . all ripe for rejection and a couple of covers.

"I was so upset that I cried all the way to the chip-shop/When I came out there was Gordon standing at the bus-stop/And guess who was with him?/Yeah, Julie — and they were both laughing at me/Oh, she is cruel and heartless to pack me for Gordon/Just coz he's better looking than me/Just coz he's cool and trendy/But I know he's a moron/GORDON IS A MORON/I know he's a moron/GORDON IS A MORON."

J.J. is destined to become to the 80's (only 18 shopping months to go, kidz) what Presley, Rutles and Rotten were to their respective decades, and that's an understatement. The maestro adopts his *alter-ego* alias of mild-mannered 18-year-old drama sponge Graham Fellows between telephone booths and he's touched by genius (her name is Sharon).

J.A. SINGLE OF THE WEEK

YOUTH MAN: We A Socialists (Youth Man Records). And after the burning and looting, I Rebel Music that transcends all that bullshit deification of a failed military dictator (Hi, Lassie). Dialectical though tender, a polemetical exposition with room in its post-revolutionary heart for an abundance of human warmth. This resolute militancy comes across with the power of a love-song capable of moving the listener to tears.

"Socialists a giver, a giver, a giver/Equal rights and justice stand for all, all over this world/For out of many, Jah's children are one/So come let us forward, let us forward together/We a Socialists, a Socialists, a Socialists . . ."

N.J. SINGLE OF THE WEEK —

KEN KAISER: I Love You Laurie/Joyce (Kleen Kut). In 1977 . . . the combined talents of such New Jersey garage-band-land *Clearasil* models as The Kaiser's Kittens, Pankhurst and Larkin, O. Rex, The Look, The Gizmos, The Teenage Boys and The Slickee Boys produced what the discerning ex-glitter kid punkette considered to be the finest album released all year; The Africa Corps' "Music To Kill By" on the Teutonically-retarded baptised Iron Cross homegrown label.

"22 songs", Julie Burchill counted in her irrevocably raving review. "Each one a nursery rhyme that's been sneaking a look at teen magazines."

On this Ken Kaiser single the nucleus remains the same, though the kids from Teaneck High re-dub their homegrown basement label Kleen Kut after J.B.'s scathing attack on their square-head fetish. "Joyce" could have been culled from the album — surrogate Kingsmen with no company contract to quell their concupiscence with cash and complacency, suffering graduation desolation while pining for moist lips, *"SOOOO MOYSSSST!"*

"I Love You Laurie" was written for Kaiser's Kitten Laurie "You're A Tease Baby" Hoch, who has apparently moved away from Teaneck, N.J., causing Doctor Barnard-dissected heart-shredded chagrin to the unfortunate K.K. and resulting in a more mellow, reflective atmosphere around the entire Africa Korps coterie.

If you care to sob silently to the record up in the Private World of your room, then write to Don Buckley at Kleen Kut Records, P.O. Box 253, Teaneck, N.J. 07666, in the U.S. OF A.

And enclose two bucks, ya lousy punk.

C.S.M. SINGLE OF THE WEEK

BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES: Bluewave E.P. — Trust Me/Me And The Devil/Can't Stop The Boy/Crosscut Saw (Nighthawk). Islington's shaded response to Destroyer George Thorogood makes his long-awaited vinylised debut in an era when musicians twice his age are deploying a morass of maximum mundane minimalism to glean their spot on albums with titles like "Another Fond Farewell To The Roxy Revisited". But still Blast persists chanelling Muddy's Southside Chicago into the frenetic post-scorched membranes framework of late-'70s Northside London white-dopes-on-punk rock 'n' roll, even though he is well-aware that the knowledge of BLOOZE boasted by the majority of all you ignoramus, snot-nosed pogoing brats out there begins and ends with well-worn folk-lore concerning Butterbrain's merciful swamping of Dylan at the Newport colliery and Texan albinos who liked their Turkey Cold.

Blast and his Heatwaves know that the music of men like John Lee Hooker, Elmore James, Buddy Guy and Luther Allison is as relevant to urban existence today as it ever was; hard fact as opposed to artefact.

When one of the cats craps all over the latest copy of *Spiderman*, when *Monotony Maker* don't carry anything about your combo, when The Ramones start to come apart at the seams, when so-called friends start muttering hateful comments about maybe trying *Weightwatchers* . . . what can a bluesman do except pick up that bright red 1961 Gibson S.G. Junior and pick it till it gets better?

And within his selected oeuvre Blast remains the solitary figure still kicking who has it within his grasp to bring cranked-up yet unrepentently strictly roots-rock-bloozey to audiences weaned on Pistols and Clash. The three studio cuts — Robert Johnson's "Me And The Devil" and originals "Trust Me" and "Can't Stop The Boy" — are blessed with the true-grits backdrop that the Feelgoods never quite pulled off in the studio.

The full flower of Blast's lyrical panache reveals itself particularly well on "Can't Stop The Boy", possibly due to the inspiring presence of back-up vocalists The Dublinaires (Philip Lynott and Robert Geldof) and the last, live cutlet is final, absolute affirmation that not even Sugar Ray can stop the Blast now.

CRIMINALS: The Kids Are Back (Sing Sing). TEENAGE JESUS AND THE JERKS: Orphans (Migraine), DESTROY ALL MONSTERS: Bored/You're Gonna Die (Idbi). Discounting the rhythm section of Kane and Nolan, Sylvain Sylvain has (until this very second) seemed the ex-Doll Least Likely To. But Johansen has recently exited from seclusion with an album indicating that he really shouldn't have bothered and Thunders, who coulda bin a contender, will be extremely fortunate to get one more crack at the title after The Heartbreaker's debacle unless he forms a working band with nothing less than ex-Pistols FAST.

Sylvain's Criminals establish themselves the forerunner's of Mercer Art Center's Class of '73 with palatable pop-fare that could have come out of Boston's Rat Club courtesy local luminaires The Real Kids.

So Syl plays it shrewd by avoiding both of N.Y.C.'s two separate creative traits (smack-glorification or somnolent surrealism soloing) while Teenage Jesus And The Jerks (quite) wallow wantonly in a cacophonic if corny mire of all the muck they can find like the good, honest professional nihilists they are, bragging about how they ain't got a *"bourgeois desire for melody"* approximately two years too late.

"Populaarity is so boring",, insists the shrew on mike. Honey, you'll never have any problems in that department, and the same applies to Niagra of Destroy All Monsters, an Iggy-impersonator in mid-1978 (such touching nostalgia) supported by oldsters from the MC5 and Stooges recycling their tired, acid-scrambled H. M. licks. Fresh from obscurity with a return ticket tucked in their kaftans, coming up from nowhere and headed straight back there.

RICH KIDS: Marching Men/Here Comes The Nice (EMI). The Matlockian melodic consciousness and Monkee lyrical sensibility garnered by Gorgeous Glen for The Rich Kids debut disc is bravely deserted with this commendabled choice for a single, an ominously repetitive Anti-Nazi paean penned by Midge Ure and worthy of T.R.B. Backed with sublime dodgey Mod speed tribute.

THE ROLLING STONES: Miss You (EMI). THE KINKS: Rock 'N' Roll Fantasy (Arista). U.K. In The Dead Of Night (Polydor). Hapless has-beens or never-weres all faded and jaded with their past glories being traded on as they compensate for a seeming dearth of artistic inspiration by delving into the desperate man's sanctury — self-parody.

Over insipid Lonnie Donovan acousticisms, King Konk Raymondo gets down on bended mincing-gait to wring his hands and beg his band through simpering sinus-trouble not to end it all because (and I quote) "there's a man named Dan who's a fan of the band spending his life on the edge of reality, living in rock 'n' roll fantasy." Hopefully, his cronies are suss to the fact that you don't take the negative for an answer when all you got to lose is your Well Redundant Man.

Ol' Michelin-mouth is back doing his "Goat's Head Droop"-era Al Jolson *paaaaarty*-piece while the Stones sound to me like Jerry-built Faces touting for the trade of the Travolta market. Gimme *fahv*, Michael Philip. The lead guitarist's sparse contibutions would

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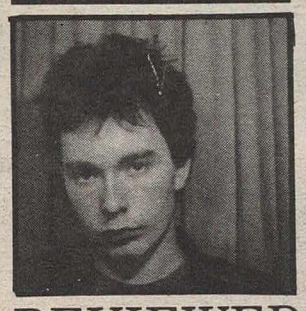
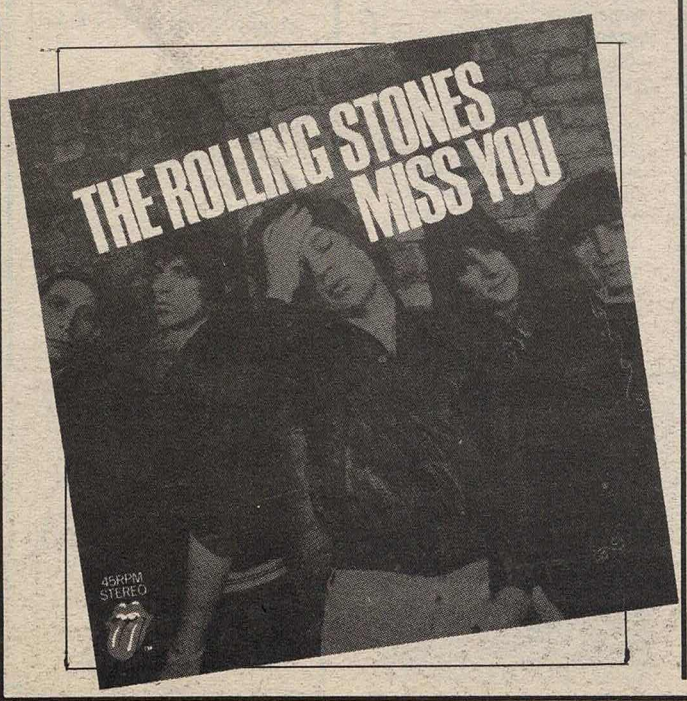
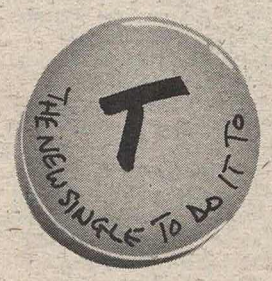
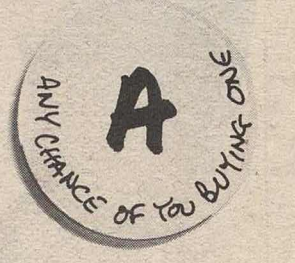


REVIEWED THIS WEEK By TONY PARSONS







■ *From previous page*

seem to indicate that the Mounties have got their man but not the key to his hand-cuffs.

U.K. boast a blind faith pedigree begat from such as Curved Crimson, Uriah Yes and Genesis P. Heep. They follow the tried and torpid formulae of their previous incarnations by fleshing out their vapid vocalist's Dada dabblings with totally pointless multi-instrumentalist meanderings that won't mean a wood-wind's fart to anybody who don't know their crotchets from their quavers.

The Stones, Kinks and U.K. are — like 90 per cent of the music business — blissfully ignorant to the fact that in my book you're disqualified from attempting that second bite of the cherry when you keep your fangs soaking in a glass of water on a bedside table (smiling wanly).

HELEN REDDY: Ready Or Not (Capitol). DAVID SOUL: It Sure Brings Out The Hurt In Your Eyes (Private Stock). ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK: Loving You, Losing You (EMI). TODD RUNDGREN: Can We Still Be Friends? (Bearsville). CILLA BLACK: Silly Boy (EMI). Quintuplet of Cocktail-Funk *(Take Six* set *Disco-Castrato)* merchandise marketed for wide-lapelled Peter Pan-types (green tights optional) to dance to in a seated position, preferably with a greedy gobful of savoury canapes.

So sad about Cilla — in these lean years without a Dionne Warwick Stateside hit to call her own, her mournful foghorn howls plaintively in the strobe-lit darkness.

Mister Humperdinck, bless him, blushes coyly underneath his untouched-by-human-Immac (lemon scented, of course) sideboards to hear his chrome-and-plastic, poultry-in- a-wicker-vessel cabaret clarion call straining to hide its discomfort warbling a Thom Bell creation, even though the tuxedo remains the same.

Meanwhile, Helen Reddy journeys from her Australian out-back homeland to work with Kim Fowley in Los Angeles. Unfortunately, the Sheila's offering is, even by Cocktail-Funk standards, patently lack-lustre.

We find Dobbin the Runt exorcising his choir-boy fetish with maudlng banality and leaving his handsome head out of his nose-bag of oats for just long enough to confirm all suspicions that his dulcet tones are absolutely IDENTICAL to those of David. Soul. The latter tries hard not to notice his girl back-up singers gleefully gabbling *"I've tried as hard as any man can!"* as he torches gamely for some curly-haired Latin in a wooly Mom-knitted cardigan.

The back cover of David's single is an advertisement for his brand new movie. Yeah, Saturday Night Senility, they know how to sell it.

BE-BOP DELUXE: Electrical Language (Harvest). THE MOTORS: Airport (Virgin). SQUEEZE: Bang Bang (A&M). Though approximately the same age as the members of Squeeze and The Motors, Bill Nelson's career has been forever blighted by the transient trappings of Early Success, rendering him an anachronistic refugee from Glam-Rock and the Avon Lady while his peers paced to appeal to the neoteric mode (with at least six months to go before *they* become victims of fashion) cut hit records, get interviewed on *Hullabaloo* and buy space for their tasteless ads as if they never had long hair.

Not that I'm trying to elevate Nelson's credibility quota, mind — all three bands are as derivative as hell and I'm just establishing why I think the other two should be squirming down in the hole that Bill's in . . .

Be-Bop Deluxe are obviously listening to Kraftwerk although it's equally transparent that Bill found himself caught short when he plundered Piggy to provide funds for the Krauts' latest hot waxing. "Electrical Language" is "Showroom Dummies" seen through the vision of an Oriental who warbles with a clothes-peg firmly attached to snout to obtain that certain authentic extraterrestrial ambience.

The Motors, last year's crow's - foot - encrusted, H.M. notorious bondage-Byrds, have struck out for uncharted, potentially platinum territory — yes, music-haters, they wanna be the New Wave's Rick Wakeman.

They've part-exchanged Francis Rossi for Russi Conway, the one-armed Joannaist, and "Airport" features less than zilcho Penis Ego Extension a.k.a. GUITARS! THERE ARE NONE! COWER, YE MISERABLE HEADBANGING CURS!

Too bad they have to ruin this excellent innovation by replacing the infernal axes with an unhealthy repletion of myriad keyboards, synthesisers and even a concert grand piano.

The Squeeze song "Bang Bang" has nothing to do with Cher filling Gregg Allman fulla dum-dum's, it's merely a three-chord hardening of the arteries and weakening of their capability to gain access to the charts. The "Hook" is the contrived call - and - response discordant playground chanting of the title, sounding like a gaggle of Macho Men regressing into childhood-Ramonerama, while the lead singer is redolent of an exceptionally perky Ray Davies.

T.T. Run In.
Motor Cycle News gears up for this years Isle of Man with the most comprehensive run down of riders and events to appear in the press.
It's all in the MCN T.T. 4 page colour preview.
Along with a whole lot of other up to the minute coverage:
There's a T.T. Formula 1 Racer Test of Mike Hailwood's Ducati.
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ROCKERS TIME

Reggae Singles Reviewed by DAVE HENDLEY

BROTHER TREVOR & U.BROWN: Selassie I/Skip Away (Matumbi Music 12"). In good old seven inch form, with the song on one side and a dub on the other, this would be a worthwhile record. As it is in 12" form we have to experience the ordeal of U.Brown and his third rate U.Roy imitations — like he's trying to eat his dinner and deejay at the same time.

Back to Trevor's portion of the record; "Selassie I" is a pleasant enough song, though the lyrics about "joybells ringing etc." remind me of the Salvation Army. Trevor's vocal is very similar to that of The Royals and Royal Rases and he uses the same lisping style to good effect.

Even with U.Brown's ramblings it's still a cut above average for a U.K. production.

DAMBALA: Zimbabwe (Music Hive 12"). This is a far more bloodthirsty twelve incher, with Jimmy Lindsay of "Easy " fame at the control tower with his group Dambala calling for the crucifixion of Vorster and Ian Smith and the restoration of Africa to the Africans. Yet again a passable bit of home grown music that has already sold well in the black market and should also do a brisk trade with the patronizing 'Rock Against Racism'/'Smash The Nazis' mob. Peace and love in the ghetto, pass the hammer and nails.

SLY DUNBAR: A Who Say / Cocaine Cocaine (Virgin 12"). During Virgin's recent safari to the wilds of darkest Kingston, the distinguished team of experts managed to bag a really unlistenable LP in "Simple Sly Man", credited, or discredited, to the otherwise respected drummer Sly Dunbar. Only one track flawed this perfectly awful set; this was "A Who Say". As a concession to reggae fans Virgin have now made this available on a twelve incher.

Followers of Coxson and Fatman will be already familiar with this cut as they've been running it on slate for some months. It's the Channel One rhythm to Earnest Wilson's hit from last summer "I Know Myself" with the addition of clavinet, scorching sax (from 'Deadly Headly') and Althea and Donna chanting 'A Who Say'. Sure it's not a very deep record, just a really enjoyable, honest bit of nonsense, and in that it's a hundred per cent better than some of the other pretentious tripe Virgin are peddling.

TRINITY: Trinity Showcase (Gussie 12" Pre-Release). This record is somewhere between a disco-mix and an L.P., being a six track twelve inch that plays at 45 r.p.m. Trinity sounds a bit uninspired as he strains his brains to come up with some new lyrics for these recent Gussie Clark rhythms. In fact it contains one of the most ludicrous lines ever uttered by a deejay; *"girl me say me want some sex or I man get vex";* real profound stuff! And to think I actually rate Trinity as the best of the new toasters.

The rhythms are the only worthwhile part of the music, and deserve better treatment. At four quid a go this stuff is strictly for fanatics and those with malfunctioning hearing aids.

TRINITY: Yabby You Sound/Jesus Dread (Grove Music). Trinity redeems himself with this week's release of one of his best ever recordings, "Yabby You Sound", or "Jesus Dread" as it was on pre. This is the man on top form, grabbing your attention from the moment he starts chanting *"Yabby You Sound are the General sound — all other sound them a come around".* The rhythm is Vivian 'Yabby You' Jackson's "King Pharoh's Plague", complete with an ultra powerful bass line, guaranteed to have the neighbours voting National Front after two plays at maximum volume.

The only useful deejay record I've heard in the last six months — well worth an investment of seventy pence.

GREGORY ISAACS: Mr. Knows It All/War Of The Skies (DEB Music 12"). Nick Kimberly reviewed this as a pre in the last 'Rockers Time', but it's so good it deserves another mention now it's released. Gregory sings in his fine mournful style, but the real star of this disco-mix is the incessant 'one drop' drumming, a sound we're going to be hearing on a lot more records throughout the summer.

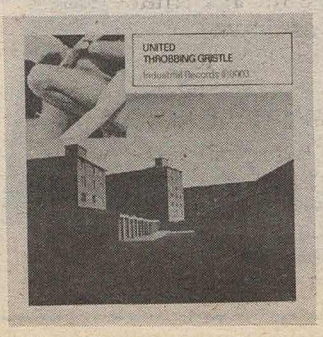
FREDDIE McKAY: La La Bye Woman (Ossie Sounds Pre-Release). Singers like Freddie are the backbone of Jamaican music; they remain popular with black record buyers year in year out, though they lack either the outrageous image or fail to sing the cliched natty dread type songs that seem to be necessary to make reggae acceptable to a white audience.

"La La Bye Woman" (a reworking of Freddie's oldie "Rock A Bye Woman") is just a perfectly sung love song with strong rhythm, great horns and subtle use of synthesiser. Yet another case of a quality record that will no doubt be ignored in the rush for the latest from Ranking Trevor.

DESI ROOTS: School Tonight (Top Ranking Pre-Release). Another excellent record that despite selling vast quantities on pre, will probably vanish into obscurity. It's a Jacob Miller/Inner Circle production featuring the vocal talents of Desi Roots, who I believe is in fact Desmond Young who back in 1975 did the brilliant "Warning" (perhaps better known as the rhythm track to Big Youth's "Wolf In Sheep's Clothing").

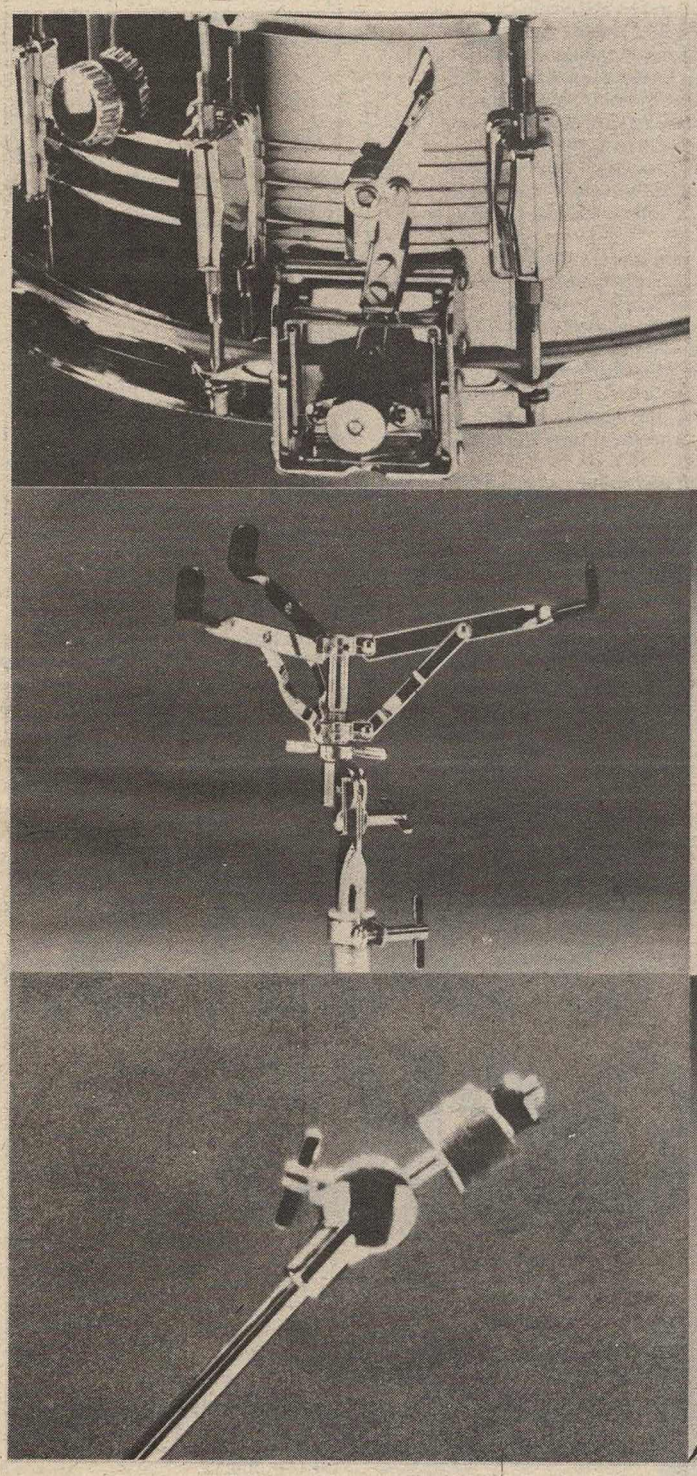
One day the big record companies might wake up and start releasing records that actually appeal to black kids.

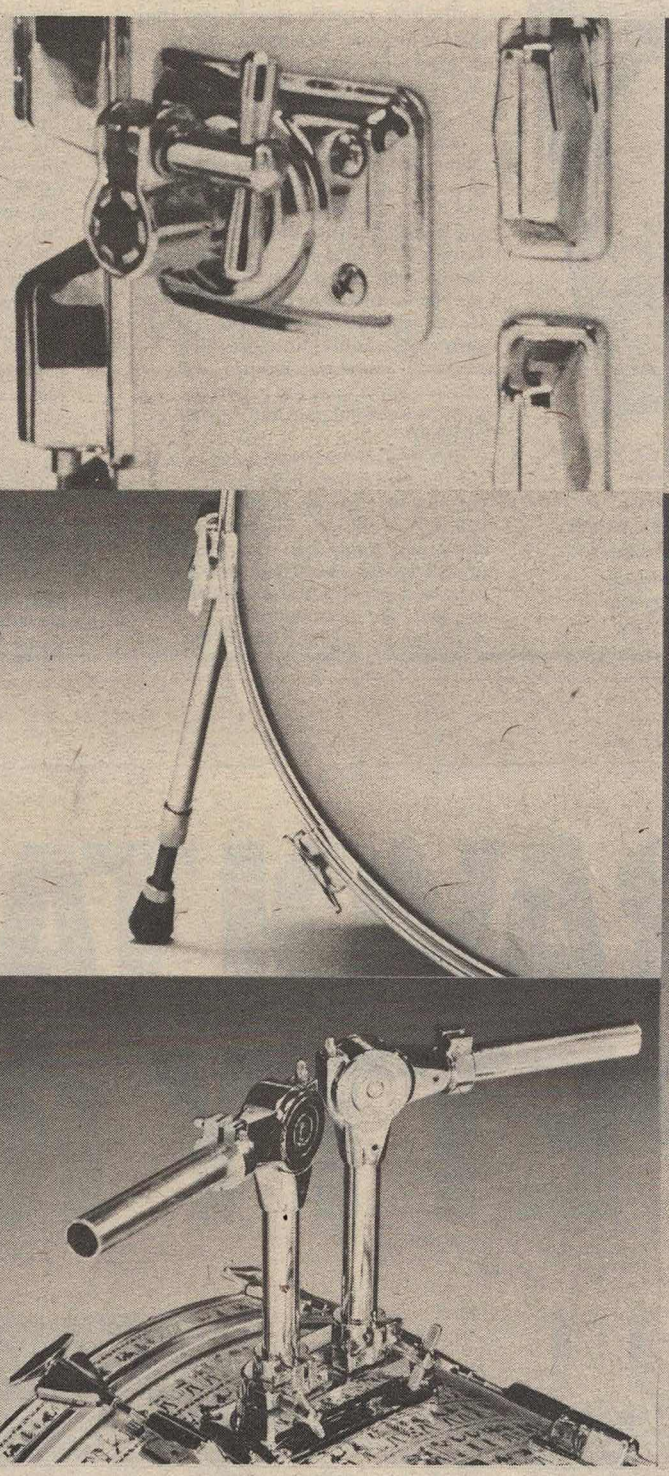
BLACK SLATE: Live Up To Love Jah In The Ghetto (Slate 12"). Black Slate confirm all my prejudices against U.K. reggae productions; sloppy playing, dull vocals, a useless song and an appalling mix. I couldn't even bring myself to listen to the ludicrously titled flip side. Could this be the same group that produced "Sticks Man"?

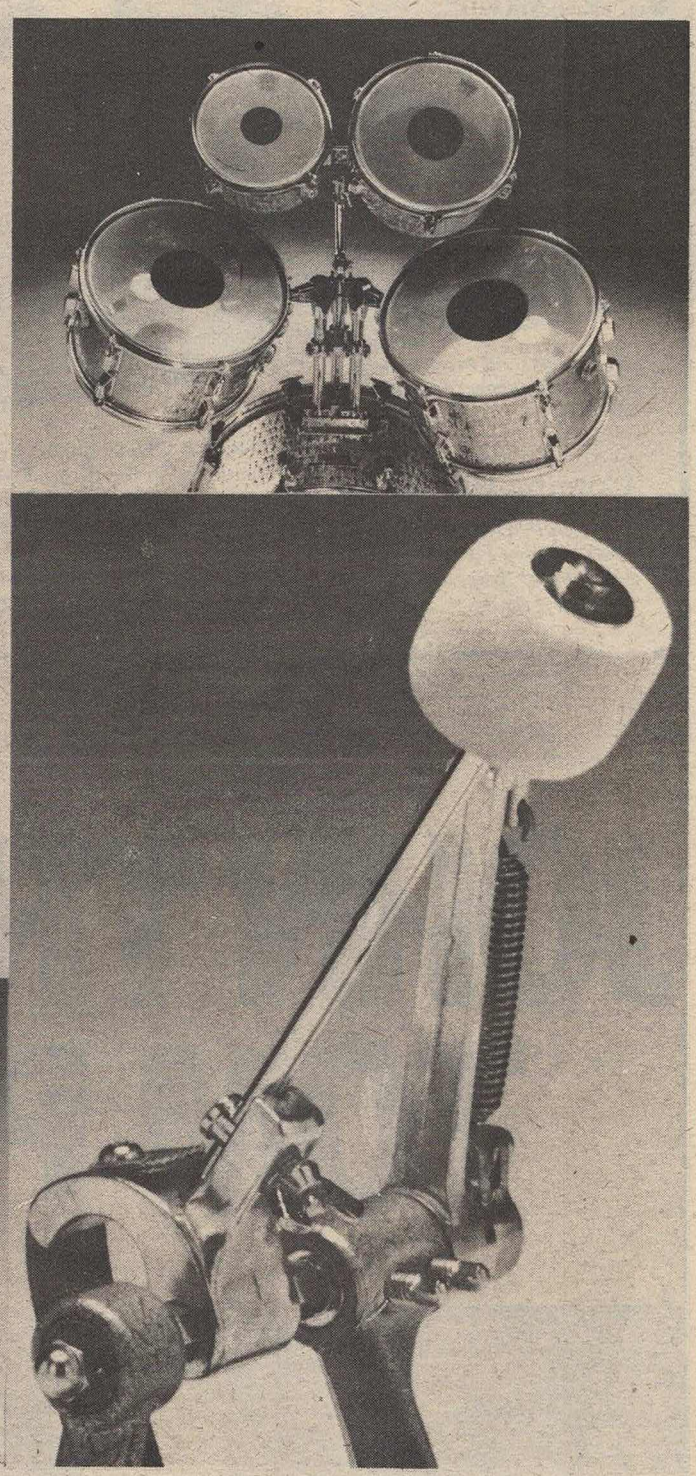


STUDENTS!
EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES ARE ON PAGE 69

If your'e going to make it as a drummer, you'd expect your kit to be as tough as you are.







Some manufacturers don't seem to realize that drums are made to be hit hard, taken to bits every day and humped around the country for months on end. Kits need to be good and tough – just like drummers.

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Vietnam happy Snaps

SILVER SCREEN

Brian Case recovers from the war with Fonda and the Fonz

These I have loved: FONDA with hubby DERN (above) and lover VOIGHT.

Coming Home

Directed by Hal Ashby
Starring Jane Fonda, John Voight and Bruce Dern
(United Artists)

NOT A CHAP given to copious weeping in the flicks, I was startled to discover that the soundtrack of racking sobs which I'd condemned as rather obvious on my score card for *Coming Home*, were coming from me. Well, yes, it's an unbearably moving film, though whether that means it's a good one is an open question.

The latest in the current flood of Hollywood Vietnam movies, its central themes intertwine a love affair between an officer's wife (Jane Fonda) and a paraplegic veteran (John Voight) with their growing awareness that war is a crime. Set at the very beginnings of the protest movement, we track their halting progress towards commitment.

An ex-cheer leader and wives club pillar, Miss Fonda's characterisation in no way parallels the intelligent, political, emancipated woman that she herself became. Her protest here is muted: "I think it's a GODDAMN shame!" she blurts at the ladies who run the hospital magazine in the belief that curative prose is cosy prose. Her own bright, antiseptic approach to nursing is soon broken down into a genuine concern as she begins to understand what pain and despair are all about.

Her first meeting with John Voight, she in a crisp summer dress, he carrying his piss-bag, results in a splattered collision. All right, we can show more today than when Brando brooded in his wheelchair for *The Men*, and Ashby's film is determined to expose the mechanics of disablement, yet there hovers the ghost of Hollywood hackdom's 'meeting cute'. Von Stroheim out-distanced everyone there with *Queen Kelly*, when Gloria Swanson, betrayed by weak knicker elastic, flings the frillies into the face of an aristocrat, thus enslaving him forever: 1928.

Ashby's determinedly explicit about their sexual possibilities — one-sided, oral — and maybe it's asking too much that he take up the gauntlet of Jane's radiant declaration that John's loving was the best ever. Mailer's correlations between hawks, doves and the balls in *The Armies Of The Night* seem to have passed unnoticed. Elsewhere, the paraplegic situation is picturesque — Jane on a bike towing John in the chair trailing a kite . . .

Voight is brilliant, running the gamut from inarticulate frustration to the final and infinitely moving statement at the students' recruitment session. Bruce Dern as the patriotic husband is either badly miscast or the part is misconceived, Clearly a fool and asshole, he is unable to enlist our sympathy when he returns demented by the war.

If Voight becomes more peaceful and independent as he discovers protest, so Dern is turned into a gibbering wreck by sticking to patriotism and conformity — a neat paper equation, but lopsided in the execution. Jane Fonda hops from one to the other, mainly nursing her men, rewarding hawk and dove with her favours, and taking her politics from her chaps.

Not a successful film, but an interesting one. It won't lie down for a critical spanking, and it won't quite stand up and be counted. Maybe I've been spoiled by *Dispatches*, and expect analysis where only a little local field-dressing was intended. The two words, Fonda and Vietnam, remain largely unharnassed.

Brian Case

Heroes

Directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan
Starring Henry Winkler and Sally Field
(CIC)

THE NATIONAL EXORCISM continues with the third Vietnam movie in as many months, and although that convulsion is mildly irrelevant throughout most of *Heroes,* I wouldn't say it shouldn't happen to a vet.

The Vietnamese War has sent Hollywood's script department tunnelling back into Hemingway's and Heller's and Salinger's wars for inspiration in reactivating its fictional

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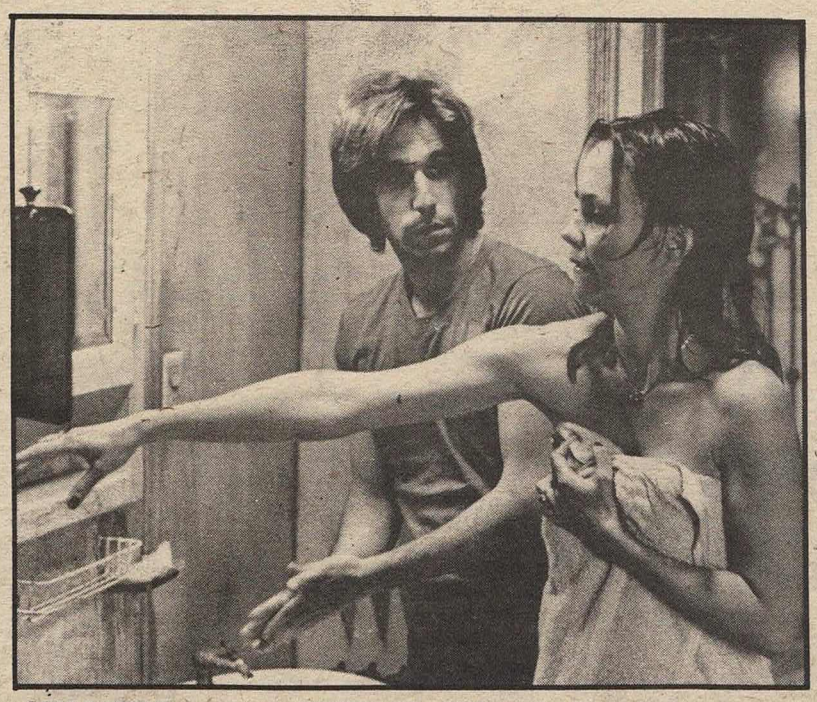

SALLY FIELD complains to FONZIE: "Look! I knew that Fonda bitch would get two pictures!"

casualties. If *Coming Home* placed the heroine between Jake Barnes from *The Sun Also Rises* and Seymour Glass from *A Perfect Day For Bananafish,* then *Heroes* is watered Yossarian.

Henry Winkler, TV's The Fonz, plays the vet with the psychosis who escapes from the hospital and sets off across America to join up with his buddies in starting a worm farm. On the bus, he meets Sally Field who is taking time out to contemplate her impending nuptials, and that old mothering instinct soon wells up. Unfortunately for Winkler, so does her acting talent: he is pleasant enough, she is riveting.

The most moving scene has nothing to do with the Vietnamese tragedy, and everything to do with Miss Field's ability to invest her role with believability. She phones her prospective groom to give him the elbow, and her face and voice alone simply steal Mr Winkler's more heavily-budgetted abreaction scene quite away.

It's a likeable, dawdling film, not unlike *Rafferty And The Gold Dust Twins,* with a central relationship strong enough to bear the picaresque plotting. We've seen the Junior Johnson drag-strip before, and know better than the hero what happens in redneck, beerbelly poolhalls with the naugahide bar-stools — still, both situations come up with a couple of variations.

Without wishing to sound fickle, when I'm finally veteran material — three Vietnam movies and clasp — I want Sally Field to talk me down. Sorry Jane.

Brian Case

Clint Eastwood: All American Anti-Hero

By David Downing and Gary Herman

THE SAGA of Clint Eastwood's rise from *Rawhide* to numero uno box office superstar is carefully documented in this, the best book to date on the Craggy Champ.

Eastwood has always confused the critics. His "spaghetti westerns" were universally panned only to be acclaimed later as a stylistic breakthrough. Constantly slated as a non-actor, his powerful screen persona was ignored.

In recent years, however, opinions have changed as Clint gradually gained control over his own destiny and began making movies of undeniable substance without losing his hold on the mass audience's psyche.

It's a heartening story and one which Messrs Downing and Hardy handle well. As would be expected of writers from the *Time Out* stable, there's a political edge to their critique, but happily it serves merely to sharpen the information without impairing the book's readability.

For non-verbal fans, the book is posing the question as to why most books on films should be so stubbornly wordy. Happily, this Eastwood study is packed with a fine selection of stills and crackles with interesting design ideas, such as maps showing the locations of all Eastwood's Westerns.

The authors conclude: "For over a decade now (Eastwood) has been consistently making films that both entertain and ask relevant questions about the way we live. And that in itself is some achievement."

That recognition has been long overdue.

Dick Tracy

"Oh my God! Not another Brian Case movie review!"

Slaves

Directed by Russ Meyer
Starring Anouska Hempel
(Anthony Balch)

WITHOUT WISHING TO dignify the Russ Meyer output with a *Weltanschauung,* he has consistently presented a world in which all human aspirations are trumped by the flesh. Well, it's true of the box office and at least arguable elsewhere. *Slaves* offers the grossest pairings of atrocity and revenge as a mocking concession to the social engineers, but the real attitude is reserved for the epilogue.

A hectoring March Of Time commentator recites man's inalienable rights over a preposterous slow-motion sequence of a naked black man hand-in-hand with a huge breasted white woman, running in ripples of promise through a cornfield.

Unfortunately, the epilogue is the only real chortle in the film. As a satire on *Roots* or *Mandingo,* it is not tight or cogent enough to justify its painful subject matter. Meyer's taste has always approximated that of a tram conductor's glove, perfect when applied to the Suzanne/Robbins world of *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls,* just plain sick in the context of colonialism.

The story centres on Reginald Sopwith, an Englishman who emigrates to the West Indies and works as a book-keeper on Blackamoor Plantation, a job that gives a new interpretation to the double-entry system. Pursued endlessly by the owner (a voracious ladyship) and her retainer (a Frenchified gay Rasta) our book-keeper fails to learn how to keep his hand on his ha'penny. Meanwhile, the slaves are whipped to death and crucified in lingering detail, and finally revolt, reversing the process.

It's well made, like all of Meyer's films, and surprisingly inexplicit on the sexual level. Not so its running mate, *18 Year Old Schoolgirls,* which does not plaster over the cracks of either story-line or performer, and bores like a bastard.

The director has obviously confused moppets with muppets — unless that's his *Weltanschauung* — and the sight of this sinful binful frisking in the buff through a carwash and a boys' shower is enough to send the most determined self-abuser to the Land Of Nod. Inept.

Brian Case

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JAMAICA: THE YOUNG LION ROARS

CHRIS SALEWICZ TAKES A DEEP BREATH & MAKES THE JA CONNECTION PART ONE

"WELCOME to Rema," reads the spray-can graffiti down by 7th Street in Trenchtown. "Peace, Love And Unity". Over on the other side of the Calamite Road, the No Man's Land separating the PNP Concret Jungle from the JLP Rema district of Trenchtown, there's a similar ideological message of hope: "Enter Socialist Town. We Love Cuba."

Pointing out the 15 foot barbed wire fence round the police station that squats intimidatingly on the JLP side of the dividing line, the semi-name reggae star who's accompanying me ignores the bulldozers that are pushing straight through row after row of slum bungalows and, squinting his eyes across the one o'clock sun, across the demolition sites into Rema, heads for Tapper Zukie's place.

Everywhere there are deep holes in the earth, relics it seems, of some hidden Jamaican house-building art.

Walking silently two or three paces behind us is a guy who was with the musician when we met ten minutes back in Randy's Record Store on North Parade. He sports the full urban guerilla chic made internationally popular everytime the tricks of Carlos and his Merry Band are featured on TV newscasts: shades, black beret pulled down low over the forehead, dark T-shirt and pants.

But the deep machete scar which runs from his left temple across his left eye and tapers neatly into almost the centre of his chin suggests he isn't just into the politics of style.

The semi-name reggae musician turns to him and, almost certainly for my benefit, points to one of the holes in the ground. "Like t'ese t'ings. T'ese 'oles. Save me lots o' bullets. Just push a man down. Cover 'im up. No-one remembers 'ole, let alone 'im."

"Do *you* ever carry a gun?" I ask the musician.

"Sometime you 'ave to," He nods with inscrutable Jamaican Zen cool.

"You ever kill anyone with it?"

"Sometimes you 'ave to." Je nods once again with equal inscrutibility and crosses the road deeper into Rema.

IT'S SAID that during the 1965 Watts race riot in Los Angeles half the European correspondents who went out to the West Coast to cover the burning and looting drove out to downtown LA in their rent-a-cars and went straight through Watts and out the other side still looking for "the ghetto".

Looking at Trenchtown today I can quite understand how that could come about.

Trenchtown, you see, is very literally in downtown Kingston. Indeed, you can't get any further downtown without wading into the ocean.

As soon as any kid born in Trenchtown is able to stand up and take a look around, he can see very clearly that he'll need to be a pretty upwardly-mobile young man to escape.

All he needs do is glance up at the omni-present hills where, like mill-owners (or, more appositely, sugar planters') mansions, he can see the Berger painted middle-class homes looking down on him, and he can tell it's literally going to be an upward climb all the way.

But, to be quite honest, if what you really need is tales of ultimate sordid living conditions, I've seen far worse, far more intimidating slums on the outskirts of half a dozen North African and Southern European cities. Also, ten or 15 years ago even the slums of Leeds, Liverpool or Manchester were far more extreme than anything I see here.

Look: at least the sun shines most of the time — even if its rays do serve to interact with the smog that gathers in this lowest point of the city to create probably the most polluted air on the island.

Now, I don't know what Trenchtown looked like ten or 15 years ago, though I can take a guess that it was pretty horrific. But today it's really housing project land, closer to the instant slums created by English town councils on the fringes of dozens of English cities.

In Trenchtown you also experience the bureaucratic paternalistic condescension evident in those places. Why, all the new bungalows — this is *low-rise* housing project land — have been presented with their very own ecological consciousness via a couple of coats of green paint.

Even the police station is green — though one notes it's just the slightest shade different from the houses.

Tapper Zukie's place isn't painted green. He has one of the two central rooms that lead off the front verandah that serves as the general living-room of his four-room 25-year-old bungalow. in fact, he thinks it's possible that not only will it miss out on its coat of paint but it might even get bulldozered down.

Tapper, you see, resides in the JLP Rema half of Trenchtown and there is a history of whichever side is in power mowing down — or, in the dialect of the island *mashing up* - the opposition's homes.

Trenchtown is apparently seen by the rest of the country as a microcosm of what's going on in Jamaica.

"What 'appen in Jamaica," says Tapper, "begin in Trenchtown. All Jamaica check Trenchtown. When we start war all Jamaica fight."

Trenchtown at the moment is not fighting, though the situation is always liable to change at a moment's notice. For the time being there is The Peace.

The Peace is currently being celebrated on at least half a dozen 45s in the Top 20 — in a country where the literacy rate is only 60 per cent the *printed* word becomes somewhat devalued.

There's Junior Murvin with "Crossover" *("To unite the people as one. Peace and justice for black and white. A peacemaker before the Peace Committee form")* while on new manager Mrs Pottinger's "High Note" label, Culture have "Peace Truce".

The Peace, according to Tapper Zukie, "just 'appen."

"Two individual rankings from each side come together. Decide to stop mashing things up. Then talk and reason with The Youth." (The Youth — just one of the national icons of the Jamaican Collective Unconscious — along with Roots, Culture and The System among others.)

● *Continued over page*

● *From previous page*

"Wha' 'appen in Jamaica begin in Trenchtown," claims Tapper, and certainly if it's the absurdly high rate of armed crime in Jamaica that would appear to be the case. It's in Trenchtown, you see, that the Jamaican phenomenon of the armed political gunman first got underway.

No, that's overstating it somewhat. After the British left in '62 the left-wing PNP and centre/right JLP each swung into independence with their own teams of gunmen. It wasn't until '67 that the reality of a near-anarchic state, with both police and party hit-men taking on the roles of medieval English overmighty barons, first came to being.

That year the police were sent down to the Marcus Garvey Coast road to clear out the shantytowns. And the shantytown inhabitants retaliated by lobbing Molotov cocktails at the forces of law'n'order, an ongoing incident recorded in Desmond Dekker's "007": *"Them-a shoot, them-a loot, them-a burn down Shantytown"*. Remember?

Within a few years violence that could be fobbed off as political in inspiration had successfully made the crossover to pure out-and-out hooliganism.

Hold-ups, and general crimes of violence (Rape is *big* this year, especially in the blanded-out tourist areas like Montego Bay where the US and Canadian holidaymakers have been arriving with greater and greater infrequency for some years now), fill the papers. You must learn to expect gunshots

Ostensibly this was the reason for the introduction of the internment camp Gun Court. Just posses one single part of a shooter and you're in for indefinite detention — which might, in fact, seem a reasonable means of dealing with the psychopaths who have operated as political martyrs (the comparisons between Kingston and Belfast are very obvious). The trouble is that you're much more likely to end up inside the camp when the party you're supporting is out of office. The ganja laws, incidentally, are also apparently utilised for political repression.

According to Michael Thomas in *Babylon On A Thin Wire* many of the guns are brought in to JA on light aircraft that fly the 500 miles down from Florida in the north to land in the hills and load up with ganja, which, next to bauxite is the country's most valuable export. But maybe that's for the rest of the island. Maybe it doesn't apply quite so much in Trenchtown.

"If we 'ave any gun," says Tapper Zukie, "we 'ave to go and find it for ourselves. Best to take it from a policeman. That's where plenty man get their gun."

Although, he adds self-protectively: *"I* don't carry a gun. My mouth is *my* gun."

The police, you see, are not loved in Jamaica. Though we'll come to that.

ANYWAY, SO what you have is a situation not unlike that which might have ruled in Dodge City or Tombstone a century ago. You might be this really *terrible* ranking gunman, a very cool character with maybe 100 hits to your credit. And goddamnit if you aren't *always* coming up against these young kids out to make a rep for themselves.

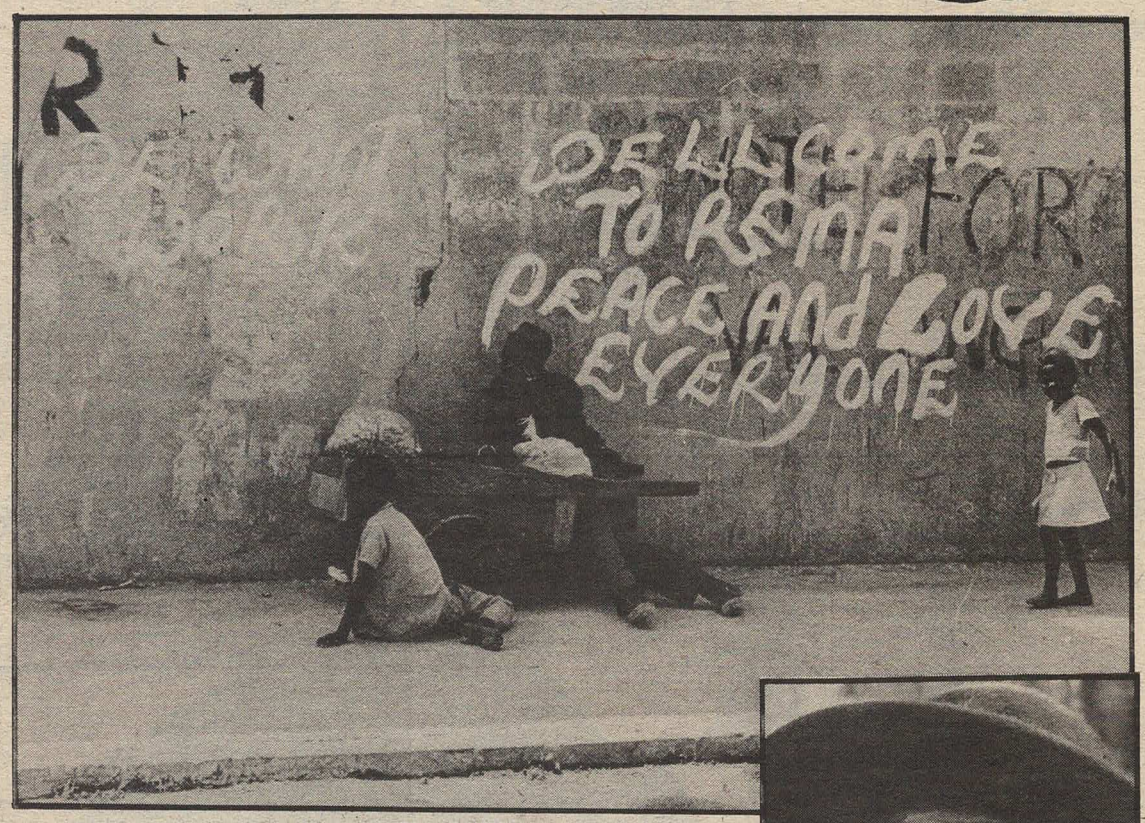
You just *have* to blow them away. Until the really hot one comes strutting into your yard and blows *you* away.

Ah, but does this not focus the spotlight so clearly on the very transitoriness of Life itself in JA? It's a country of such extremes, of such amplification of every emotion.

In any rum bar argument it is always worth considering that the blustery philosophical diatribe your opponent is delivering is being fuelled by the 150 proof white rum, that, along with Red Stripe beer, is the staple lush of Jamaica.

And also that his nervous system is almost certainly genuflecting to the effects of the five or six spliffs of some of the world's strongest, and finest, marijuana.

This means that his sense of *machismo* (which only exists in the first place because Jamaican males are very under the thumbs of the little ladies who stick at home and keep the home so tidy and clean) is running at its usual hyper-sensitive extreme. So you better just watch your step otherwise you're gonna find he's strutting there in front of you, very rooster-like indeed, waving close to your Adam's Apple the razor-sharp point of the machete — a kind of omnipresent Jamaican version of a pen-knife, made in Sheffield and just unstrapped from the saddle of his Suzuki.



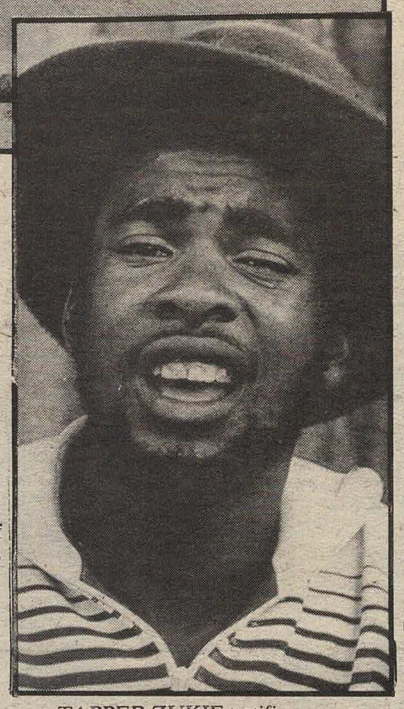
This seems exactly the same kind of confused superficially male-dominated — in actuality *female*-dominated — *macho* society as exists in Catholic Ulster.

Which is most fazing, actually, because what with county names like Cornwall, and roads laid out like leafy, winding English lanes (along which you drive your right-hand drive rusting, corroded Morris Oxford on the left-hand side of the road), and with Jamaican *Royal* mailboxes still not yet removed, there are times when, just forgetting about the palm trees and perhaps observing the roadside cricket instead, you could so easily be strolling along some Cotswolds backwater.

Quite interesting: there go all those Loyalist Ulstermen, wittering on about how Ulster is part of Britain — a geographical impossibility — and here you have this Caribbean island-in-the-sun that's just about as English as is Ulster and which sees itself as closer to Cuba.

The comparisons may be continued, in that any guy you'll come across in downtown Kingston is as adept at blarney as any native of County Antrim.

Anyway, whether he's Irish or Jamaican or Cuban or just a World Citizen, Tapper Zukie is currently waiting on some more money from Kingston's local government. Just half a block from where he lives, across his rubble-strewn, cockroach-infested backyard, he's been working for months now on transforming a derelict building into a Youth Club: "In the future me Club going to turn out a lot of very good musician and t'ing."



Pix: Dennis Morris

TAPPER ZUKIE testifies

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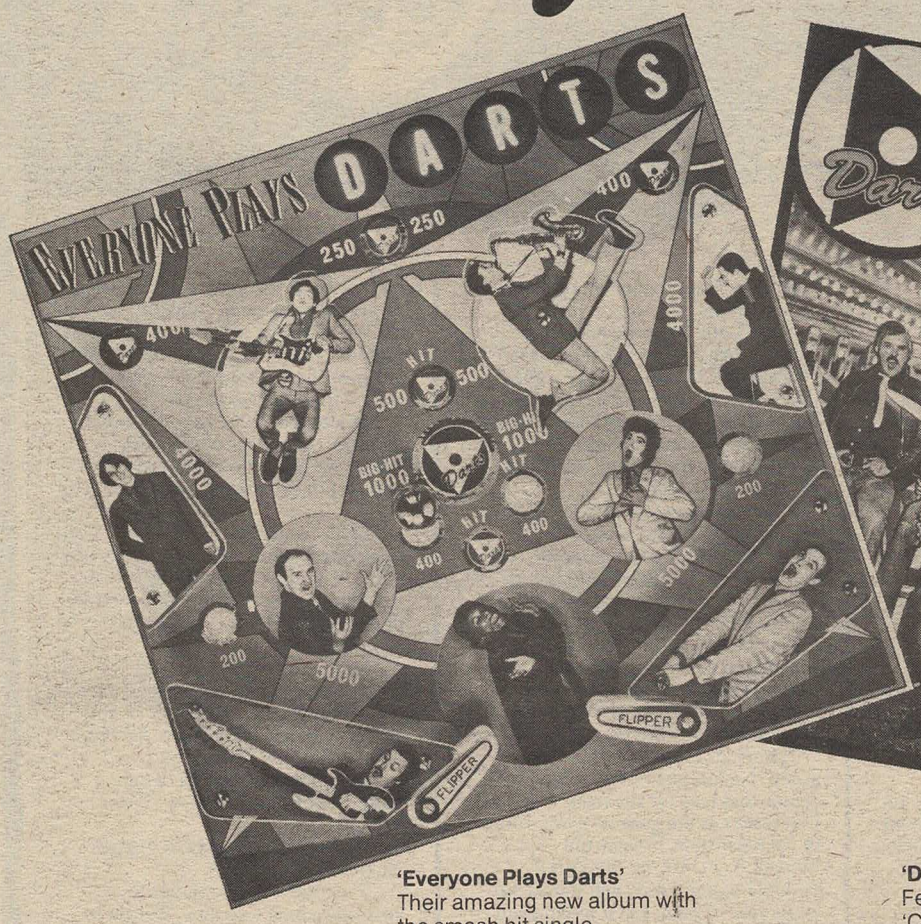

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Trouble is, for the meantime the money seems to have dried up.

Could this have anything to do with Tapper's residing, and the club's being situated, in the JLP Rema section of Trenchtown?

Tapper Zukie certainly thinks so. He recounts how siding with the Jamaica Labour Party earns him the tag of "capitalist" as opposed to the "socialist" he'd have become as a People's National Party supporter — a somewhat Kafka-esque situation.

Anyway, Jamaican or Irishman or capitalist or socialist Tapper Zukie is in proverbial ongoing situation when it comes to working to fix up his club. Come to think of it, it doesn't really matter whether or not Rema for the meantime is going to be picking up any PNP-originated funds.

"If the government don't decide to re-fix it," his high, sometimes slightly monotonous voice, declaims, "we do it ourself and run it ourself. As a youth club. To learn the Youth the culture and t'ing. Learn 'em music.

And, of course, in his homeland Tapper has plenty of time on his hands. Perhaps this is related to his having, in 1973, cut his reputation-establishing first LP "Man Ah Warrior" (recently reissued on Mer, the label run by Patti Smith and Lenny Kaye) not in Jamaica but in England, where Ethnic/Fight label owner Larry Lawrence, knowing of the toaster's reputation from his stint as resident DJ at Virgo Sound System, took him into the studio to lay down his first ever recorded tracks.

His records have always sold well in Britain and New York, where he enjoys something of a cult reputation, but hardly at all in Jamaica where to the record-buying public he remains something of an unknown, despite his Klik "MPLA" 45 having been the largest selling UK DJ hit of '76, with the LP of the same name also having been a best-seller.

Even now, with his aptly titled first Virgin release, "Peace In The Ghetto" immediately on the best-selling UK reggae charts Tapper Zukie still has no guarantee of improving his JA status. It's even likely that he is better known in Africa — in Nigeria, for example, where Virgin apparently figure to shift a minimum of 200,000 copies of their reggae LP releases.

ALTHOUGH ONE hopes that in the United Kingdom the political parties have been largely sussed by The Youth as the anachronisms they largely are, the PNP and JLP's power in Jamaica is still of paramount importance in the JA ghettoes.

"The Youth don't really too love it," says Tapper Zukie, squatting on the drab floorboards of the front porch and glancing up at the quite sickening growth on the neck of one of his teenage neighbours.

"But because of the way The System is set up some man say if you are not with them then you must be against them. If you no fight them, them fight *you*."

There's no love lost between Tapper and the Jamaican political set-up. "I know within mi'self I a true born Rasta," he avows. "God knows who I deal with.

"It's the politicians that create war amongst us. The politicians want to control, y'know. Want to use you. Divide the people. One side come and then the other side to keep the separation and each put up a new t'eif, a new slavemaster, while we the poor people do all the work and the rich people sit at 'ome and collect money.

"All of them a-runnin' a rat race."

Even so, The peace, brought about by a meeting between two of Kingston's ranking gunmen, is at least offering a semblance of solidarity: "Seven weeks ago I couldn't drive around Rema with you. We'd 'ave to drive through with machine-guns: kill or be killed.

"Right now we The Youth is at peace. The government don't like that.

"Right now," he continues, raising the spectre of yet another phobia, "the policemen would like the war to start again. Because they are not policemen — they are thieves. These people brutalize you. Police perform a robbery and come and shoot up all innocent youth and child.

"The *police*," he utters the word with undisguised contempt, "are supposed to be behind plenty of the killing that is going on in Jamaica. They start to kill off the Youth. But the masses start to go against the police."

AH YES, The Jamaican police . . . You can be pretty certain that political bias isn't interfering with Tapper Zukie's judgements: from all sides, from all colours, residents of Jamaica speak despairingly of, and provide horror stories about, the police force.

They are alleged to be a corrupt, easily bribable, near-private army.

In tandem with the army, with whom they operate the ever threatening road-blocks, the police provide a constant nagging fear.

"Army work with the police," says Tapper. "Youth no longer afraid of police. So the army come and the soldiers are worse than the police.

"The police don't know 'oo I am. But they terrorise me. They even take me off the street and lock me up for a few days and terrorise me."

The police hate reggae music, it is claimed by those who play it. "The police all like soul music," drummer Horsemouth — so called because his mouth actually does closely resemble one belonging to one of our four-legged friends — tells me, as though pinpointing the lamentable musical headstates of jumped-up aspiring middle-classes who're the prime culprits behind the computerised US disco-soul's having the audacity to vye with reggae for Jamaican ear-time.

"Them entitled not to like reggae," decides Tapper. "Man must expect it for they not love poor people. When God come they not know God. Them crucify Jesus Christ. They don't love themselves.

"But the rich man not going to 'ave much more glory. This t'ing can't go on forever."

And Tapper Zukie echoes the opinions of a Jamaican cricketer I met on the plane. He was returning to the

● *Continued over page.*

JUNIOR MURVIN shows off his new saloon.

"I don't carry a gun. My mouth is my gun." —Tapper Zukie

The first single
(I want to be an) anglepoise lamp
Fat Man's Son
ADA 8
The first tour
May
25 London Marquee
26 London Nashville
27 High Wycombe Nags Head
31 Sheffield Limit Club
June
2 Middlesborough Rock Garden
5 Edinburgh Tiffany's
7 Newport Stowaways Club
8 Leeds Roots
9 Manchester Rafters
15 Plymouth Metro
17 Portsmouth Polytechnic
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West Indies Test series. "Manley is sincere. He believes in what he's doing," he told me. "I just don't trust his ministers at all. I believe they've all got their numbered bank accounts outside the country. They're all getting ready to leave."

"As far as I see," Tapper Zukie says, "the ministers is all wanting to get richer. Drive a big car with the windows up and with a big bottomed girl next to them and give lots of orders while we the poor people just work. When they passing the ghetto they make up a face. Where them really set you up is in modern slavery.

"You 'ave a policeman come shoot a man in front of his children. Now today you 'ave man say: 'Me, as a youth, see a policeman shoot me father in front of me. When me get big me 'ave to shoot ten policeman for me father.' Them set up the Youth that way.

"So it's like them build them's 'Eaven 'ere and still them live in fear.

"This peace . . . probably go on forever. Probably end tomorrow . . . Because the blood don't run yet. And we know the blood 'ave to run: the blood of hope. Babylon still fight against the people. Babylon must go down. 'Eathen blood still 'ave to run."

AFTER ALREADY having served one five-year term of office Michael Manley is now into the second year of his second term of office as Prime Minister.

Unlike Jimmy Carter, whose grass-roots Man-Of-The-People electioneering stance had close parallels to Manley's evangelical approach, Michael Manley at least *looks* sincere.

He is said to be a truly great orator. In addition it is claimed that, although there may be severe doubts about the actions and beliefs of certain of his ministers, Manley actually *is* sincere.

He is driving Jamaica rapidly towards a brand of socialism which already owes a large debt, spiritually and materially, to Fidel Castro's Cuba 90 miles to the north.

Posters of Che Guevara have not been rendered obsolete by mere time in Jamaica — certainly our Trenchtown guide's guerrilla chic owed a large debt to Che.

Besides, exemplifying that spartan belief in the work ethic that one always associates with Castro's personally striding forth with a machete into the sugar cane plantation wilderness, Cuba, in addition to actually financing at least one secondary school on Kingston, has just donated a physical education teachers' training college to Jamaica.

The Yout' can see who it is who cares for its welfare.

Even though we know by now that such Jamaican terms of paranoid abuse as "CIA spy" and "Mafia member" should not necessarily be taken literally, it's still reasonable to assume that the wielders of such insults are getting it right at least some of the time.

After all, it does seem likely that the United States is highly disturbed by the possibility of another Communist state peering insolently up into capitalism's soft white underbelly.

Simply glancing about the breakfast room of one's hotel suggests that Jamaica *is* being overrun by young men with US accents, dedicated to preserving A Certain Way Of Life.

In fact, a true paranoid wouldn't even be surprised to also come across some Sicilian chappies in the flesh. After all, not only are their right-wing CIA pals/allies down here but maybe Jamaica's being utilized in rather the same way Cuba was favoured until Batista felt obliged to pick up his cards.

Most of this is pure hypothesis, of course, but maybe the Mafia is mighty fond of having somewhere just an hour's flight from Miama where you can take a vacation, smoke the finest cigars outside of Havana, pick up a suntan and get laid.

And maybe, remembering that JA's simply crying out for foreign exchange, some identifiable loose change from your Stateside operations can be a little . . . uhh . . . *laundered* down here.

Why, you might even start to recall the manner in which the Syndicate is alleged to have involved itself in the affairs of some US soul record labels. And you can't help but notice that sone of the record labels down here could benefit from just a little, err, expertise.

So, not that we're suggesting this could occur for one moment but perhaps — just perhaps — somewhere down the line, maybe all these forces at work could result in some areas of Jamaica officialdom being swayed. After all, life's going to change quite a bit for some people if Jamaica *does* go Communist.

Ah, who knows what fantasies may become possibilities?

Besides, set against the true human and spiritual backdrop of Jamaica all this is revealed as the irrelevant nonsense it actually is.

AND TO think that rural Jamaica can look just like England . . . Much finer than England, of course. It's certainly one of the most beautiful countries in the world: lushly green, fertile land endowed with a flora and fauna that can provide you with your daily veg just by going and picking it off a tree.

It would almost seem that island's Jah-provided natural attributes compensate, at least in part, for the perennial JA musician's lament of how he has been ripped off.

Whatever, Junior Murvin (or Mervin as his surname's spelt on his Jamaican releases on producer Lee "Scratch" Perry's Black Ark label) appears to empathise with so many of his musical brethren's sense that their being ripped off is an inevitable part of their apprenticeship as recording artists.

I call on Murvin shortly after nine one morning at his home in Port Antonio, on the north side of the island, with a population of some 12,000 and one of the world's most breathtakingly beautiful natural harbours.

When I arrive, with the temperature already up in the mid-80s, I find the man who — with Lee Perry — recorded and co-wrote the enormous Jamaican and English hit of late '76, "Police And Thieves", sitting on a couch in the living-room of his bungalow just a couple of streets back from the seafront.

He is reading from the book of Genesis and half-watching a cookery programme on TV. Gilbert O'Sullivan is singing on the radio.

A well-built moustachioed figure in his late 20s, he's wearing just a pair of chocolate brown pants.

It appears that his bad financial experiences were during his pre-Island days: His album "Police And Thieves" is now also available on the label.

Back in the '60s Derek Harriott recorded Junior's songs "Solomon" and "Ting Tang Festival", and in the early '70s he was managed by and recorded for well-known Jamaican music figures Mr and Mrs Pottinger.

He claims he never received any royalties for either venture, and also didn't pick up any money when he worked as Junior Soul for Joe Gibbs.

"You 'ave some of them 'ave money and some 'ave none." he observes, holding the Bible in his right hand. "Some 'ave a lickle heart and give you a lickle mercy. In foreign land dem scrape more money for the artist. In Jamaica he just can't live. Dem is a terrible set of people.

"But *now* I get a big name. Don't worry about them lickle things like money. What is to be is to be. When the time come can't stop it 'appen.

"Evert'ing ripe now for reggae. It just the smugglers and hustlers and scufflers who mash it all up. Them small producers causing a *lot* of confusion. I rate them terrible.

"Sure, lots of bad t'ings 'appen. But," he smiles amiably yet again, "Could 'appen lot worse t'ing to you. Could wind up dead instead."

For the meantime, Junior Murvin is not content with his lot. The Upsetter Revue package that was to hit the UK this summer with The Congos, George Faith and Murvin himself now seems unlikely to happen, and Junior further feel that his talent is being underexposed abroad and that his royaltypayments form past work are not what they should be.

However, Murvin's supremely evocative peace-celebrating single "Crossover" is high in the Jamaican charts, which suggests an important and adventurous new phase for both artist and — if the thoroughly freaky, dub B-side is any indication — producer Perry.

Evert'ing goin' good now." he girns. "Gonna blast through like an iron bar. Sell a million.

"I like work hard. That's why I like to work with Lee Perry, because he's so hard-working. Just go on and on until he get it right. Got spirit. *Strength.*"

Junior maintains that his songs of social comment / protest are both easy and speedy to write. "It just come flowing, y'know." He passes over a note-pad which he's been working up notes for a song he intends to call "International Confusion": *"Some see the light/ While some is blind to it/ It is an International Confusion".*

He'll continue working on it until he goes up to Black Ark to lay it down. "Perry will put some more t'ings to it.

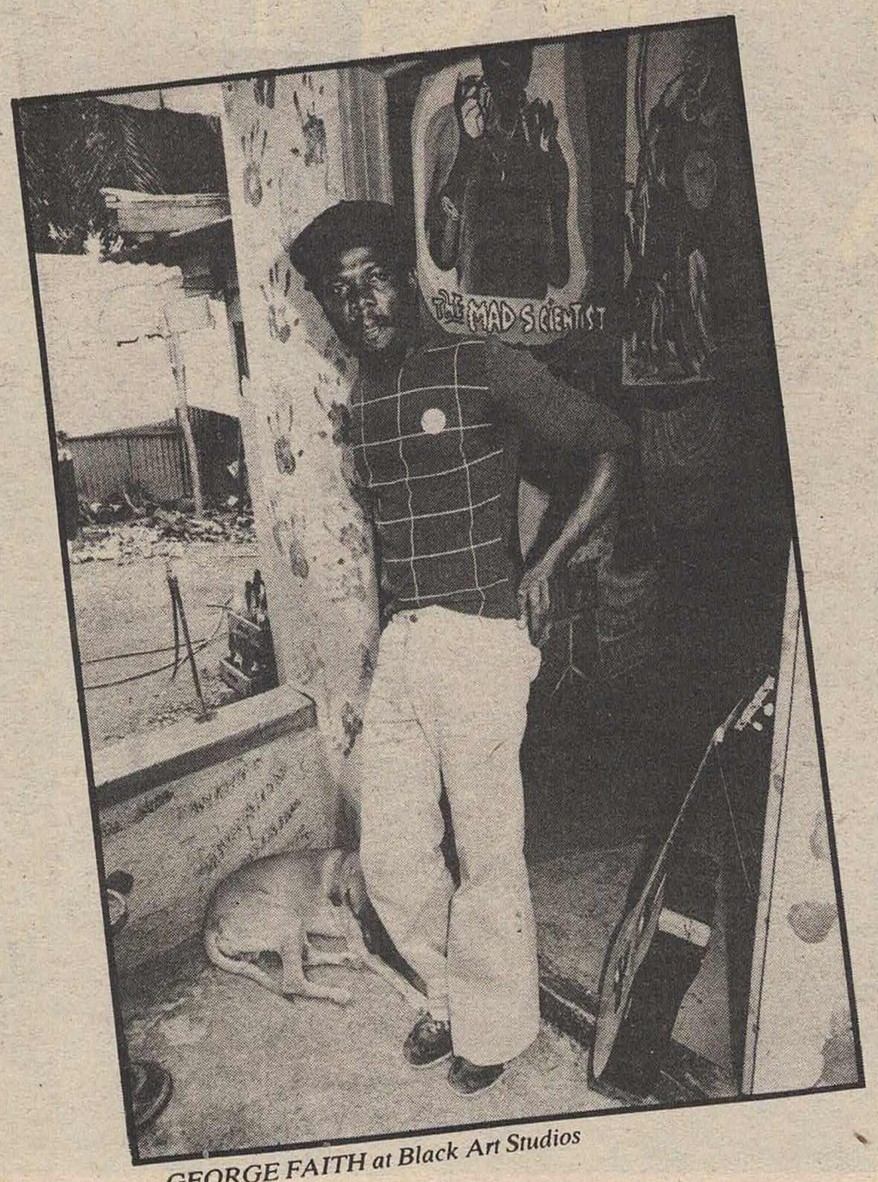
"What he usually does," he says, explaining Scratch's frequent songwriting credits on Murvin's songs, "is after I've finished writing he adds some lickle t'ings to it."

Junior is delighted with The Clash's having recorded "Police And Thieves" on their first album. He would like, he says, to work onstage with them: "You can write that down. Dem ol' people can't take the truth. Punk people my kind of people. Dem not make trouble. Just enjoy themselves."

As his vocal style attests, Curtis Mayfield was Junior's mainman inspiration-wise. "Curtis is the first one to sing about roots, to open your eyes. 'Im go deep, *deep.*' he stresses. "Name LP 'Roots'. Sing messages to unite people.

"Long time I fight for peace with me record. Lots of people. Lots of people in Jamaica not understand what I mean. Message *deep. Terrible* message to unite people together. Peace and justice for black and white.

"Yeah" — he laughs — "Murvin sings *deep.* A serious t'ing. Man can't sing o' foolishness no more."



GEORGE FAITH at Black Art Studios

AS A MATTER of fact, if it's the *real* roots of Jamaica that you're searching for, you're more likely to find them in a place like Port Antonio than in Kingston.

Maybe, as Tapper Zukie claims, all Jamaica *does* look to Trenchtown to check what's going down *action*-wise but if it's the true soul, the true spirit, the true feel of the island you're searching out then it's essential to get out of the capital. Come to that, it's essential to clear out of the coastal plains altogether.

The hills . . . Yeah, man: the hills ...It was to the hills that proud, warlike tribes of runaway slaves like the Maroons fled from their slavedrivers. It is in the hills that you will come across men — the purest Rastas often — hacking away the undergrowth to cultivate their own smallholdings.

If you're very privileged and travel into the most inaccessible and secret places, you might even sight some of the ganja fields that are tucked away up there.

It is *heavy* when a man goes into the hills (such words as *heavy* and *deep* and *cool* have not been devalued by constant cynical media exploitation here). It is a very serious thing. Winston Rodney wasn't just looking for a cute album title when he named Burning Spear's second Island album "Man Of The Hills".

A man discovering the hills, with all their psychic associations, and learning to dwell within them is something akin — though generally far less self-conscious — to an occultist's deliberately removing himself from society to dwell for a time as an ascetic recluse the better to open up his head-space.

The relationship a Rastaman will build up with these lands begins to take on a near-sexual — no, near-*Tantric* — quality. No Western nonsense about communing with muses here: this is the spirits providing direct fuel-injection of their forces into his soul until it and that of Jamaica have become as one.

Bunny Wailer currently lives up in the hills above Haining in Portland, rising each morning at sun-up and disappearing for the whole of the day to — sometimes — return at sunset to his wife and kids who've passed the day with a few pipebowls of herb, flicking the switches between Jamaican TV and the two channels of TV Cubana you can pick up if you live high enough up on the north side of the island.

Despite the chic khaki tracksuit he sports when I see him at the Kingston Sheraton, where he's journeyed for a meeting with Island boss Chris Blackwell, arriving some ten minutes after Blackwell's had to leave for the airport, Bunny is feeling most uncomfortable.

He dislikes the hustling brashness of the capital — the reason why he moved out to Haining 18 months ago.

"The hills," he sighs, "the hills, All Truth is in the hills." Come and see him there, he suggests.

I do. Bunny's out. In the hills.

OF COURSE, it's not possible for all Rastafarians to live outside Kingston and spend their days wandering the slopes.

But although a goodly percentage of the "Rastas" you come across in Kingston are close in spirit to weekend hippies and are just as likely to rip you off, while weaving oral spells of righteousness, there are still many good and true Rastas there — abstaining from meat and alcohol and salt and anything containing chemical impurities.

At some point in their lives, these

"The whole have a New going to sur New Wave Rastafari."

men have undergone something close to a religious conversion: maybe they've gone out and wandered the hills or maybe, one day, the soul soaring free on the mantra-like, near-anasthetic, combination of prodigious quantities of both reggae and of ganja, and all those years of Bible Knowledge and psychic presences have suddenly crashed into clarity as the cosmic pattern of the Jamaica Experience fitted into place . . . *Hail, Rastafari* . . .

These are the men closest in spirit to the Rastafarians of the '40s and '50s, whose place in the community was akin to that of, say, a priest or a rabbi; who were seen as mystical men of knowledge and as teachers — a long way from the manner in which Rastas are regarded by the middle-aged middle-classes on the island today.

They view them rather as *The Sunday People* sees hippies or punks.

There are rather more Rastas nowadays. Indeed, every other Youth you see in the streets seems to be sporting a red, green and gold tam into which his locks have been tucked. In a way, their function is similar to that of the now-defunct Pistols in England — *everyone* has an opinion on the Rastas. Every single citizen is only too willing and ready to bend

your ear about them.

A reasonably balanced viewpoint comes from Heptone Barry Llewellyn.

"Listen," he says, "If there's going to be a change in the situation we gotta take it from *truth*.

"And that's what Rasta preaches: truth and rights and equality. So Rasta germinates the plant of t'ese t'ings in every young Jamaican. 'E's even going to school and 'e's saying, "Ail, Rastafari!"

"It is truth and rights that Rasta fight for. Much of it is religion from the Bible, but also so much it is just a realistic way of living. Rasta can be *any* man. Rasta don't have to know no difference between black and white as long as he knows truth and rights.

"The Twelve Tribes of Israel,"

world got to Wave if it's vive . . . and e is Jah — Lee Perry

continues Llewellyn, attempting to throw some light on one of the most important, yet also most esoteric, schools of Rasta thought, "is just a different version of rasta. The twelve tribes of Israel just represent the sign they were born under. Is just the signs of the zodiac under which every man must 'ave 'is own tendency.

"In other words you know that if you are an Aries so you must 'ave certain strengths but also certain weaknesses that can make you upset by other men's tendencies ... *But* instead of *hating* someone because 'e 'urt you by these tendencies you must just *love* him instead.

"Once again, as far as *I'm* concerned anyone can be a member of the Twelve Tribes. It's just like a society that's formed within a religion."

Of course, it is all this business of Haile Selassie, Lion Of Judah, and the joyful prospect of the voyage to Ethiopia on the Black Star Liner which to many outsiders is the most unpalatable aspect of Rastafarianism.

The religion itself does, after all, contain within its amalgam of Zen and Biblical truths a philosophy with which every reasonable human being must surely empathise ... Until, like some magnification of life's essential paradoxes, all these ostensibly reasonable people start spouting forth about the late Emperor Of Ethiopia.

Well, most certainly part of the Zen aspect of Rastafarianism is a nebulous shadowy areas into which it's impossible to penetrate with the intellect alone. After all, if someone's driven to find out about a philosophy it's sometimes best that certain obstacles should be placed in his or her way.

However, if you're one of the dog soldier Jesus Freak-like variety of Rasta intent on spouting forth endless raps to all who come within earshot then almost certainly you *do* expect your salvation to manifest itself in quite extreme physical terms in the shape of the Black Star Liner sailing into Kingston harbour to take you finally to your homeland.

If you're not part of these near innumerable legions of spiritual shock troops, though, and are perhaps a more highly evolved Rasta soul it is more likely that you look upon such matters as imparting a far greater *symbolic* value.

LEE "SCRATCH" Perry, for example, almost certainly has no desire to settle permanently in Africa. After all, the record engineer / producer who, from his innocuous-appearing home in the Washington Gardens suburb of Kingston, is probably the vital chemistry man for the whole of both reggae music and reggae thought that doesn't come out of the mainstream commercial Kingston studios, regards Jamaica itself as a truly God-blessed land.

Before he graduated in 1968 to cutting himself singing the innovative "People Funny Boy" the now 39-year-old Piscean learned his craft after having long been a camp follower of Clement "Sir Coxson" Dodd's Downbeat Sound System in the late'50s to mid-'60s.

Dodd began to cut his own Studio One records and Perry, along with the famous American organist Jackie Mittoo, operated the production side of the label.

After parting from Coxson in 1965 Perry also worked with Joe Gibbs and Byron Lee.

By 1970 he was working with Bob Marley, Peter.Tosh and Bunny Livingston — The Wailers — producing singles and two albums — "Soul Rebel" and "Soul Revolution", currently still available on Trojan as "African Herbsman" and "Rasta Revolution", and arguably far finer records than have been put out by any subsequent Wailers line-up.

In the making of such criticism, though, it should be borne in mind that it is said that Scratch has had a large, uncredited hand in the making of every single Island Wailers LP with the exceptions of "Exodus" and "Kaya".

As the Upsetter, Perry's preference appears to be with instrumental music in the form of LPs like "Africa's Blood" and DJ-instrumental sets like "Double Seven".

Throughout the '70s Scratch has produced other artists — Junior Byles, U Roy, Dennis Al Capone, Jah Lion, even Susan Cadogan's 1975 British hit, "Hurts So Good" — but it's since the middle of the decade that he has been producing his most prolific, and many would say finest, work with artists like Max Romeo ("War In A Babylon"), Prince Jazzbo ("Natty Pass Through Rome"), and, of course, Junior Murvin.

Recently he has also worked with white rock artists as diverse as Paul McCartney and The Clash.

THE FIRST time I call on Lee "Scratch" Perry, just after one in the humid afternoon, I find him in the kitchen of his bungalow. As a crew of Scratch supporters, including George Faith and The Congos, huddle around the table rolling perfect sno-cone spliffs from a maybe half pound pile of ganja on the table, Scratch, in response to English session singer Candy Mackenzie's readings aloud from Revelations in the New English Bible, paces the kitchen, a bottle of Red Stripe in one considerably exaggerated. Sure, if the forces are flowing freely he may turn out three or four hit singles in a morning — but what Upsetter Lee Perry has acquired his reputation for hand and the statutary giant spliff in the other, philosophizing / declaiming on the meanings contained within.

Scratch carries an extraordinary aura about him. His dark eyes flash forth laser beams of righteousness that seem to provide a direct connection to the core of his soul. He prances, slapping both hands on the table to emphasise the points he is making — which relates Mussolini's end to predictions within Revelations.

He delights in verbal banter, with metaphysical, often Rasta-related, jokes a speciality. "Where is Truth?" he suddenly whips round on the journalist.

"Ummm ... Everywhere?" suggests the journalist, half-aware that some Biblical quote is here perhaps called for.

"It is in all good food that you eat? Yes?"

"Mmmm ... yes," cautiously agrees the journalist, half-expecting a deflating punchline.

"So when you shit that food out the Truth is in there, too?" his features twist round, until they resemble one of those lined, dignified photographic portraits of Indian chiefs, into a delighted grin of pure bliss.

"Well, possibly yes," nods the journalist, sensing that, although obviously still hardly even a novitiate, he should maybe follow the lateral logic he is osmosing from all the herb-assisted wisdom going down.

"Because if the shit's pure then it may be used as fertiliser for making plants pure."

"Aye-ree, aye-ree." chuckles Scratch, nodding and slapping the thighs of his scarlet tracksuit.

Like an English neighbourhood butcher or baker might do, the slight, wiry Lee Perry lives next to the shop. Perhaps it's this accessibility to his work — his Black Ark studio is housed in a building in his backyard — that has made him one of the most influential, and arguably most talented, producer of reggae ever.

Though rates for his services are something in the region of 20 dollars an hour, Scratch himself has — of course — unlimited studio time. An ardent follower of the Rasta belief that physical fitness ensures clarity of mind, he rises early and first exercises rigorously, then puts in a few hours knob-twiddling before anyone turns up to be recorded.

Tales of his working speed are is being a painstaking perfectionist.

His studio is only four-track, with the sounds mastered on a Teac tape recorder, but then Scratch can work wonders: he is depicted on a mural just inside the door as "Lee Perry: The Mad Scientist", and it is surely not for nothing that Black Ark is called Black Ark, after the shipping line that was / is intended to return the Rastas to Ethiopia and liberty.

Currently, Scratch is working on the follow-up to his "Superape" LP — to be entitled, of course, "Return of Superape" — as well as recording an album with the diminutive, self-effacing melodica and keyboards maestro, Augustus Pablo, recorder of the classic 45, "King Tubby Meets The Rockers Uptown," among many, many others.

A follow-up to George Faith's deliciously sensuous, soul-orientated "To Be A Lover" is also planned, Faith tells me. And he hopes his second album will comprise only original Faith-written material.

For his part Scratch seems to feel that, by releasing virtually every single cut as a 45 in England, Island has mispromoted the record.

TWO MORE brief visits to 5a Cardiff Crescent later and the journalist arrives at 11.30 one Thursday morning for a formal rap session with Scratch.

A smouldering spliff sits in the ashtray. Scratch is wearing a splendid fawn cap, a white T-shirt and maroon swimming trunks, and is standing bare-footed up in the console room, almost imperceptibly shifting and switching knobs as he gives the distinctive Scratch treatment to "some young guys mekkin a try."

The console room is decorated in the Rasta colours of the Ethiopian flag — red and green on the walls with a gold carpet. The word "PEACE" cut in the red and green cloth covering the mixing desk gives an altar-like quality.

On the walls are assorted publicity stills of artists with whom Scratch has worked. One notes that someone has written the word "Judas" across the picture of Max Romeo. There's an Adrian Boot shot of The Clash in Belfast. There are also a selection of Bruce Lee stills from *Enter The Dragon,* plus an aerosol can of Cooper's Roach Spray.

At Black Ark you suddenly feel that the reason so much dreck emerges from UK and US studios is because they're so hermetically sealed. Unlike Scratch's place, they've managed to utterly isolate themselves from all the life-forces going on about them.

Anyway, finishing his work with Quake-In Vibrations, a five-piece group down from the country to lay down their first ever tracks, Scratch pauses to refresh himself with a bottle of Dragon Stout before settling down to give me "a reasoning."

Except that it isn't quite as simple as that. Also in the room is JBC morning DJ, John Wakelin — "one of me best bredren" — plus Candy Mackenzie and along with several unnamed faces, Cedric of The Congoes. It is time, Scratch has decided, that *he* should interview *me*. He must discover my aim and my purpose.

Certain of the people assembled, you see, have been most disturbed by what other writers have written. It goes further than Scratch's just being irritated by their "damn fool questions" about details of his life. Peter Simon's *Reggae Bloodlines*, for example, apparently has a condescending tone about it which those present find highly distasteful.

In particular John Wakelin is disturbed about what he considers its superficial, derogatory treatment of Ras Michael, a man who deserves respect.

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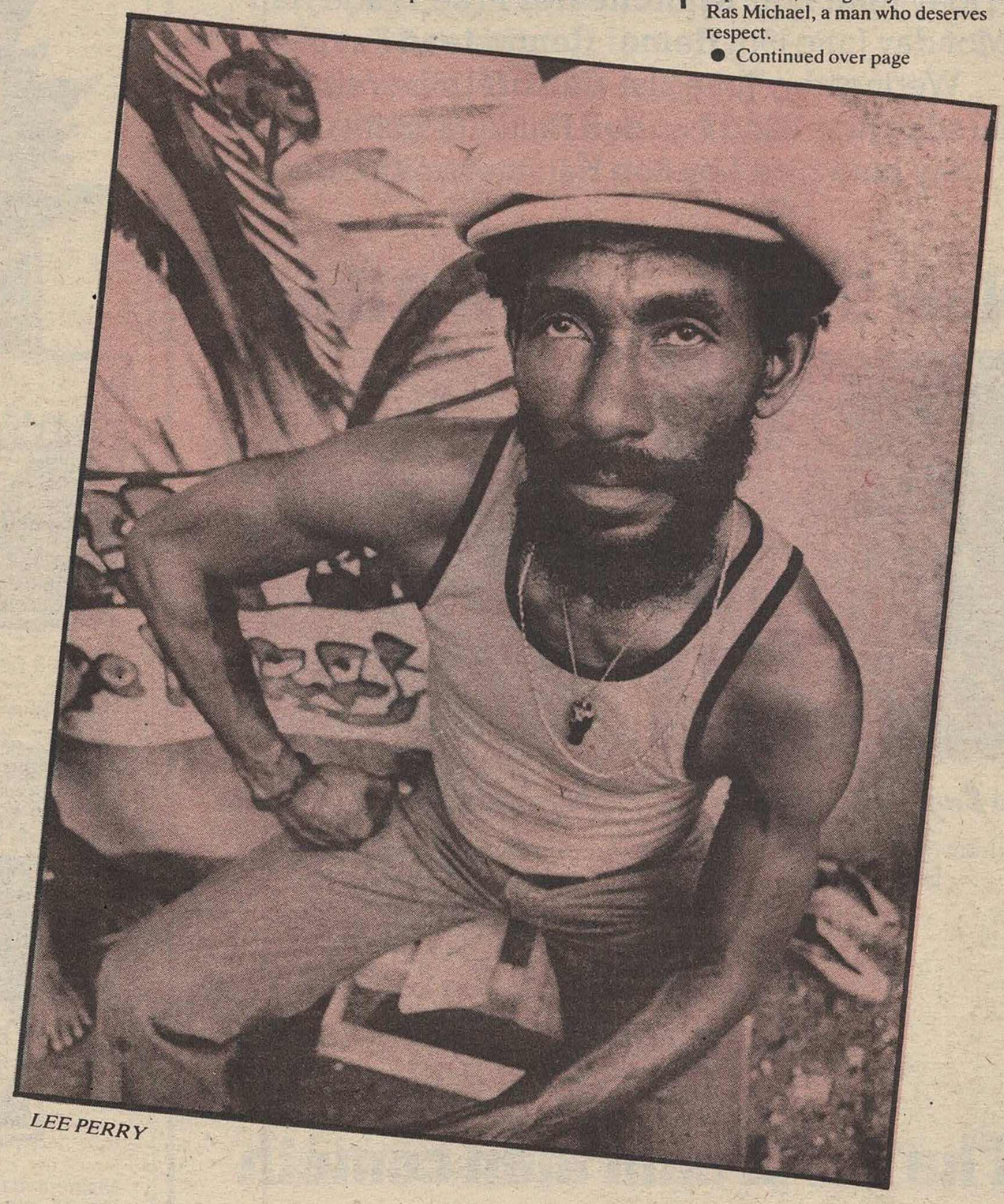
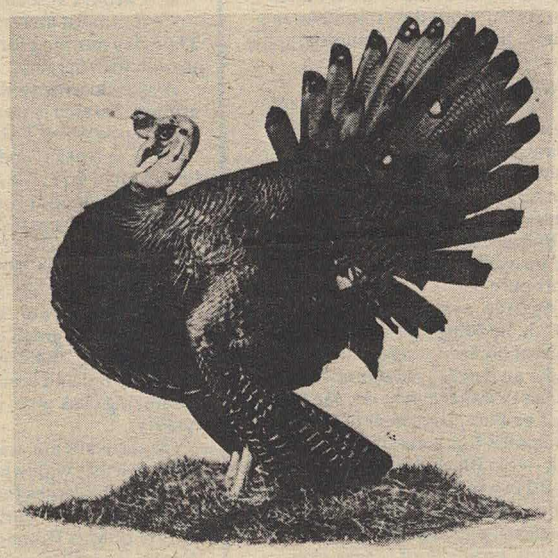


LEE PERRY



He won't be catching the Modern Lovers Live. Will you?

Thursday May 25th **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens
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Sunday June 4th **Leicester** De Montford Hall
Monday June 5th **Brighton** Dome
Friday June 9th **Bristol** Colston Hall
Saturday June 10th **Birmingham** Odeon
Sunday June 11th **Portsmouth** Guildhall
Tuesday June 13th **Bradford** St. Georges Hall
Wednesday June 14th **Edinburgh** Odeon
Thursday June 15th **Sheffield** City Hall
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New Single

New England/Astral Plane

(from Modern Lovers Live/
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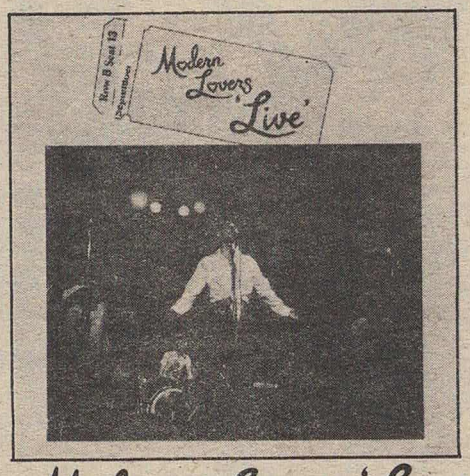
New Album



Modern Lovers 'Live'

(includes Egyptian Reggae,
New England, Morning Of Our Lives)
BSERK 12

Beserkley
"Home of the Hits"

The ice cream men cometh

"Certain foreign correspondents come here and perpetuate this action and after a while we lock the door," says John.

Scratch turns to him. "Why some of them have to criticise it," he sighs, "is because they don't understand it. To understand it you have to overstand it."

"It ain't a passin' fad," John tells me, "and man have to go into it and see what it is all about."

A lot of printed word myths about Jamaica seem to have been created, I say, in which the country seems to be populated by a race of cartoon characters.

"Because they don't know where to look," nods Scratch, almost to himself. "Because the place to look for this thing is *beyond* the scene." about the concept in Europe and the States of The Promotional Interview.

"But it's a different premise," John Wakelin's soft voice tells me, "that operates in different parts of the world. Down here people don't always want you to come and write about them."

The DJ is suspicious of the manner in which reggae is treated by the US and British radio networks.

"The point at issue here," he continues, "is that the very elements in reggae music denouncing the very *heart* of the system on which much of the capitalist world is built is perhaps an integral reason of the radio hold-down. But even the press finds it hard to touch that reason. Because true reggae music is pure protest music . . ."

With almost religious fervour, but with warmth that is pure passion in his voice, Scratch interrupts. "I and I," he paces the floor waving a finger, "is to warn them that the bomb going to blow up on them that makes it!! I and I is here to warn them that if they use it then them *dead* by it, too.

"So our part is to make sure that reggae music take the message across to the warriors in the war zone whom you can't reach by the telephone. If it gets to him on a gramophone him must hear it.

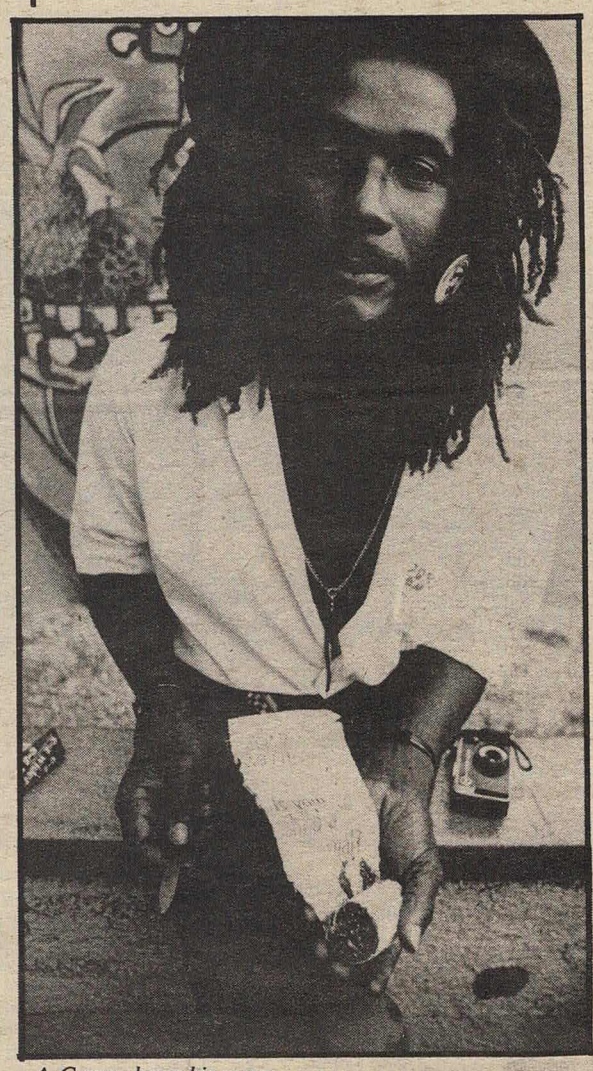
"And *this* am the message of reggae music!

"*We* turn the world around *now!!*. We talk — man listen. See me! Because the word is it, y'know. The army of Jah Rastafari set sail on a ship on a mission that can never fail. With all his militant soldier, armed to the teeth, the word of Jah Rastafari has come to kill the wicked.

"Equal rights and justice!!! We take reggae and bring it forth to earth. We no deal with the whiteman philosophy. We go deal with His Majesty.

"Too long," he continues, "we have had to kill a brother for his money. *Don't sell your soul for silver and gold!!!* Dig me, man, Babylon is a con trick and me going to lick it with a brick."

You really think Babylon's system of false values may only be licked with a brick, that it may only be



A Congo shows his wares.

are you too
YELLOW
to get SATISFACTION!
AVAILABLE SOON!
THE RESIDENTS
I can't get no SATISFACTION!
NO ONE KNOWS
The residents released their SATISFACTION in 1976. It was immediately acclaimed as the most extreme and intense record ever recorded, a pre-punk masterpiece. The demand has since grown for this record to the point where people can no longer be denied the painful pleasure of hearing and owning this startling record, which Andy Gill of NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS called, "... probably my favorite 45 of all time.", and Jim Green of TROUSER PRESS flatly stated, "... the most determinedly repellent music I've ever heard ...".
Obviously not a record for the faint hearted. So the question remains, Are you too yellow today for a record that was recorded two years ago? Hmmm?
Ralph Records

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overturned by physical violence?

"Of course! You take a brick and you wrap it in a cloth and soak it and wet it and you lick a Babylon with a raas claat. Because then we will make a system that shows men how to live as men."

Yes, of course, even if our different cultures have ensured that I'm not always able to fully understand every word you utter I can only agree wholeheartedly with the truth of what you say.

So in that case, and bearing in mind the revolutionary zeal of reggae musicians, why do the Jamaican record producers — and not including yourself in this, naturally — appear to be able to dictate such outrageously unfair terms to reggae musicians.

It does seem difficult to find a single record company in Jamaica which doesn't have some gangster involvement . . .

"Well, this is not all gangsters, y'know. Not just gangsters.

"But why you want to make it record companies alone? *Everything else* run by gangster. Bad happen in evert'ing. Not happen bad alone in reggae music. Reggae music is just cleaner than most things that go on. You must look for what go on upstairs. Them that bring forth the production are the producers. Who produce the *money*. Who produce the *hate?* Who produce the *love?* Jah produce the love so who produce the hate?

"Producers of sin, producers or righteousness. Every man produce: some produce good, some produce evil. Just am A System." Despite the severe reservations of John Wakelin and himself with regard to *Reggae Bloodlines* Scratch himself has no desire to "lock the door". After all, it's hardly down to either Scratch or you or me that people should be journeying down to JA to record what is happening there.

"They *have* to come to write about this. . . Now we are in Revelations and Revelations *reveal* all things that are to reveal. The need something else to write about so they have to come down here in the valley of Jeosophat to write their things.

"After all," he speaks quietly, as through taking me fully into his confidence, "Jamaica isn't just a name, y'know." Then quickly: "What is the name of here?"

"Jamaica."

"Yes," he nods solemnly, as though summoning all his spiritual powers. *"Jah-make-'er.* Jah-make-'er.

"You should find out and try to check why it 'ave that name. I *knew* you would be coming here to Jamaica to write because you want to write about something new. Because," his voice grows louder, "the old time writing is over. *Great* men will be coming here — like from way down in Genesis. Because we are closed Revelation now and are going to start again. That's why *you're* here and reggae music carry it at this time."

As the reader may perhaps appreciate, the ramifications of appearing in Jamaica to write about a music he loves dearly but which, in Britain must by necessity be somewhat one-dimensional in nature, is suddenly starting for the journalist to take on the mystical connotations of a search for the 20th century Holy Grail.

"We are still doing the works of the Psalms of David, Scratch continues. *"Dig me,* man: we are on the same track. Do you know the words to the tune of David?"

I shake my head in the negative.

"If we have a little hutch, "Scratch explains walking over to the door, "we just hutch out and come like bees. Sting them to death to raas claat."

He leaves the room.

"It am 'ard," offers Wakelin, perhaps sensing my disquiet, "sometimes to relate to Scratch, to deal with 'im. He is so way out. *Freaky."* He pauses solemnly and then continues: "Freaky unless you start to consider, as I read in *Newsweek* magazine, that President Carter right now has a plan to put a solar energy platform several miles into the sky to supply 75 per cent of the US's need for power without any use for oil. And then this power will belong exclusively to just one or two countries.

"But in these times," he shakes his head as though troubled with some cancer-creating hurt, that is almost driving him to tears, "a solution cannot come like that. It *have* to be spiritual. To get some things properly *heavy*, man."

Scratch has returned.

"So 'ow come you don't ask these usual damn fool questions the other people ask?"

"Because I don't believe it to be. . . necessary. . ."

"Well," he smiles, "you're on the New Wave then. You've got to be a member of the New Wave if you want to find the truth. You've got to be," he laughs, "a member of the New Wave if you don't want to be a slave in your grave."

Then, more portentously: "If you're not a member of the New Wave then you're dead. If you want to live you 'ave to be a member of it."

So Scratch must have been agreeably pleased by what he saw of the English New Wave when he became briefly involved with The Clash?

"Well, right now the whole world got to have a New Wave if it's going to survive," he pronounces. "Because Jah coming in a new name and you don't know him. So if you want to know how to go on just accept the New Wave then you'll be on a New Wave movement. And the New Wave is Jah Rastafari. . .

"If you're not on the New Wave then you're dead. Jah deal with equal rights, peace and justice and love forever. That is to say that if you love yourself then you won't hurt your brethren. When you think about God you think about Life.

"So we want more people with Positive Thought.

"I am just showing you how simple it will be: good over evil. It is a *must.* That is a Rastaman — *Pos-eet-ive"* vibrations. Leave the man who think about negative. Leave that man who talk about *belief.* Because when there is a *belief* there is a *doubt.* And we have no time for that."

He pauses. "You want to know something?" He chuckles, putting a spliff to his lips. "Then give me a light. . . Ask me any fool question you like."

"Why do you make records?"

"Because I have to. Because I *have* to make records. That is my job. I was *appointed* to make records."

"Why were you given your particular style?"

"That the amount of talent Jah bless me with."

"Why do you think Jah blessed you with that amount of talent?"

"Me no know. You 'ave to ask Jah. Cos it 'im that make the decision. 'Im pick me as a honest mam and not as a braggart. Because for me to be a braggart in my position would be terrible. And 'Im really make a man feel it. So 'E must know."

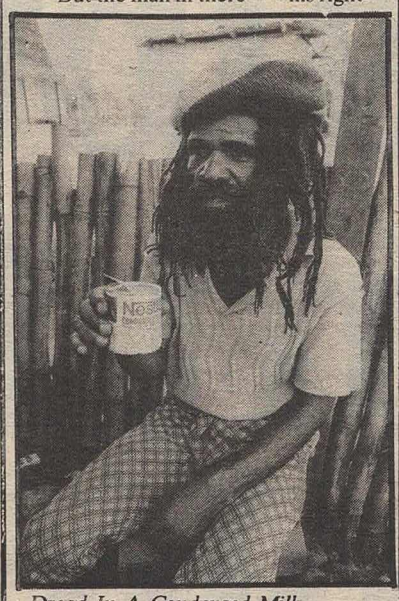
"True," nods John Wakelin.

Scratch: "Them very hard question you ask me."

"True," nods John Wakelin.

Scratch stretched his arms in the air above his head and speaks in the loud quiet tones of someone allowing another into his confidence: "I am just the man, y'know. Just the man playing the part.

"But the man in there" — his right



Dread In A Condensed Milk.

forefinger prods his own chest — "The inner man you can't see, because I can tell you anything but you don't know what I say behind your back. So you must check the inner man. *That* is the man. Y'unnerstand?"

But, as Winston Rodney pointed out to me, Jamaica is now on the verge of being a young man — and I've checked its soul to the greatest of my abilities and not found it lacking. Superficially, though, one can see that everywhere strikes are breaking out, extreme foreign exchange restrictions have been introduced and communications appear to be breaking down. Whether it may comes from the left or the right the time seems certainly ripe for dramatic change. Scratch, though, is not convinced: "Well, me see same things happening all over the world.

"Most people itemize on Jamaica because it is one of the greatest countries in the world — where all the great people rest. So," he leans over towards me, "there must be a reason why so many people look on Jamaica and check Jamaica.

"Check it out if you want to know The Truth, man. Me say you are very lucky to be here. Look at other parts of the world where people take heroin, people take this, people take that, people make bombs, people make guns. Jamaica never do that: Jamaica not make guns, not make heroin.

"All we plant is Cally weed and smoke it. And gain knowledge. And ask Jah to guide us.

"But check all them nasty thing that man make: them stink out their country," he laughs. "Learn that: when Rastafari speak dig it. Not true?

"Ask me any question you like. The simplest."

"Where did you get your hat?"

"A friend gave it to me. Right here."

"It's very good. I like these hats."

Scratch nods: "It's one of the best hats I ever have. When I see it I think 'Oh! *What* a lovely hat!' Then I realize that the man bring it for me. You dig me? Because 'e didn't have to bring it for me. But 'e *did* have to bring the hat for me. His spirit told him to bring the hat for me. This hat belongs to *me, that's* why it fits me so much. Ha-ha-ha-ha-. This hat designed specially for me.

"That's reality, man, dig it," he laughs loudly again. "It's true. Yeah, I feel in a way it's true: Jah did make that man go and pick up that hat and say 'I'm taking it to Lee Perry'. He give it to me as a present. That's a favour God does to people who obey him."

God gives things to people, huh?

"No. Jah not give *things* to people. Him give the whole world to people and then 'Im disappear."

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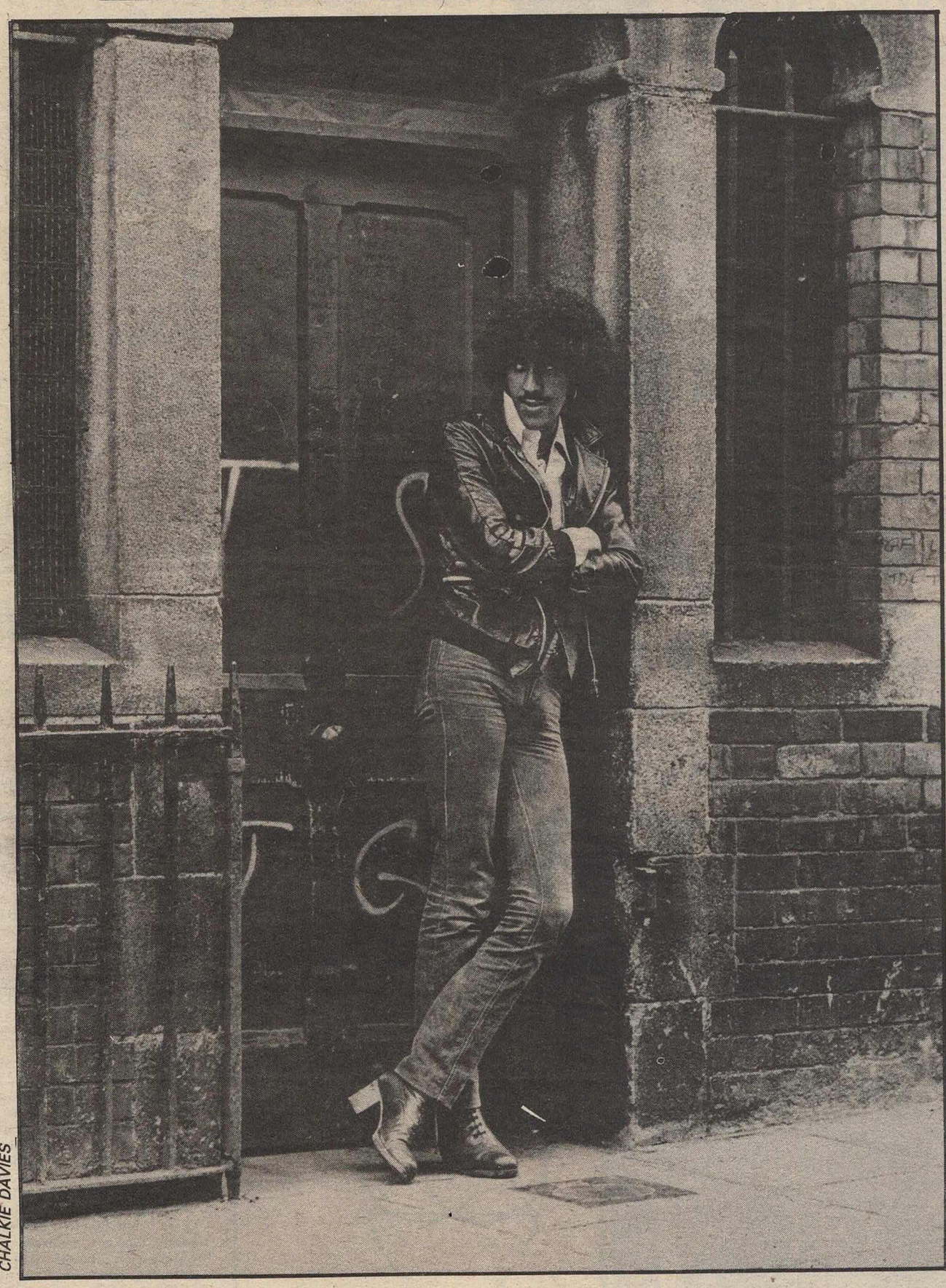


CHALKIE DAVIES

LIVE, DANGEROUS, AND AS HOT AS IT GETS

THIN LIZZY
Live And Dangerous (Vertigo)

AH NOW, this — *this* is a little more like it!

Not only is this, the eagerly awaited Lizzy double live album, easily the best live rock album since the Feelgoods' "Stupidity", but it almost single-handedly vindicates that hoariest battering ram of currrent rock crit cliche razor-jobs: the trouncing of the live double album package.

Because "Live And Dangerous" is the *goods* — that thrilling aural documentary that not only captures all the muscle, dynamism, cut and thrust and gorgeous brainplate scouring of being right there on the spot, but also — infinitely more exciting — one of those oh-so-precious 'live' albums that captures rock action at its purest, most senses-pillaging transcendant ascendant — thus joining a lofty pantheon shared only by the likes of the Stones' "Get Your Ya Yas" *(not* their "Love You Live" set), Jerry Lee Lewis' "Greatest Show On Earth" and Dylan Albert Hall tapes.

"Live And Dangerous" is in fact a near-perfect statement of intent by what is right now the best hard rock band in the world. It's certainly the band's finest recording yet — mating most of their finest songs with that positively lethal style of firepower hyper-drive they've mastered from years of amping it out and honing it all down to the needle-point, jugular-stab passion-shots that have in turn made them the audacously fine live band they are.

The ingredients are easy enough to divine: a rock-steady, granite-like anchor of a rhythm section providing a deadly pulse for the finest twin lead guitar duo *ever* (so good these days they cut even the legendary Duane Allman / Dicky Betts pairing of aeons past to shreds) . . .

But that's only half the story if that. The real Lizzy ace up the sleeve is the material. Phil Lynott is a superb rock and roll songwriter, matching consistently rivetting chord progressions — these the perfect epic sequences for the Robertson / Gorham gymnastics — that often borrow from classic hard rock and heavy metal riffing but have a classilly disarming twist to them, an edge that bites like a rabid dog, matching them to lyrics that while hardly 'profound' still possess an agreeably florid romantic pitch.

Plus Lynott is a dynamic singer. Comparisons with Springsteen have often been made, but I've always believed that Lynott has outclassed the latter as a vocalist to the point where his self-assertive dynamism (which consistently helps transcend the often dubious aspects in his 'narrative' lyrics and particularly the jive boy, semi-obnoxious braggadoccio stance so noticeable in, say, "The Rocker") has made Springsteen's style of earnest, deep throated vocalese sound positively leaden by comparison.

OK, so the ingredients have been acknowledged — now to the product boasting their presence. "Live And Dangerous" has three sides of dazzling tour de force hard rock that never, never lets up for a second: hard rock that stands as the very epitome of the term. The all-important stationing of the mobile sound studio is perfect (a factor so, so many other bands recording live fail to even take into consideration) so that the full muscle of the band is there, flexing out superb performance after superb performance — and you're there between them and the audience. The whole experience takes on all the potency of An Event as well.

The pacing of the repertoire is also superb. From the opening cut and thrust of "Jailbreak" through the heroics of "Emerald", the irrepressible swagger of "Southbound" and side one's imperious rock-out of Bob Seger's "Rosalie", there are no gaps, no fillers (just the goods delivered and performed in definitively fine fettle.

Side two takes care of the business with a spry reading of "Dancing In The Moonlight" before Lizzy's rock warrior stance is given full-throttle vent with "Massacre" and a passionate, affectingly sensitive rendition of "Still In Love With You", where Brian Robertson's guitar solo demonstrates all the grace, grandeur and melodious panache that other, infinitely more prestigious players (and here I'm thinking of Jimmy Page, in particular) simply don't supply. A sly, sleazy version of "Johnny The Fox" leaps out with impish sure-footedness in every bar.

Events reach a peak on side three, which stands in toto as being as gorgeous a celebration of hard rock heroism as I can recall. "Cowboy Song" starts off with a deftly inimitable sway that just *wills* you to be moved, sweeping off as it does with a slice of audience participation that never gets out of hand — and, just as the song's about to end, there's a sudden magic chord before the band storm into "The Boys Are Back In Town". It's such a damned exhilarating moment that it defies mere description (as do all the true rock epiphanies); you just feel it thrashing your pleasure centres into shreds.

But even after this spine-snapping thrill, the fireworks are not yet even halfway over, as only two seconds after "Boys" concludes, the Lizzies blitzkrieg into "Don't Believe A Word" and it sounds — God — even better. "Warriors" is up next, a new song in "Are You Ready?" which thunders along like God himself setting up shop for the apocalypse, and the listener has been repeatedly KO'd into the kind of frenzy that is the very essence of rock mania. A savage concoction, all told.

Unfortunately side four chalks up a few minus dockets, these due to the implementation of (a) one fairly duff song in "Suicide", (b) Sha La La", a piece that concedes to some of the tiresome ploys — extended solos et al — that the band have elsewhere so staunchly stayed clear of, thereby granting the preceding sides such a corporate ferocity, and (c) "Baby Drives Me Crazy", little more than an excuse for tedious audience rabble-rousing with nothing of any musical merit to back it up.

But even when you've decided that this is only 75% proof killer and that side four *is* a turkey, the band abruptly belt into a finale of "The Rocker", performing this classic with such unrelenting locomotion that it virtually obliterates the trace of all that immediately went before. And you're right back in the throes of the mania that kept you entranced on that stupendous third side. God knows, this band is nothing if not irrepressible and to pour more superlatives on the fire would be, to say the least, redundant.

One important point though — Lizzy are now easily the best mainstream hard rock band, as I've said, in the world and this is the clincher. This band should be huge — not merely big but HUGE — because they have more power in one bass pedal than all the other geriatric behemoths who are currently shifting platinum like we shit beans.

It's not merely the new wave onslaught we should be concerned with — but also getting Lizzy up there to give the likes of Led Zeppelin, and the Stones even, a kick off the pedestal.

Meanwhile "Live And Dangerous" is as hot as they come, and as hot as it gets. Lizzy have always played like warriors and this is an album made by heroes.

For your listening pleasure. What more could you possibly ask for?

Nick Kent

JOHN HALL
John Hall (Asylum)

THE FORMERLY reputable Mr. Hall leaves his hometown, moves on up the West Coast and books in at the Hotel Catatonia.

I was never quite ignited by his previous outfit Orleans, though they were classy enough, on the sharp edge of mellow with the comparable summertime waywardness of a Twilley or Kihn. Last year's "Before The Dance" showed them edging into the playlist of superior FM — not so dreary or dreamy as the usual nose-bag shuffle.

But this solo album could be the work of people born with a silver spoon in the nostril. That some of the assembled cast are extremely capable musicians only nags my sensitivity further. Joe Sample, Wilton Felder, Steve Gadd, Chuck Rainey, Bill Payne and even God save his soul, Lowell George. What you get is whitewashed music so 'pleasant' and 'listenable' it practically evaporated. It makes David Soul's last single seem positively dangerous.

Maybe he needed a band to keep him even; here he seems to have fallen prey to the MOR influences of his wife Johanna, who contributes all the rilly groo-vay lyrics. "Advice & Consent: Johanna Jall" it sez on the cover. How *nice*. The mental chemistry rarely rises above the average: *'Come on now people trust yo'self you, you got to, someday, got to trust . . . '."*

Go with the effluence.

The musicians are given no chance to juggle around the themes and motifs (as if they cared). They lay back and fall off the stool. A wallet or two gets bruised. Pristine, slow/mid tempo, sterilized harmonies, obligatory sunshine solos — you probably get them in supermarkets in LA.

We watch the break of day, mess around wit' the wrong woman, don't let anyone tell us what to do, generally voyage through life in general. Genuinely. Oh, and there's a lovely picture of Carly & James in matching white baggy trousers. File under FM: 'For Me' . . .

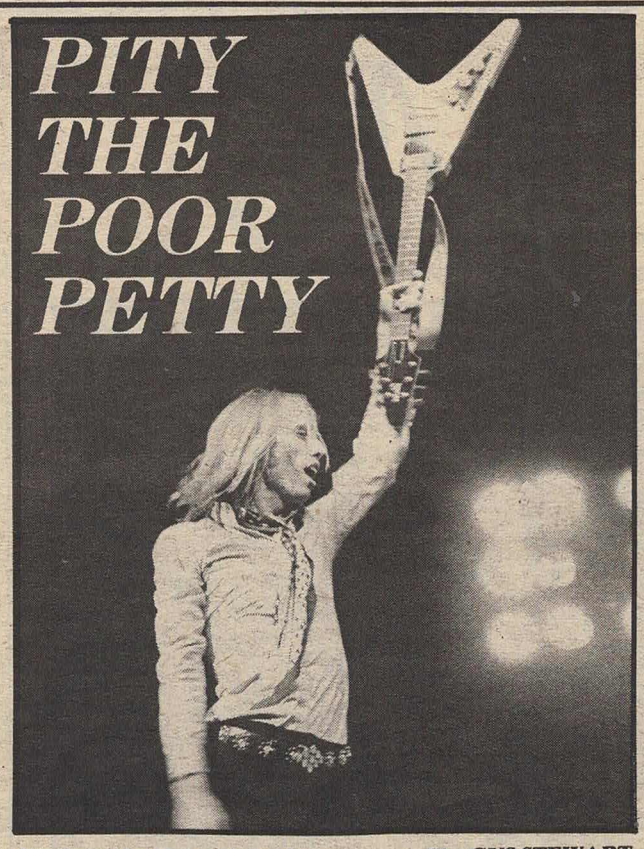
Ian Penman

TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
You're Gonna Get It (Shelter/Island)

SO MUCH has happened over the last 18 months that many bands can only hope to have *enjoyed* their statutory 15 minutes of fame before disappearing without disturbing the dust.

Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers' impressive debut was released just in time to make its presence felt over 1976's Christmas festivities. When you consider that same season is one when all the heavies are out in force pitching for attention, then an album has to offer something extra-special to get noticed.

Such was the promise of the first album that it spawned two British chart singles — "Anything That's Rock 'n' Roll" and "American Girl" — and promptly put the group under starter's orders as potentially one of America's strongest new pop-rock acts both on record and in person. However, due to circumstances never fully explained, little has been heard of the group since. As it turns out, such a lack of continuity so early in their career hasn't worked to Petty's and band's advantage.



Yes, Tom, it all points down *Pic: GUS STEWART*

It's often said that one should never expect more than three or, if you're lucky, four outstanding tracks from any album these days. And that's about all that this second album has to offer. Furthermore, two of these tracks — "I Need To Know" (their current 45) and "Listen To Her Heart" — are instantly recognisable as being an integral part of the set with which they first toured the UK. It's these two titles, together with "You're Gonna Get It", "Hurt" and "Too Much Ain't Enough" with which the rest of this album has to be compared; especially; "Listen To Her Heart" — a song which, if given a more dynamic arrangement, is destined to become one of the great West Coast anthems (Byrds-influenced dept.).

Judging from the actual performance of "I Need To Know" and "Listen To Her Heart", one assumes that they were cut around the same period as the debut. I say that because for much of the time here the pent-up aggression that made Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers such a promising hot-rock combo is painfully absent.

I'm not sure of the motives behind this change in direction, but all the rough-edges have been bevelled off and the intensity tempered to give one the impression that this album has been purposely sanitized for FM-radio acceptance. Sure, on those tracks singled out for merit, the sting hasn't altogether been extracted from the tail but the penchant for romantic betrayal that made "Fooled Again (I Don't Like It)" a minor classic no longer seems to possess such a jagged edge. Similarly, the ethereal ambience of "Luna" has been discarded in favour of whimsical acoustic picking and watery mixes swimming with so many cross-currents the focus is blurred.

Whereas Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers' first studio album and their official "live" promo-only bootleg indicated that they were capable of rubbing shoulders with Elvis Costello, Thin Lizzy and Graham Parker, this new album suffers from what sounds like a lack of commitment and a poor production.

Perhaps, in the wake of their debut, I expected too much. What I do know is that Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers are capable of much better things. Anyway, four, almost five good tracks is four more than most albums have to offer.

Roy Carr

VAN HALEN
Van Halen (Warner Brothers)

A DEBUT album which has found the American Top Thirty with alarming speed, it must owe much of its success to Ted Templeman's production, which both disguises the fact that Van Halen are just another HM outfit and renders this set vaguely bearable in places.

They're a four-piece — drums, bass, guitar and vocals — but Templeman makes them sound expansive yet not

abrasive, and adds plenty of Cult-esque harmonies. However, considering that David Roth is the only one credited with vocals of any sort on the cover, one wonders who Templeman found to sing the harmonies; either he made Roth work overtime on overdubs or dragged in some session singers instead. Still, it seems certain that they can't reproduce them on stage, unlike, say, the Cult themselves.

Otherwise, it's the same old HM excess. Judging by the pictures on the cover, Roth sees himself as the new Jim Dandy, and on the record he yells, screams, and shrieks as though someone were intermittently wrenching his balls. And there isn't a track here where Edward Van Halen doesn't play guitar solos so frenetic and fatuous they make Ritchie Blackmore sound positively tasteful. Indeed, one track, mercifully short though it is, is given over entirely to one of these same solos.

But the most crushing condemnation of this album comes on the cover where, at the top of a long 'Special Thanks' list, appears the name of Gene Simmons.

Neil Peters

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IMPORTS

A YONK or two ago, a reader in Aberdeen phoned to ask if I'd heard a UA single by a band called **Airwaves.** "The Brinsleys", he said "It sounds just like something Nick Lowe might have had a hand in. Could you check the facts?"

I said that I would and grabbed the deerstalker. But only two puffs on the opium pipe and a scrape of the violin later, a copy of "New Day", an A&M album by Airwaves, was stuck right under my crooked snifter.

Back in the lab I dissected the evidence. Made at Rockfield. Three-piece — the salient components being Ray Martinez (vocals, guitars, keyboards and horns), John David (vocals, bass and keyboards) and Dave Charles (drums and percussion). Charles engineers at Rockfield, though Pat Moran, chief Budgie-minder and a fair darts player, did most of the knob-twiddling on this one. No real Brinsley connection then, though Lowe and Co were — and still are — avid Rockfieldites.

But are Airwaves any great cop, you ask? Yeah — very. Like feet-on-the-dance floor 10cc in fact. Fresh harmonies, neatly shaped songs, precise clean-as-a-whistle playing all recorded like an entry for the Eurovision Hi Fi Supershow, an event which I invented a couple of secs ago. I mean, they even process some of the vocals through an Aphex Aural Exciter — a highly vaunted presence device rentable only from the Floyd. So everything's there except a flood of paying customers. But they'll show eventually. Betcha.

Chicago have hardly been the critics' favourites in recent years — but their first 1969 double-album had cheerleaders in plenty. And now, from out of deepest nowheresville, has come a fresh reminder of that band's early and more promising era via an album titled "Chicago Transit Authority — Live". Oddly, it's not a CBS offering but one stemming from a New York label known as Magnum.

And though it's not a bootleg, there's a distinct lack of any real info to be found on the sleeve: "Toronto Rock'n'Roll Revival '69 — A Soundtrack Album" being the only lead I could locate among the small print. However, on playing, an announcement, presumably by the late Terry Kath, reveals, "We're gonna to try and do everything that's on the 'Chicago Transit Authority' album, plus some new things, because we're in the middle of doing another album" — which places the recording date with some accuracy.

And so you get concert reprises of "I'm A Man", "Liberation", "25 Or 6 To 4", "Questions", "Does Anybody Know What Time It Is", recorded in a quality which is really quite acceptable.

To wind up, I guess it's worth mentioning that **Genesis** "Live", which has been unavailable here — though it still remains in the catalogue — is around once more on German Charisma pressings. And the news that "Betty Wright Live" (Alston) and **Isaac Hayes'** "Hotbed" (Stax) are being shipped in, is guaranteed to warm the hearts of some soul freaks. But do none of you really want to know about "Stone Blue" (Bearsville), the new **Foghat** offering? I thought not.

Fred Dellar

STUDENTS!
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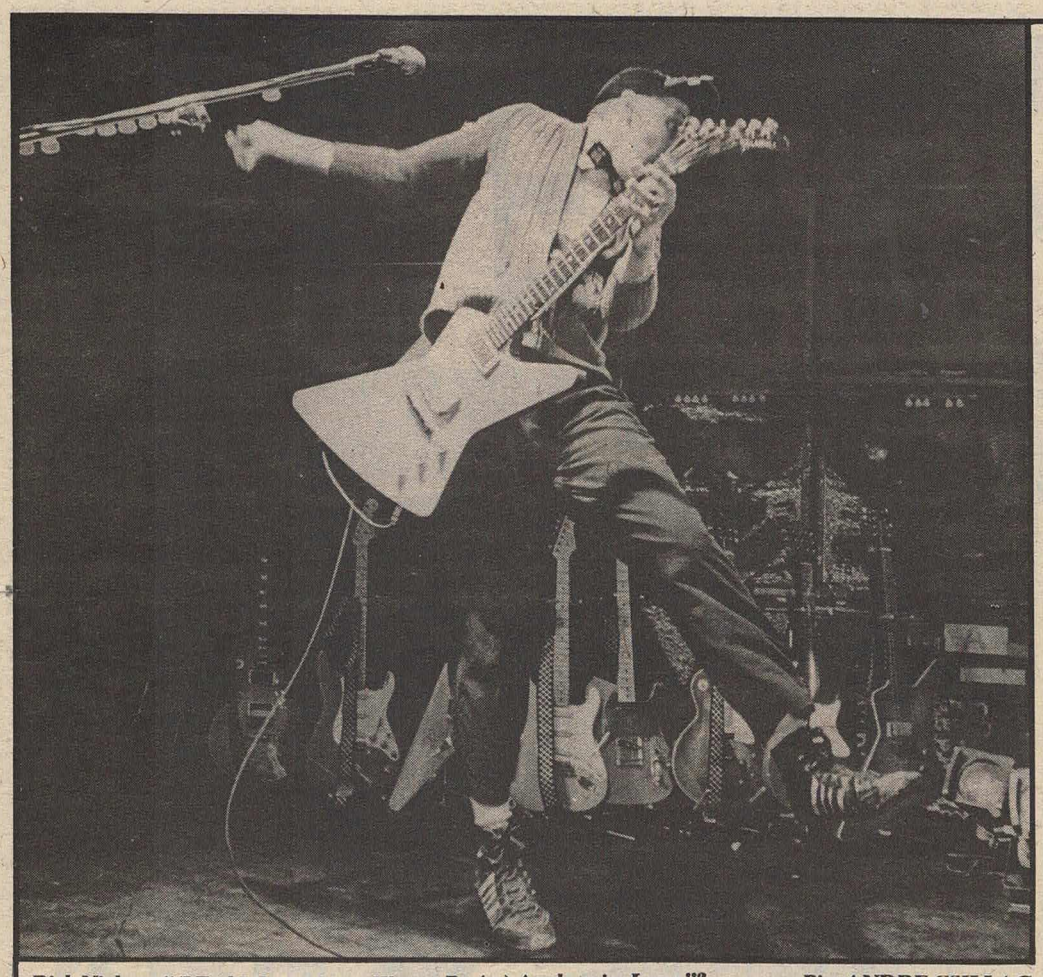


Rick Nielsen: "(I Feel Like I Almost Wanna Be An) Angle-poise Lamp"? *Pic: ANDRE CSILLAG*

Heaven On The Cheap

CHEAP TRICK
Heaven Tonight (Epic)

CRITICAL assessment of the mass recreational phenomenon better known as Cheap Trick is strangely fraught with problems — problems of perspective, objectivity and subjectivity.

When I sit down to rationally ponder this blazing noise, what emerges is a welter of HM cliches, rehashed riffs and wall-to-wall hard rock: not the sort of thing with which a creature of sophisticated appetites would normally be caught dead.

Such was my reaction to an introductory earful of Cheap Trick's last album, "In Color". And yet, intrigued by the foolishness of the cover, and dimly sensing the music's possibilities as an alternative in those moments when smashing up the furniture seems the only recourse, I bought it.

Upon a second spin, I wondered what had possessed me to buy what then sounded like an album of regurgitated Beatles licks performed by a band whose main asset seemed to be a singer who could scream in perfect pitch and whose voice was, at will, a ringer for John Lennon's.

By the third time round, the penny had dropped. The illusory nature of Cheap Trick became manifest and, in time, actually started to make sense.

Songs that sounded at first like mentally deficient one chord jams revealed themselves as multi-track extravaganzas that bent the boundaries of what is traditionally comfortable to the ears. Tunes that were infuriatingly commonplace, if not directly traceable hand-me-downs, took on a life of their own through the anti-logic of Rick Nielsen's pen. This reigning oddball's working tenets would appear to be that a good hook never dies, that you don't have to be simple to be obvious and why be symmetrical when you can be irregular?

Eagerly I sought out their first album, which took even longer to unravel due to Jack Douglas' boiler-room production, but still proved to be an eminently pleasurable experience. Anxiously I awaited this, Cheap Trick's third outing in just over 14 months, and, on the face of it, remarkably similar to its predecessor. It's produced again by Tom Werman, the band's schizophrenic image make-up is once more played on for the cover, and it's got ten songs.

But as for the inside — musically speaking, Cheap Trick have always seemed a cheeky, almost recklessly confident bunch. Here they've managed to align that audacity with a sense of purpose and inescapable musical growth and yet still sound like they had more fun making the thing than any one band could decently hope for.

The teenage dreamboat come-on suggested by the covershot of Robin Zander and Tom Petersson and the album's title is intercepted by Rick Nielsen's desire to be perverse — which means you won't find the title cut prominently placed and, when you do find it, "Heaven Tonight" turns out to be a slow tortured mocking of the state achieved by extreme drug abuse.

Another insight into the seamy side of Nielsen's psyche (or psycho) can be gleaned from "Auf Wiedersehen", a song directed towards those *"who feel life is but a joke"* (familiar, eh?) and for whom *"there is no hope"*. Ricks advice is suicide, screamed mightily in a variety of languages and synonyms by Zander, whose lightning changes of vocal timbre and expression throughout the album themselves verge on the psychotic.

As you may have noted, it's not all plain pop smooch and pulsating powerchords — the songs aren't copyrighted to Adult Music for nothing. When tackling parent problems on "Surrender" — incidentally almost all you could wish for in a great pop song — Nielsen is typically sly and slightly nuts. He first raises doubts over mom's virtue but then realises they're as hang-up ridden as he is when he finds them *"rolling on the couch, rolling numbers, with my Kiss records out."*

Many more hours of often not too clean fun are to be had with Cheap Trick.

On a musical level, Robin Zander stretches even further the possibilities of the human vocal chords, Nielsen is well into re-writing the book of blockbuster chords, and Bun E. Carlos still knows what the big beat means. The Cheap Trick sound has simply grown bigger.

This band *will* rock or be damned.

Paul Rambali

PAUL BRETT
Interlife (RCA)

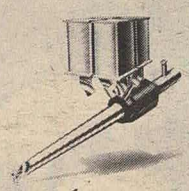
SOME MONTHS ago, Paul Brett spent six hours in a Hammersmith studio and recorded "Earth Birth", a 12-string guitar concerto, for his own label. It was, he claimed, the first part of an album trilogy.

"Ho, ho," everyone chortled, immediately placing bets that no second portion would ever find its way onto vinyl. But "Earth Birth" gained enough critical acclaim to be picked up by RCA, who later offered the South Londoner enough moolah to complete the next portion of his meisterwerk. The news is that William Hill pays out next Friday.

So much for the background story — what of the main action?

Well, I mean, a guitar suite with Oldfield sidekick Tom Newman in charge — it's gotta sound a bit like "Tubular Wotsits" ain't it? Nope — it ain't! For Brett, who on this occasion not only wields his trusty Kay 12-string ("They're only about fifty quid but I love 'em and I'd do demos in Woolies and Boots on Kay's behalf if they wanted me to"), but also employs his six-string acoustic and electric instruments, has added a tight little band — formed by Derek Austin (keyboards), Mel Collins, Steve Gregory (brass), David Griffith (string bass), DeLisle Harper (bass) and Rod Coombes (drums) — to reduce the risk of ennui.

Is it like Giltrap then? Well ... er ... sorta. Both guitarists some from the same classical gas station and have played the same circuit at one point in time. But whereas Giltrap has been predominantly a solo folk performer (all right, I *know* he played with Accolade), Brett has spent much of his time in such bands as Arthur Brown's, Sage and Velvet Opera. So his rural scenes come edged with barbed wire fences and his hedgerows often just serve to



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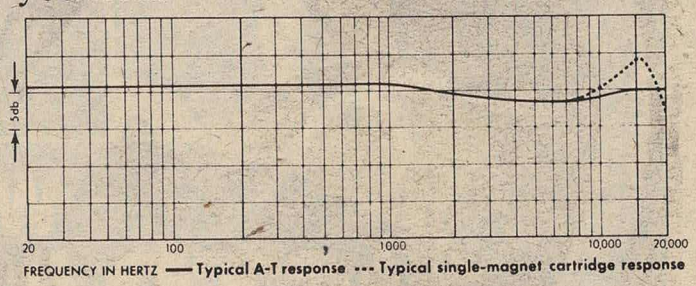

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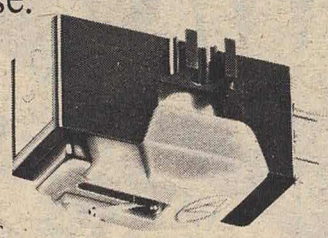
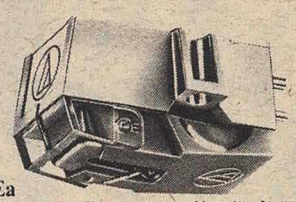


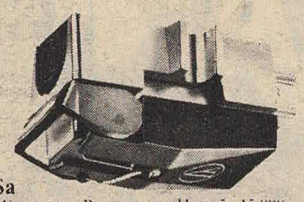
AT11E

Frequency Response	(Hz):	15-25,000
Channel Separation	(1KHz):	21
Channel Balance	(dB):	1.5
Stylus Tip Size	(mm):	.4 × .7 elliptical
Tracking Force	(gms):	1½-2½



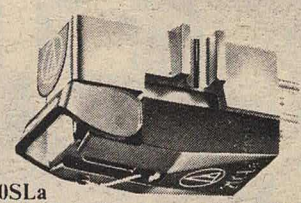
AT13Ea

Frequency Response	(Hz):	10-30,000
Channel Separation	(1KHz):	25
Channel Balance	(dB):	1.0
Stylus Tip Size	(mm):	.2 × .7 nude elliptical
Tracking Force	(gms):	¾-1¼



AT15Sa

Frequency Response	(Hz):	5-45,000
Channel Separation	(1KHz):	25 minimum
Channel Balance	(dB):	1.5
Stylus Tip		Shibata
Tracking Force	(gms):	1-2



AT20SLa

Frequency Response	(Hz):	5-50,000
Channel Separation	(1KHz):	25 minimum
Channel Balance	(dB):	1.0
Stylus Tip		Shibata
Tracking Force	(gms):	1-2

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provide cover for musical tanks.

However, though Brett's technique is eminently showcased, the album in toto is simple and melodic and I can understand why Newman has gone on record as saying that "Interlife" is a more commercial proposition than either "Tubular Bells" or "Hergest Ridge". And while it's doubtful that it really is destined for the sort of kudos afforded those Virginal monsters, I suspect Brett's second excursion into the world of instrumental long-play could attract a lot of takers. More power to his plectrum.

Fred Dellar

PLANET GONG
Live Floating Anarchy 1977 (Charly)

A POORLY recorded live album which sounds like a bunch of Hawkwind out-takes circa "Silver Machine", complete with inane cosmic chants and pathetic philosophising.

Planet Gong, see, reckon Floating Anarchy *"is the only way to be"* and, as such, the answer to all our problems. Precisely what Floating Anarchy is, however, they fail to say. Answers on a postcard, please to The There And Then Band, Planet Gong, Time Warp '67.

What really surprises me about this album, though, is that the crows actually bother to applaud at the end of each track.

Neil Peters

BLACK BEARD
Strictly Dub Wize (Tempus)

HIRSUTE-JOWLED Dennis Bovell maintains a dominant personality on the UK reggae scene.

In addition to his active role as rhythm guitarist with Matumbi, he also accomplishes ubiquitous service in the capacity of sessioner and songwriter for lesser-known talents, and remains in constant demand as one of the country's most prolific reggae engineers.

Between whiles, he has managed production of "Strictly Dub Wize" — "a collection of my own music, mixed the way that I prefer" — with some help from Matumbi compatriots, Jah Bunny, Fergus and Bagga: a nine-track bass and drum excursion of idiomatic technique.

The topside is the mellower of the pair. It contains a flying-cymbal style extravaganza with "Ites Of Dub", which track also sustains a bass riff of compelling variety; a pronounced snare workout on "Cut After Cut"; and pianoled "Rebel Chase" — originally released in its vocal entirity as "Run Rasta Run" by Black Beard's pseudonymic African Stone group — also the album's best track.

Side two is distinguished by dubs of busier, more frenetic approach, particularly the title track and "Mint Ah Music". My own personal weakness on the side is for "Ska-Be-Doo-Za", would you believe a reggaefied variation on "Surrey With The Fringe On Top" via *Oaklahoma!*

Mildly entertaining studio dilettantism from Bovell, although "Ah Who Seh? Go Deh!" still proves his superior achievement in this field. Myself, I'm curious to hear the long-awaited new Matumbi vocal set, apparently due for EMI release this summer.

Penny Reel

DARTS
Everyone Plays Darts (Magnet)

FROM THE opening Ba-boom-boom bass line vocal intro on "Boy From New York City", their total assurance and complete command of their chosen medium is infectiously plain — Darts give good doo-wop.

But that's not all, far from it. There's enough variety on "Everyone Plays Darts" to please all the teds'n' kids'n'grannies and enough of an improvement on the debut album (itself fairly neat) to serve notice on us all that they will be in the double-tops flight for some time.

The broadness of their appeal has been long evident — watch the feet tap and the fingers pat any time one of their hits comes on the pub juke box, even the landlord's — and I've never heard a positively negative remark concerning their stunning stage shows, but now they prove they can cut it at 33⅓, too.

Like the dancing, they keep the tomfoolery to a bare minimum on record, happy to put in jokes discreetly, where warranted. Producers Tommy Boyce and Richard Hartley may have had a hand there, though the intricate vocal arrangements are worked at thoroughly by the singers themselves.

And they're all in grand voice, Griff, Bob, Mad Den and, particularly Rita. She's come on a treat since the Rocky Sharpe days, gaining in confidence all the while, and sounds right foxy on "Make It" (the mama-mama-mama-mama-mow-mow show stopper).

The band — let's not forget the band — are little short of wonderful, with twin Mr Dependables drummer Dummer and bassist Thump providing bollock-solid backing for the fancy footwork of Horace, Hammy and M. Currie. They're never out of line, though; no empty clever-clever flash.

Currie's spicey guitar forays are as well integrated as every other finely-honed component, whether he's doing pitter-patter cascades or basic J. Cash-like rumblings. Horace's sax work? Well, he's a bit of a star, isn't he? I'm just amazed at his unflagging ability to regulate his hot honking horn farts in tune with all the oooh-ahs. As Cliff White said last week, a lad to watch very closely.

As for Profssor Howell, he plays as sweet as he smiles, in a world of his own as he bashes the ivories prestissimo and tootley, like three different geezers at the keyboard — Liberace, Russ Conway and Victor Borge, to be precise. Trouble is, Hammy wants to be another Ashkenazy and go back to college. Fool! Anyway, the net result of all this well-in-check freneticism is real mono-chrome, neon-light stuff, but the right side of sleaze.

The songs themselves — whether they're originals or written 25 years ago I'll leave to the matrix freaks and train spotters (just remember that about half their set *is* original) — mainly pertain to those amusingly problematical adolescent relationships and the pains incurred thereof: chilled spines; broken hearts; wet cheeks, etc.

Highlights? Lots. But especially the three-in-a-bed on side two: "My True Story" (featuring Griff's horribly apt teen-lustful, glassy-eyed voice), "Late For Work" (featuring much larks with the vocal and sax circus charts and a rather lewd comment from Den on the fade) and the bouncy "Bones", far and away the best B-side released this year (it's on "Boy From New York City").

All in all, the most enjoyment I've had in a long while, second only to Steve Coppell's sweetly struck winner against those dirty Scottish gits last Saturday. (Thump, Currie and Darts' rude roadies are inveterate Scotsmen, the kind who sneer at English football, and wanted their current tour programme to be black-bordered in recognition of the fact that Darts are on the road throughout the televising of the World Cup.)

It's the perfect soundtrack for the way we would all like things to be if only the future wasn't what it used to be. In grimy, graffiti-scarred streets, Darts manage to straddle the sunny side without appearing contrived or silly. Optimism can be fun.

Hey! A whole Darts review without once metioning Leicester City supporters!

Monty Smiff

Los Dartos in Las Palmas Pic: TOM SHEEHAN

ENGLAND 1 SCOTLAND 0

JAPAN

ADOLESCENT SEX

"Their music is as rivetting as their stage presence, multiple shockwaves bashing the audience, depth-charged us into wild applause."
Paul Chautauqua—SOUNDS

"Since Japan's 'Adolescent Sex' came into my life it has scarcely been off my turntable. By the time it was finally scraped off, both me and the stereo began to suffer withdrawal symptoms. It has graduated to a five star work of art, and for a debut release from a band it's a masterpiece."
Kelly Pike—RECORD MIRROR

"The band, y'see, played remarkably well – in fact I found them a darn sight better than Blue Oyster Cult."
"Certainly I reckon that the band's premier album 'Adolescent Sex', is by far the most interesting debut release from a British band so far this year."
Geoff Barton—SOUNDS

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Japan on the 2nd leg of the Blue Oyster Cult Tour

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5 SHEFFIELD City Hall

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OBTUSE OBSCURE ELLIPSE EXCUSE

Nairb One *Pic: PENNIE SMITH*

GAVIN BRYARS
The Sinking Of The Titanic (Obscure)
CHRISTOPHER HOBBS / JOHN ADAMS / GAVIN BRYARS
Ensemble Pieces (Obscure)
BRIAN ENO
Discreet Music (Obscure)
DAVID TOOP / MAX EASTLEY
New And Rediscovered Musical Instruments (Obscure)
JAN STEELE / JOHN CAGE
Voices And Instruments (Obscure)
MICHAEL NYMAN
Decay Music (Obscure)
PENGUIN CAFE ORCHESTRA
Music From The Penguin Cafe (Obscure)
HAROLD BUDD
The Pavillion Of Dreams (Obscure)

THE RE-ISSUE of the original catalogue (plus one) of the Obscure label, 1976-1978- ?

Aesthetic similarities? The inclusion of, where necessary, exhaustive sleeve notes; sometimes witty, neither obtuse nor pretentious, unfailingly informative. Also, all feature variations on the same cover artwork.

Also, more central, all feature variations on the same motivating idea: *approach* in music, whether you are involved in making it, or listening to it. As sunlight plays on water, so the music here plays (relies) on the relative receptivity (density?) of the listener for full realisation; in certain cases this may even involve the indifference of the listener. Echoes, refractions and so on.

Eno, as ever, politely chucking stones at the glass-house idea (1)s we cling to: the prevalence of (structural) compromise, both in the making of and response to contemporary music. The reviews which follow are necessarily determined in their scope by problems of space; they are intended only to be the briefest of summations and in certain cases borrow much from the aforementioned sleeve notes.

"The Sinking Of The Titanic": as the Titanic falls slowly into the North Atlantic, the ship's band ceaselessly perform a requested hymn. Their music is preserved by the "sound-efficient medium of water", endlessly fading away until such time as the Titanic is refloated and the music "returns to its previous acoustic state".

This cycle is re-enacted by a string ensemble; embellishments include the tune of a child's music box reportedly played in a lifeboat. Melancholic, dense, cutting into our everyday perception of sound as something all too transient.

"Jesus' Blood Never Failed Me Yet" is side two: a tape loop of an old tramp's (sober) rendition of the hymn is gradually overlaid, one instrument at a time, by a restrained chamber orchestra. Tender, low-life-light music, almost religious, almost a Beckett fusion of tragedy and comedy.

"Ensemble Pieces": Hobbs / Adams / Bryars individually and collectively. Music deceptively simple by virtue of the widespread conventions utilised: by turns Balinese, traditional Scottish and Duke Ellington.

Sly juxtapositions: the solemn "Christian Zeal And Activity" cut by a US radio phone-in flare-up on religion; "1, 2, 1-2-3-4" has ten musicians listening to ten cassette machines and each reacting, playing along with only his / her tape. The result is eerie, more "disciplined' than you expect, sounding somewhat like Can playing Joe Loss.

"Discreet Music": His Master's Revox. Eno's sensual, alien Muzak. Eno: "For me it's the favourite of my own records ..." Enough said?

"New And Rediscovered Musical Instruments": Eastley uses deliberately simple 'instruments' — all of which function within a natural context, manipulated by the wind or (flow) motion of water. Music from within the environment to operate within your environment.

Of Toop's three pieces, "The Divination Of The Bowhead Whale" is the most successful ("concerning pitch as a function of time"). As with Eastley, a Zen approach — silences play an integral part in composition.

"Voices And Instruments": Jan Steele's groupings offer a "quiet, repetitive form of improvised rock-based music". Reminds you of Slapp Happy, or Henry Cow without the pomp and circumstance. The considered, unhurried tempo hypnotises. Nice atonalities. The John Cage interpretations are indispensable. Folks diverted by Bowi/eno's widescreen instrumentals and vocal abstractions should purchase this. Carla Bley and Robert Wyatt participate.

"Decay Music": exercises in (for want of a better phrase) transcendental Muzak; transcending the superficialities of the genre. (New genre defined by "Discreet Music"). Mood-ring modulation, deteriorating from low level insidiousness to inaudibility, from 'discreet' to 'decay'. A rage of diminishing reinstatement ...

"Music From The Penguin Cafe": matching modes? Idiosyncrasies of leader Simon Jeffes' experimental music background delightfully, thoroughly merged with well-distilled 'rock' (minus show-biz) elements. Lyrical, soft yet precise structures. Very English, very well-traced, alluding to the gentle, implacable, emotive spirit of Slapp Happy or Matching Mole. Deserves your attention, etc.

"The Pavillion Of Dreams": an articulate, flowing integration of Jazz, Classical, and (subconsciously) Experimental. Ethereal ebb and flow of chorus, harp and electric piano on "Madrigals Of The Rose Angel", the divinely religious late-night mists of "In The Name Of God, The Beneficent, The Merciful" with Marion Brown on saxaphone. If you seek calm ... The first addition to the original seven albums. (Whither Obscures Eight and Nine?)

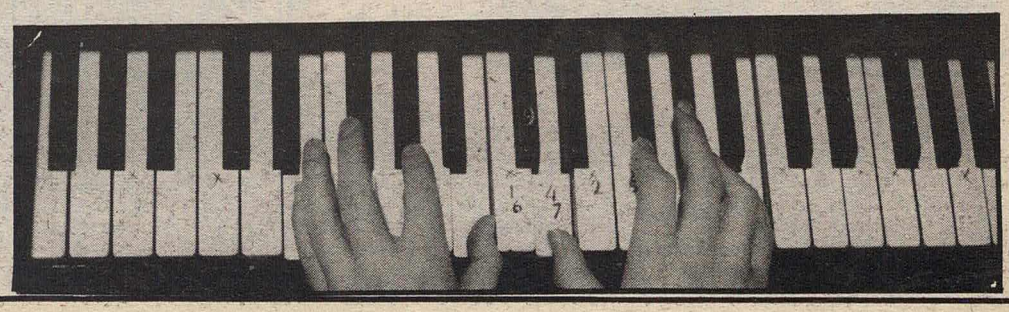
There you have them. Obscure gives you the opportunity to review the play of considered incompatibilities. A light year from boogie. Like Lewis Carroll's map which just *was* the country, hill for hill, this music is its own best guide / critique.

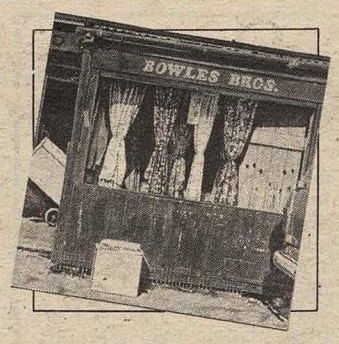
A beginner's step into the inherent paradoxes of 'experimental' music — tentative, striking, over-brimming, uncluttered, precise and, above all, emotional.

All Obscure releases retail on the pleasing side of £3. The last word goes to John Cage: "How immediately are you going to say 'Yes' to no matter what unpredictability, even when what happens seems to have no relation to what one thought was one's own commitment?"

Sounds like a Wave I used to know ...

Ian Penman





THE BOWLES BROTHERS
Roger Buys a Fridge (Decca)

A RUM business, Holmes. A group calls themselves The Bowles Brothers, with only one person named Bowles in the quintet and, unless that's a smudge on my magnifying glass, there's also a girl in there.

And were they not, if memory serves, the group who built up a strong following on the club circuit after an appearance on the late and occasionally lamented *So It Goes*, sharing the billing with those perfidious anarchists known collectively as The Sex Pistols?

Affectionately re-creating rather than parodying the doowop and scat jazz of the '30s and '40s, they've come up with an immensely enjoyable album, demonstrating that they're not simply a bandwagon band in vacuous Manhattan Transfer mould.

All the songs are self-written (apart from Cole Porter's fabulous "Just One Of Those Things") and, coupled with their infectious harmonies and stylish melodies, they're onto a winner. They bring a lyrical wit and verve (notably on "Disparate Dan") to a genre that was in danger of choking on its own nostalgia. Their light-as-air arrangements and close harmonies indicate a talent which will mature not diminish with time.

They sound more confident on the up-tempo material (particularly the reckless "Charlie's Nuts" and "Roger The Dodger") but Sue Jones-Davies, previously incarcerated in *Rock Follies*, shines on the bleak "Outside Runner".

The album also features one of the most wonderfully redundant covers ever.

Patrick Humphries

THE MARTIN DREW BAND
British Jazz Artists Vol.3 (Lee Lambert)

AS THE resident drummer at Ronnie Scott's, Martin Drew gets about a bit, and has lent his powerful support to numerous American guests as well as fuelling Ronnie's own combo.

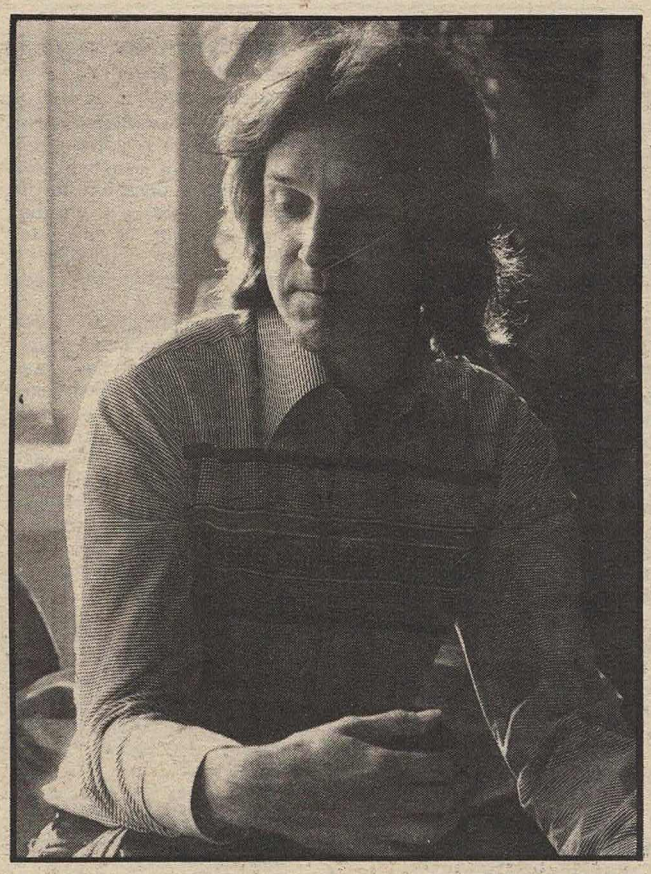
He's not a flashy, primadonna drummer, but he'll always be indelibly linked in my memory with the big relieved grin that spread over tenorman Johnny Griffin's map as Martin sat in and raised the game in an otherwise lard-arsed rhythm section.

In no sense a showcase, this album displays the drummer's selfless group playing with a bunch of good old dependables. On numbers like the frolicking "No More Blues" his playing has a light yet relentless drive, and his rolling solo on the snare has the kind of bounce and weight that great chefs build into steak-and-kidney pud. His brushwork in the languorous "Child Is Born" shows that a once-neglected aspect of the craft still thrives.

Everybody plays well, with bassist Ron Mathewson in stunning form on "Sound Down" with that deep, rich, sonorous tone. Brian Smith and John Taylor play soul on "Easy Life", positively garlic Latin on "Another Star". Vibist Bill Le Sage — there's a veteran Be-Bopper for ya — did the arrangements and presents a quarter of a century of chops every chime.

Not an innovative record, and not intended to be, but a fine testimony to the taste and musicality of the home-grown product.

Brian Case



Ray Davies *Pic: PENNIE SMITH*

Live Some, Lose Some

THE KINKS
Misfits (Arista)

KINKS KULTISTS of the '70s nervously await each Kinks presentation with a guarded mixture of fear and anticipation.

They anxiously dream of the sunny afternoon when Raymond Douglas Davies will be "back on top again", yet they genuinely wonder if the dream can once more become reality.

They *believe* that at any given moment he will match the compelling charm and dizzying champagne heights of "Lola", will recreate the exquisite, dazzling sapphire blue of "Celluloid Heroes", and they *sympathize* when they must settle for whisky and soap operas instead.

Davies, though, like Townshend, seldom rests peacefully, it seems — and when he does, it's only for a recuperative intermission.

Last year's "Sleepwalker" was perhaps such a respite. It was a surprisingly becalming and delightfully delicate album overall, and one which the kultist couldn't help but notice was strangely curbed with respect to the quirky Ray Davies persona, save for his familiar self-effacement on "Life On The Road" and his standard serio-comic overtones in "Life Goes On".

And so now on "Misfits" Ray Davies, a man perhaps resentful, frustrated and unsatisfactorily teased once again by the carrot of "almost-success", has fully reverted to his old analytical and cynical, sardonic and "wittiful", outsider and pitiful self. The album's very title denotes a mistaken, misshapen and misunderstood outlook as vividly as his sceptical, upturned eye on the distorted front cover.

"Misfits", in other words, is vintage Kinks with Davies whining, pining, shining, and maligning away in tones of courtly humility and sincere superiority about his favourite and inescapable subjects: losers; little men; dedicated followers; fashion; the crowd; the mundane; fantasy; escape; rock and roll; life.

"Misfits" itself is a moving acoustic-based ballad that flows smoothly under the gentle, tender propulsion of breathy evocative singing, quaint synthesizers and universal lyrics: *"You had your chance in your day / Yet you threw it all away / Now you're lost in the crowd / Yet still you go your own way."*

In contrast "Get Up" begins dynamically with electric Dave and acoustic Ray teaming up in style reminiscent of the beginning of "Tommy". Davies' voice stretches and twists admirably but the chorus and wishy-washy arrangement wear thin.

The pages between these bookends likewise leave some similar doldrums in their wake. The serious whimsy of "Black Messiah" reels campishly with the boozy jazz and vaudeville Davies is so fond of, but the song lectures too much. So does "Live Life", a pulsating rocker that waxes like "Education" on "Schoolboys" and sports acidic self-quoting words: *"Weekend revolutionaries protest and sing / Because they're dedicated followers of any old thing."*

Better moments are provided by three lighthearted and heavyhanded excursions into the lives of Davies' infamous "ordinary people". "Hay Fever" jaunts jovially by, a lamentable tale of a poor soul's allergic reaction to his girls, utilising a simple synthesiser flourish to ape the song's flippant "Acute Schizophrenia Paranoia Blues" stance.

But of course no Kinks album is complete without a voyage or two into the promising starland of contemporary rock and roll. Here the journey is launched by "In A Foreign Land", a lively electric ditty concerning financial security and chicanery in *"the land of bananas and sand"*.

The real destination, however, is "Rock 'N' Roll Fantasy", archetypical Ray Davies. A tuneful melody, the song embodies the plain, beautiful and chilling components of every performer's hopes and fears. Possibly a minor Kinks classic, it echoes a terse chronicle of the band's long and varied career and music: *"We've been through it all yet we're still the same / And I know it's a miracle, we still go on for all we know / We might still have a way to go."*

Yes, Ray, let's hope so.

Marcus Smith

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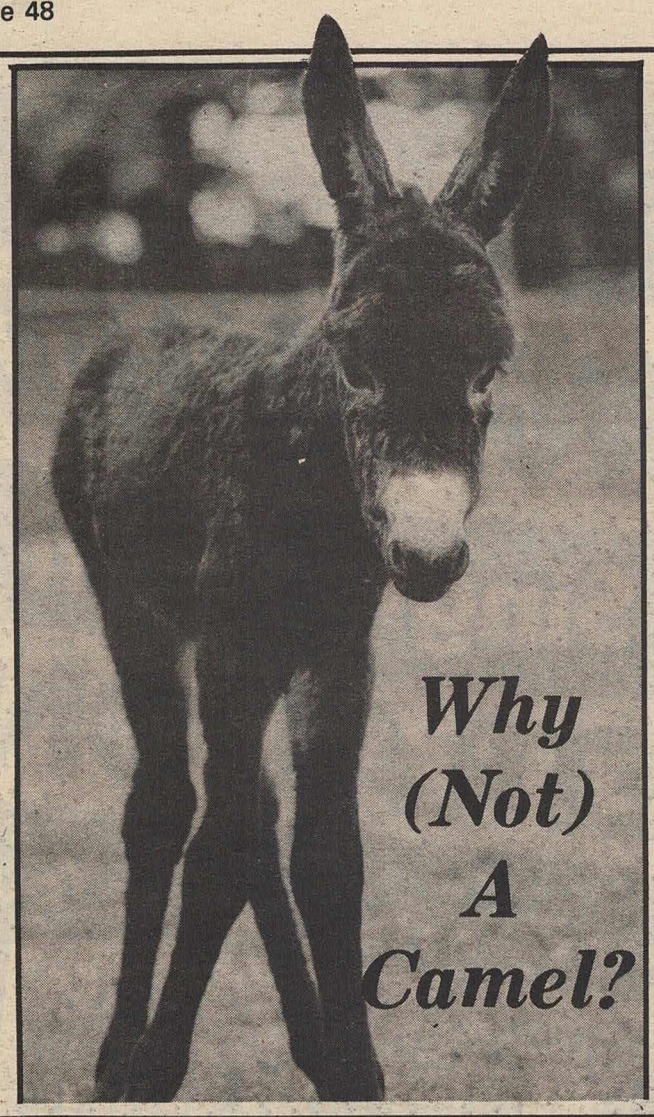


CAMEL
A Live Record (Decca)

A DASHING, appealing live double documentary of Camel's English, extreme, synthesised folk music.

Three pieces come from a tour of Britain at the end of 1977: "Never Let Go", "Song Within A Song" (recorded at the Hammersmith Odeon) and "Lunar Sea" (recorded at Bristol Colston Hall). Three pieces come from 1974: "Ligging At Louis"; "Lady Fantasy" (recorded at the Marquee) and a live performance of their very own extravaganza "The Snow Goose" with The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by David Bedford.

Camel's music is distantly rooted in folk music — melody is crucial and the *concept* of a song is a thing strictly adhered to. There's also the rock 'toughness' of the guitar and the rhythm section, always flexible enough to break away into light jazz flurries, with Peter Bardens' keyboards plastering and propping the music with crude but well balanced light and shade fills. Themes and motifs are an integral part of the music, statements between which the instruments canter, gallop or stroll energetically, pedantically and precisely.

Camel belong to that hybrid clan, although Yes and Genesis are further out on their respective limbs, whose works in years to come will be looked back on with amusement and distaste. Because it's cultureless, worthless and supremely hopeful.

Camel certainly aren't the worst exponents. The pieces on the first two sides possess an occasional earthiness, and can be 'pleasant' without being irritating, which is something. And their composition 'The Snow Goose" — in as much as such a work can be dismissed in less than a thousand words — is solid, sweet, with few lumps — like strawberry Angel Delight, though not as pink. It's not a great work; it's fair, atmospheric and consistent, but by no stretch of the imagination does it claim any place in musical history.

Ultimately, despite their perfect technical abilities, the group's stumbling block is their naivety. The flawlessness, flashness and tightness of the music can easily overwhelm the basic immaturity of the constituents. Camel, again typically for this loose, inprecise hybrid music, are like gifted children: writing a novel with superb prose, taut plot manipulation but possessing no experience of an outside world, so therefore unconvincing.

Camel *can't* convince. There is always the feeling something is missing. Experience, perhaps?

Paul Morley

THE ISLEY BROTHERS
Showdown (Epic)

"SHOWDOWN" is not, as the title of its associated single "Take Me To The Next Phase", might seem to indicate — a radical departure for the Isleys. Rather, it's a further honing down of the style they've been peddling to enormous success these past few years.

Unlike numerous established acts (black and white), The Isley Brothers have steadfastly refused to move nearer and nearer the middle of the road with each successive release. Instead they've actually moved away from MOR, hardening their music and often stripping it down to a backbone of hard funk.

True, the Isley's ballad style is still in evidence on "Showdown" with, say, the gossamer grace of "Groove With You", the much-touted brother Ernie proving he's equally able to be as he is to be flash, but it's the Isley's command of hyper-funk which dominates "Showdown."

Riffs that in less skilled hands would be simply mundane are transformed into workouts of a high cogency by the Isley's prowess as musicians and songwriters; they know all about melody and how it use it. The Isleys have always believed in simplicity, and throughout the album they keep the arrangements uncluttered yet interesting. "Showdown" itself, along with "Take Me To The Next Phase", is particularly outstanding.

The title cut is a masterly display of restrained power. The Isleys hit the perfect dance tempo with admirable effortlessness. Talk about control. The changes are exquisite, and despite its considerable length "Showdown" doesn't outstay its welcome.

If, like me, you thought the Isleys were merely content to make albums that stuck rigidly to formula, "Showdown" will prove you wrong.

Steve Clarke

THE JAMES COTTON BAND
High Energy (Buddah)

"ROCK AND roll, it ain't no news. It ain't nothing but the boogie woogie blues." So sings James Cotton in a confident growl, implying that the many and various parts of the blues-/rhythm/soul tradition all share a fundamental oneness.

Cotton, mentioned in despatches and recipient of a long service medal with Muddy Waters' band of the late '50s and early '60s, has packed up a suitcase full of harps, and taken that old Highway 61 back down south, all the way from Chicago right down to New Orleans where the dancing is so different, and there he's met up with the big chiefs of New Orleans soul; James Booker on piano, Allen Toussaint and Marshall Sehorn producing. Wardell Quezergue turns out not to be a Toltec legend and does the arrangements. Much travelled sessioneer Matt Murphy is thrown in for good measure.

The outcome of this conspiracy is an otherwise staple Sea-Saint production (itself no insult, considering the high standards of that studio) enlivened and given its own distinctive flavour by Cotton's harmonica playing. Make no mistakes; this is a soul album, but Cotton is given every opportunity to play, and he responds magnificently. Any fans of his (and on this showing he deserves a few) should be delighted with this offering — not least because of the beautiful production, which so faithfully and subtly reproduces the wide range of tone and timbre at Cotton's command. Those fans should also enjoy the novelty of his surroundings, and how he adapts without compromise.

My only complaint, more serious than it might sound, is the uniformity of pace. In the way that simple mistakes often wreak havoc, this renders some stout and hearty numbers weak and ineffective. Whichever track I play first I really enjoy; the second I like, but by the third and fourth my attention is beginning to wander.

Not to worry though. I don't imagine it ever was intended to be the kind of album you listen on headphones with the lights out. Myself, I like to put it on as I'm going about my business and let the element rhythms and the juicy harmonica brighten the atmosphere.

Alynn Williams

Chess Without Chips

THE BISHOPS
The Bishops Live! (Chiswick)

FROM THE best-looking rock band this side of The Motors . . . The Bishops' particular variety of rowdy, rumbustious R&B has always functioned best live, which is why this album cuts their studio elpee to shreds fairly effortlessly.

About three-quarters of the material has shown up on previous Bishops' recordings ("Sometimes Good Guys Don't Wear White", "I Need You", "Baby You're Wrong", "Takin' It Easy" and the sublime "Train Train") but all of 'em with the possible exception of "Train" sound a lot better here.

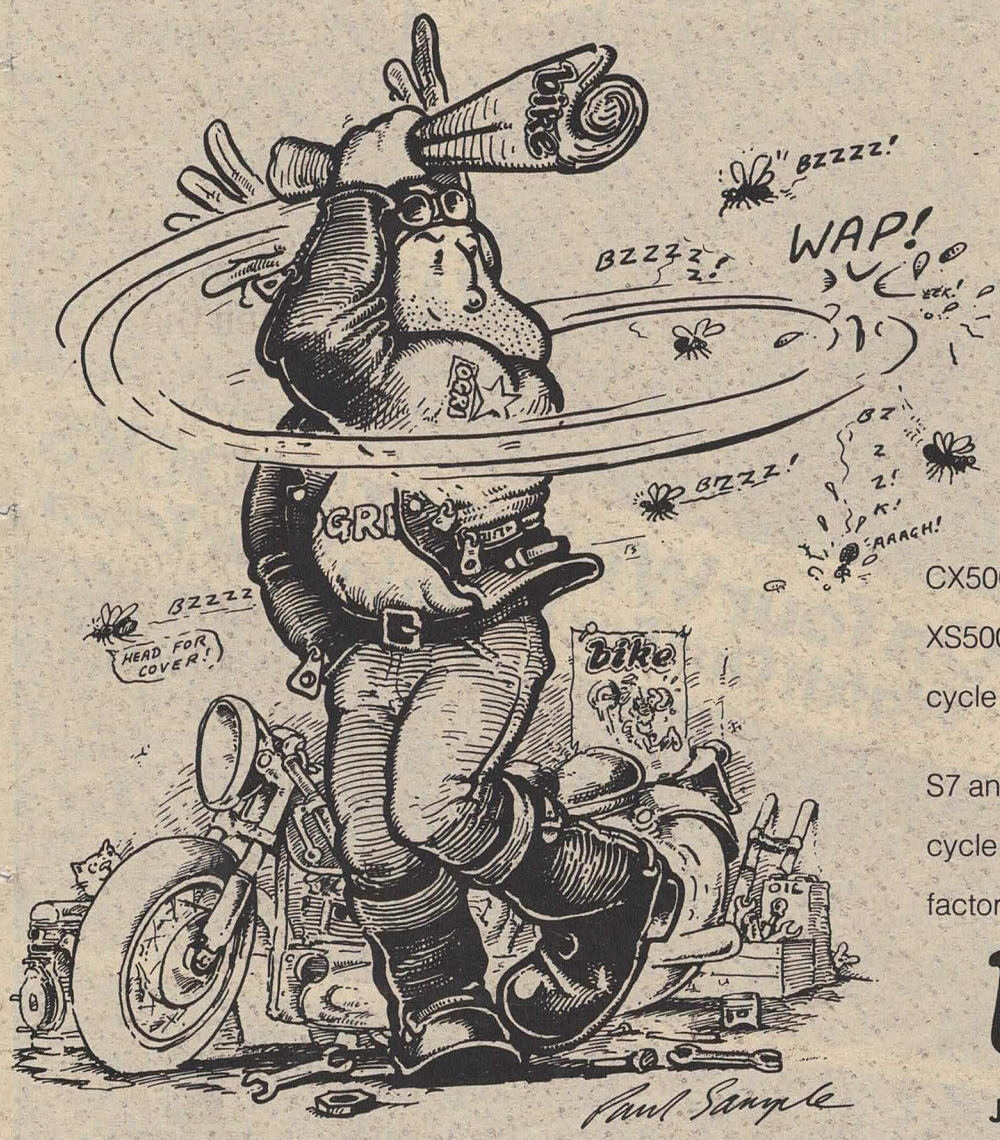
The whole thing's topped off with a couple of comparative newies ("I Don't Live It" and "Too Much Too Soon" composed by singer Dave Tice and rhythm guitarist Zenon de Fleur) and a sprinkling of revibes: ("Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In" from the repertoire of, believe it or not, Fleetwood Mac, though it must be said that Mac ain't played that song for a while), Sonny Boy Williamson's "Don't Start Me Talkin'" and The Strangeloves' "I Want Candy" (featuring — gulp — a *drum solo*).

Right now, the Bishops have a single — a revival of Sam and Dave's classic "I Take What I Want" on Radio 1's playlist, plus another studio album lined up and ready for Chiswick to disgorge upon a suspecting public. If the world is once again ready for an enthusiastic and finely crafted brew of tough-guy pop and drunken R&B, then they might as well get it from The Bishops as from anybody else, because in the two or three years that they've been going they've waved the flag for their kind of music as hard as anybody against both apathy and more restrictive types of New Wave mentality.

This album is as convincing a demonstration as could be required. Miss out and it's your loss.

Charles Shaar Murray.

ENTERTAINS, INFORMS, ADVISES, DRIES PILLION SEATS AND SWATS FLIES.



V-TWIN GIANT TEST–CX500 v. 500 Marini.
ROAD TESTS–Yamaha XS500, Moto Guzzi V50.
PRODUCT TEST–Motor cycle alarms.
UNCLE BUNT–In the USA.
HALL OF FAME–Sunbeams S7 and S8 in colour.
INVESTIGATION–Motor cycle servicing.
LAVERDA–We visit the factory and ride the 1200 Mirage.

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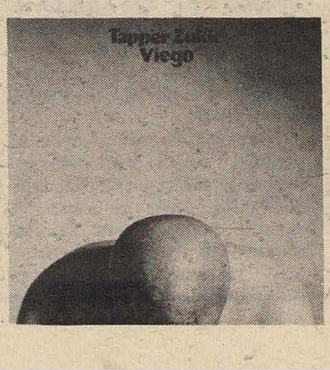


STUDENTS! EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES ARE ON PAGE 69

HAM SHEM AND JAPHET, THE STORY SO FAR:

And when the waters receded Noah led his three sons out of the ark and divided the lands of the earth between them.

Unto Ham he gave Africa, to Shem Asia, and to Japhet Europe.

In the cold climate of the North the skin of the children of Japhet became clearer and clearer. While in the hot lands of Africa the children of Ham grew darker and darker.

In this way, then, the division started. And so the children multiplied to cover the face of the earth, until the sons of Japhet strayed from the ways of Noah the father, and built Babylon.

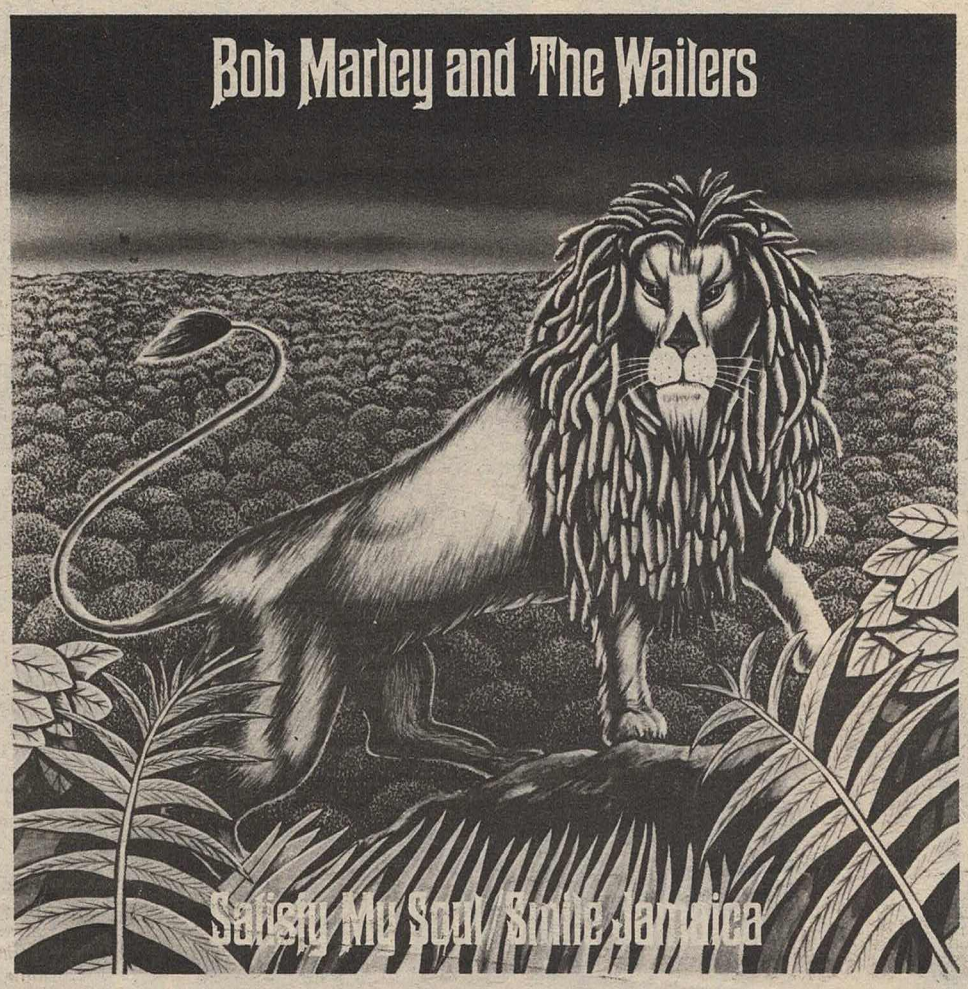
Then they fell upon the children of Ham and scattered them, leaving them crying in the wilderness.

And these same children of Ham looked back to Africa and saw divinity in the only black royal dynasty that could trace its line beyond the time of Christ – the Rastafari, the royal house of His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie I, Conquering Lion of The Tribe of Judah, King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

Someday, they believe, Selassie will return to lead the black people out of Babylon, back to Africa and Ethiopia.

Out of war, out of persecution, into a time of Godliness, and the eternal brotherhood of man.

Over the last fifteen years Bob Marley has become the most visible of the musician/prophets who have brought the music of Rasta, reggae, out of Trenchtown in Jamaica.



Through a string of albums – Burning, Catch a Fire, Natty Dread, Rastaman Vibration, Exodus – Marley has spread the doctrine of the Rastafarians;

– 'Until the philosophy that holds one race superior, and another inferior,

– Until the colour of a man's skin is of no more significance, than the colour of his eyes,

– Until that day, the dream of everlasting peace, world citizenship, and the rule of international morality, will remain a fleeting illusion to be pursued but never attained.'

Marley now is tired of suffering.

Where once his songs were of slavery and persecution, now he seeks a more conciliatory role.

'If I show you a ball, I would have to be a magic man to make that ball a different colour.

And when you expose a situation you don't have to expose it again.'

So his work has become softened.

To some it will seem a cop-out, but to others it is a logical development in someone who has not only seen but felt the consequences of violence.

'Kaya' shows the new softness.

So does 'Satisfy My Soul', the single from the album.

Maybe Bob Marley won't make a Rasta convert out of you.

But he does offer something that has become obscured in our consumer society;

Music for the spirit.

SATISFY MY SOUL.
The single from 'Kaya'.
From Bob Marley and the Wailers.

ISLAND

Catalogue No WIP 6440

"You dont have to be a chick to wear suspenders"

...says Mr Misfit

"You dont have to be white to be God"

...says Mr Misfit

"You dont have to be a freak to be a Mizfit"

...says Mr Misfit

The misfits are everywhere...

MISFITS The New Album by The Kinks SPART 1055

There's a guy in my block, he lives for rock
He plays records day and night
And when he feels down, he puts some rock 'n' roll on
And it makes him feel alright

ROCK 'N' ROLL FANTASY The New Single by The Kinks ARIST 189

ARISTA

JAZZ

Prison, narcotics, cures and exile. DEXTER GORDON. Pic: VALERIE WILMER.

THE EXILE'S RETURN

Fashion and fate have dealt a few blows — but now DEXTER GORDON is cutting in, recapturing America and standing CBS on its head. The return of The Prince Across The Water . . . in tartan underwear . . . is what we have here. By BRIAN CASE.

WHENEVER I THINK of Dexter Gordon, which is often since he's my idea of what jazz is all about, I am reminded of the opening of Raymond Chandler's *Farewell My Lovely*.

Moose Malloy is staring at a dine and dice emporium called Florain's on Central Avenue. "He was a big man but not more than six feet five inches tall and not wider than a beer truck."

This Moose, dressed to kill and coming on likewise, moves through the black clubs like a hurricane, bending wings wholesale in his search for Velma: unstoppable, unbeatable, obsessed.

Dexter Keith Gordon, LA's finest, must've been a little like that back in 1940 when the book was written — height, threads, unbeatability, except his conquest of Central Avenue was musical and his obsession was the tenor saxophone. Still is . . .

I phoned Dex's room from the hotel lobby. "Hey, my man. Where are ya — Wales?" The rich baritone guffaw shook the earpiece. Dexter loves to play games, word games, chord games, the outrageous pun and the sneakiest showtune quotation. He'll lull you with that slow, blurry, indolent delivery and suddenly catch you short with the most exquisitely chosen encapsulating word in the lexicon. Well, Wales was one that got away.

He was wearing a dressing gown, endless shanks, slippers, the kinda carriage and handsomeness and effortless royal style that 55 and a chapter in the Be-Bop history books can confer on a man. Fenja, Dex's pretty Scandinavian wife, had arrived that morning bearing gifts.

"HUR HUR HUR!" laughs The Man, displaying a pair of plaid long-legged underpants you could lag an oil rig with. "I figure she bought these as a joke. They're - uh - nice. HUR HUR!" He drapes them over the front of his dressing gown, and looks down at himself, vastly diverted. "Well, you know, when it starts getting like Scandinavia, you gotta out on a little extra cover, uh."

"They'd be hell on Central Avenue," I said, and we segued into Be-Bop fashions. "You were always wearing a hat in the 40s photos."

"That was part of your thing, you know. The cats useta wear hats a lot, and then later the cats started wearing small caps, uh — something like an Eton-type boys prep school."

"And standing up to play?"

"The change came with Be-Bop, because obviously it's much easier to play that way when you gotta be more on your toes. But, uh, you still say sitting in, not standing in. HUR HUR. Go by somebody's gig, Hey man — can I sit in?"

A lot has happened to Dex since I last talked with him in 1976. After 16 years as an expatriate in Copenhagen, he has finally come home. And taken the throne. "We were lacking a figurehead," Woody Shaw had told me. "Nobody had seen Miles for two or three years, John Coltrane had died. Out martyrs, our heroes had gone — nobody would take the initiative. Now Dexter's back and we have a martyr and a hero."

New York gave him its hippest tickertape, which is standing-room all-musician houses at Storyville and the Village Vanguard. Mingus's comment, reported Robert Palmer, was: "Yeah yeah. You're gonna be teaching New York some stuff, man. Some lessons." Dexter Gordon, after close on 40 years of the jazz life — blowing impervious through prison, narcotics, cures, neglect and exile — has never sold out.

"Fashion has dished you a few low blows, Dex," I remark.

He spreads his hands. "Well, you know — what can you do? I've never been a fadist, not to say John. HUR HUR HUR. When all these things are going on, you wish you were on the gravy, etcetera. It rubs off on you, uh. I really haven't been bitter about it.

"All these different fads have been promoted until they catch on, have their little say for a year or two. I don't particularly like all of them, but there are aspects that appeal to me, and I can incorporate some of the ideas into what I'm doing. A little taste here and there, uh.

"Jazz is such a living music. This is my philosophy on jazz — that one should always stay open to new ideas and what's going on, not to be narrow-minded and prejudiced. The world moves

■ *Continues over page*

Everything you ever wanted to know about Weather Report... ...but wouldn't ask!

This month Black Music & Jazz Review gives you the complete run-down on Weather Report. Where they've been, where they're going and what's happening now.
There's an interview with John Surman — foremost British jazz saxophonist and a profile of Howard Johnson the brass player in the vanguard of the tuba revival in jazz.
Plus all that's important musically in soul, reggae and blues on both sides of the Atlantic and a gig and concert guide for June.

BLACK MUSIC & JAZZ REVIEW

because there's more to jazz than meets the ear.

June number out now. 40p.

Stanley Clarke - The Modern Man works miracles

Hear him at his scorching best on 'Modern Man.' The 1978 album from the 1977 Electric Bassist of the Year (according to every known readers and critics poll in the USA).

Guest artists include Jeff Beck, Jeff Percaro, Carmine Appice and Jeff 'Skunk' Baxter.
Stanley Clarke 'Modern Man'
Includes the single 'More Hot Fun'.

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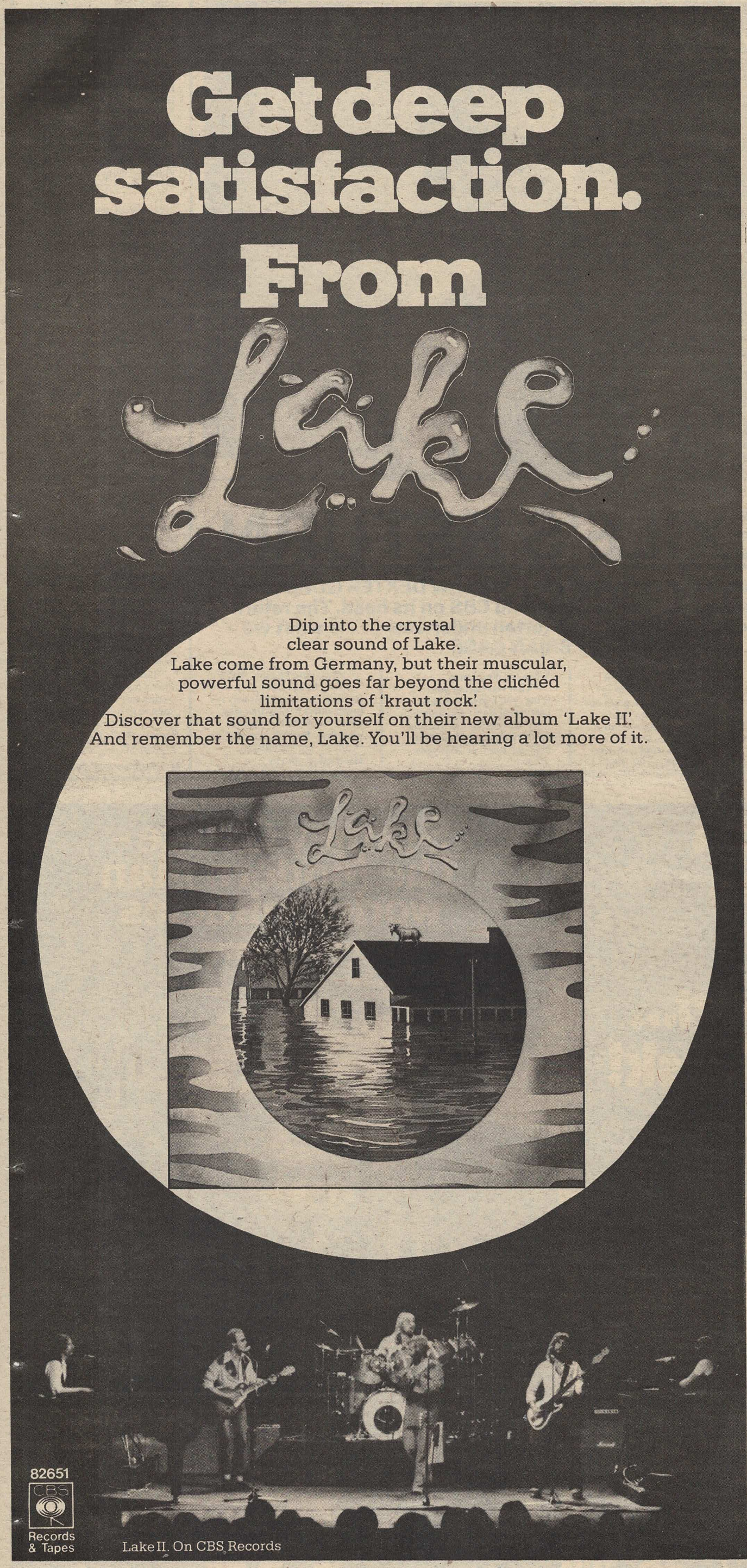
Records & Tapes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Discover that sound for yourself on their new album 'Lake II'.
And remember the name, Lake. You'll be hearing a lot more of it.
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Lake II. On CBS Records

■ *From previous page*

on. You pick and choose what you think is valid, and the rest you ignore."

We talked about that surprising turn of the wheel that brought Bruce Lundvall, a jazz-playing tenor saxophonist, into the top slot at Columbia. You don't expect top record company executives to be fans of anything except the bunce. Lundvall's first signing had been Dex, followed up by Woody Shaw, Cedar Walton and Bobby Hutcherson. With Columbia building its straight-ahead acoustic catalogue, other companies will follow, and fusion could well be headed for Palookaville.

"When I met Bruce Lundvall, it was the first night I was back. October '76," says Dex, a memory like an elephant's for dates, matrix numbers, meetings. "He was like one of the fans. Somebody said CBS, but I really didn't catch anything. But a few days later my manager called me to say he'd called her and wanted me on the label. It just went from there. Evidently the policy is taking momentum. Both my albums have been on the jazz charts, and they're like the only straight-ahead jazz on there. I said, man — I don't believe it!

"I think my first night in New York really confirmed what Bruce must already have had in mind. I worked in Storyville which is a pretty large club, and both nights were packed — just a spontaneous thing because there really wasn't that much promotion. Word of mouth, uh. It was like they were really waiting. Before I made a note, I got a standing ovation. Everything took off, and it's been going on like that ever since. I've done three tours over there in the span of a year.

"Me and my old lady, we're just getting ready to make the strategic change-over. Move back. These last two years, returning, it's just been building up and building up like it was in the old days. I get the feeling that the interest, vibrations, the electricity, has returned. Is returning, uh.

"It has to do with the political and social scene. They've gone through all the catharsis now, you know — civil rights, Vietnam to Watergate — they've gone through all that shit and the whole mood of the country is quite different. It's much more positive."

Europe has been good to Dexter Gordon. They love him there — and here — and Copenhagen gave him a base for operations at the Club Montmartre. "It's funny," he told *Down Beat*, "when I left for Europe, Paris was the place I really had in mind. I hadn't thought too much about Scandinavia, and the first time I went to Copenhagen I wasn't too taken with it. But now I just love the place. I've felt that I could breathe, and just be more or less a human being, without being white or black . . .

"The opportunity to work regularly in the same spot gives you the kinda feeling you need to stretch out, relax, and at the same time develop musically without having the job-to-job worries hanging over your head."

I quoted a young American musician who believed that marquee value diminished the longer you stayed in Europe.

The great veteran had chapter and verse. "In his particular circumstances, it would be difficult for him to live in Europe, uh, because the first requisite would be for him to have a name. At 22, how much of a name could you have? All the guys that've gone to Europe, American Joes, the thing about all of them is they've already been established, and they're on another level. You're not competing with the local musicians — you're a soloist."

I riffled through the pack: Bud Powell, Don Byas, Oscar Pettiford, Kenny Clarke, Sidney Bechet . . .

"All these countries have some kinda loose-knit federation or jazz union, and young American cats have a difficult time coming over to live and work, because nobody really favours that. There have been exceptions, but the only one I can really think of is like Billy Brooks who's been over there for 15 years.

"He and Woody Shaw came over in the early '60s, both about 18 at the time — and all of a sudden there were no more gigs. Billy didn't wanna go back because of the draft and so forth, so he had to stay.

"But he worked in Spain a lot with Tete and Booker Ervin and Pony Poindexter, and somehow he's made it and is pretty well established in Berne, Switzerland, where he and Vince Benedetti have a jazz school. He's the only one I know to scuffle through."

We got on to his latest album, "Sophisticated Giant", something of a new departure with finely-wrought arrangements by Slide Hampton. "How did it turn out to be an 11-piece outfit?"

"It didn't start out that way," says Dex. "That came through, uh, osmosis. HUR HUR HUR! When we talked about doing the date, it was gonna be a sextet, plus Bobby Hutcherson. So I was saying something about another trumpet that could play some shouts and things behind me, and then Slide says, 'Well — you should get another trombone too.' That's the way it went. Then Locksley (Slide) says, I know just what we need, and I says, 'Yeah — a tuba.' Fortunately it was Howard Johnson, unbelievable, plus he doubles on baritone saxophone very well.

"The other trumpet player had to be somebody special, able to play with Woody Shaw, who's so strong. My concept was Benny Bailey, who was in Munich. Columbia was so beautiful, you know, no problem — we sent for Benny Bailey just like that."

"You'd have got an argument from Dootone Records," I said.

"HUR HUR HUR! Yeah, it does make a difference, uh."

Still on the wagon, he got up to get me a taste from the liquor cabinet.

"Is your son going into the business?" That's Benjamin Dexter Gordon, aged three.

"Of course, that'd hafta be his decision. I certainly wouldn't stop him. My son has a plastic saxophone which he plays all the time. When I'm practising, he gets his horn out. He's fantastic, unbelievable, and he's got my act DOWN! All this —" Dex mimed his own personal salutation, the grand bow, the saxophone held horizontal to the ground in homage. "I wasn't aware of all this, you know. One day he did his thing, I said OH NO! HUR HUR HUR! OH NO!"

Oh yes, man. By the time you're ready for that thermal underwear, he'll be cutting 'Po'k Chops'.

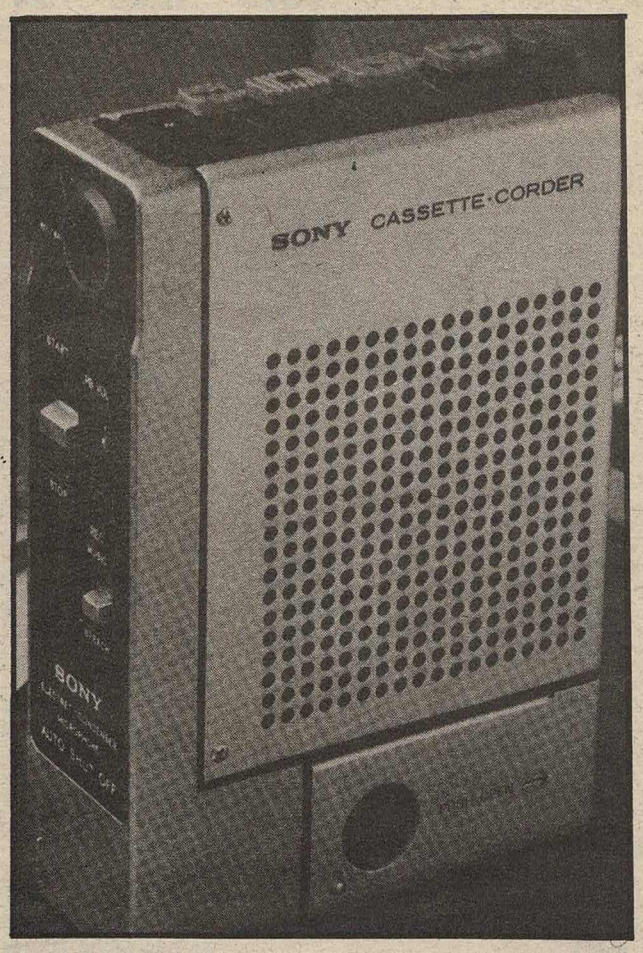
STUDENTS!
EDUCATIONAL
OPPORTUNITIES
ARE ON
PAGE 69

„the normal"

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

HI-FI

by ROY CARR and BERNARD FUTTER



Antidote to the sound of silence

RELIABILITY IS the keyword. Dig! In the same way as you're terminally screwed if, when looking down a rifle barrel into the whites of the enemies eyes, you suddenly discover that the bolt is jammed, it's no use conducting an interview if your tape recorder can't shape up.

You ain't gonna last too long on Fleet Street if, when you hit down hard on the *record* button, you have doubts about whether or not you're gonna capture every libel and slander uttered with pristine clarity.

Under such circumstances, even the most sympathetic editor will freak.

For the last four years or so, the Sony TC55 portable miniture cassette recorder has been standard issue for just about every interview I've conducted.

Approximately the size of a half-pound box of Black Magic and (including carrying case) only four times heavier, the TC55 (average discount price £92) is a heavy-duty one-handed operational recorder that can square up to the most rigorous demands imaginable. Truthfully, my machine has never failed me once.

The fact that since the TC55 was first introduced on the market Sony have had to make very few modifications to the original prototype argues well for its reliability.

Though all cassette recorders serve the same basic function, all are by no means the same. Sony perfected the TC55 to meet specific requirements. Aside from gaining almost uiversal acceptance as a roving hack's verbal note book, the TC55 is the perfect companion for the on-the-move businessman and researchers making field reports.

Jimmy Savile has used a TC55 to effect for impromptu interviews on *Savile's Travels* while, quite recently TC55 was successfully employed on an Everest expedition and worked perfectly under the most extreme weather conditions.

Sony may have manufactured the TC55 to withstand manhandling, but this doesn't mean it is cumbersome and unattractive. A more streamlined and easy-to-operate machine you could not wish to find.

Unlike many portables incorporating a built-in condenser microphone, it doesn't pick up the hum of the drive motor. However, so sensitive is the microphone that, taking into account its compact size, it will give a true-to-life playback when employed for either speech or music.

Furthermore, its size (38 × 148 × 98mm) and subtle design make the TC55 an unobstructive interviewing accessory. Whether utilising the built-in microphone or attaching a small lapel microphone (an optional extra), it enables the operator to overcome the microphone paranoia that afflicts so many artists — who are prone to dry-up at the sight of a tape recorder.

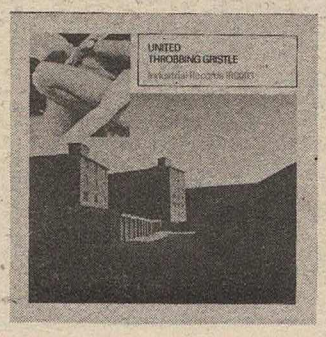
At the other extreme, you can still grab a hit 'n' run interview under the most miserable conditions (i.e. in the back of a limo en route to/from a gig or in a broom cupboard dressing room).

Though it houses a more than adequate 55mm diameter speaker (suitable for transportation playback), the TC55 more than comes into its own when used adjunct to a hi-fi system. In capacity, you could regard the TC55 as being a glorified miniturised microphone/corder.

For instance, many of the interviews I've conducted using a TC55 have, after being transfered to 15ips reel-to-reel tape and cleaned up by a Dolby, proved good enough for broadcasting while (with the approval of the artists concerned) those live recordings I've made at gigs and played back through a Sony TC188SD Dolby stereo cassette deck and a Celestion Ditton stack have (depending on the p.a. mix) given a faithful reproduction of the event from row D.

The fact that the TC55 also incorporates such built-in extras as a tape counter, servo control, auto shut-off and cue button plus four power sources makes it a market leader.

To anyone seriously contemplating a career in journalism, all I can add is that the Sony TC55 is as essential as a new typewriter ribbon, a dictionary and a good solicitor.



Cartridges in the firing line . . .

MAYBE THEIR small size or lack of user appeal has something to do with it, but pick-up cartridges are the item most often skimped on in a hi-fi system.

But their role of converting the mechanical energy derived by stylus-contact with the groove into electrical energy suitable for amplification means that the cartridge, together with speakers, has the major say as to the overall sound.

The cartridge influence is very marked compared to the usually subtle nuances imparted by other links in the chain (e.g. amplifiers, turntables and tape machines).

Our advice when choosing speakers is audition them. But with cartridges that's not so easy. Because they're fragile, often expensive and with a very limited secondhand value, many shops are not equipped to give meaningful demos.

However, despite the dealer's problem, you still owe it to yourself to find the most suitable model — and the more specialist the shop the more likely you are to strike lucky.

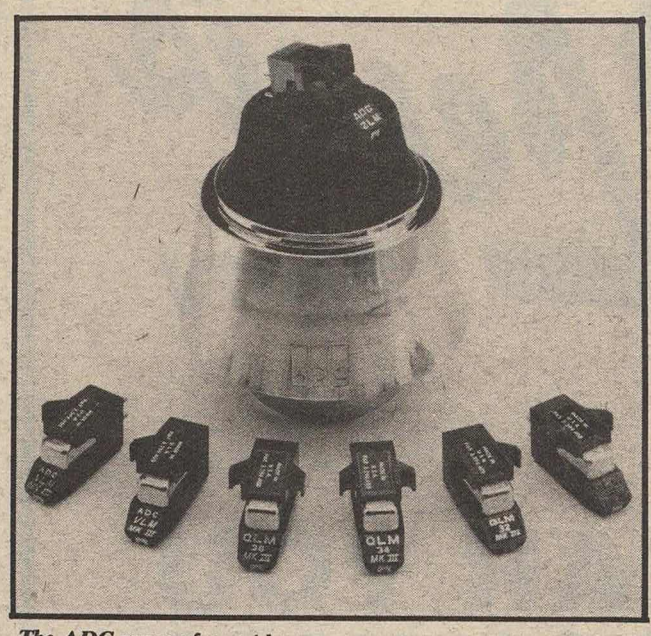
Although it's usually wise to earmark as much as you can afford for the cartridge, the most important thing is find whether it's compatible with the arm of your turntable. You won't notice any benefits (worse still, you may inflict damage) with an esoteric model operating in a cheapo autochanger.

It's important to bear in mind the sound of your speakers, because it is possible for a cartridge to compensate for a deficiency in speakers. Should the speaker exhibit a brittle or harsh top end, a mellow-sounding cartridge will help to restore the balance.

This week we've been testing the recently introduced ZLM pick-up cartridge from ADC, whose lower-priced stable-mate the XLM, has been part of one of our reference systems for about three years. So we were keen to find out whether the newcomer, at nearly half as much again in price (typically XLM £40; ZLM £60), offered any significant advantages.

Incidentally these two ADC cartridges are only suitable for the most sophisticated arm/turntable combinations. As a rough guide, if your deck cost under £120 you probably won't be doing them justice.

The XLM, now in its MK.3 configuration, has been available for about five years. When introduced it was a classic cartridge, offering at reasonable cost a degree of immediacy, detail and spaciousness that had been the preserve of the pricey ADC top end models it replaced.



The ADC range of cartridges.

Although the cost has risen steadily it still ranks highly and is very good value. However, back to the ZLM.

After completing the time consuming task of installing the cartridge into an SME3009 pick-up arm fitted to a Linn Sondek turntable, checking alignment and optimum tracking weight, it was time for switch on.

Compared with the XLM, the first reaction was of a smoother, unfatiguing but more distant sound quality. Somehow the presence and the illusion that a vocalist was actually in the room was not as realistic. All the detail was there, but with less life and bite.

Protracted listening tests with a variety of records, including the superb quality direct-cut discs, did nothing to alter this opinion.

(These are of course personal opinions, based on a particular system, with — in this instance — a pair of not-very-accurate Quad Electrostatic speakers. Brighter, more trebly speakers might create a happier match. However, it's your ears, and yours only, which have to be the final arbiters.)

The good people at ADC also allowed is to get our sweaty fingers on their QLM 36 Mk. 3 cartridge, a budget model retailling at around £18.

This was matched with the excellent Pioneer PL 112D turntable (approx £55), and we compared it with the popular Shure M75ED2 (£16) model. Here the ADC was preferred, seeming to have a considerably better bass and treble response and producing an altogether more pleasing sound.

There we are, Squire — three cartridges, two of which, the QLM.36 and the XLM, are wholeheartedly recommended at their respective price bands whilst the third — the ZLM — seems shrouded with certain misgivings.

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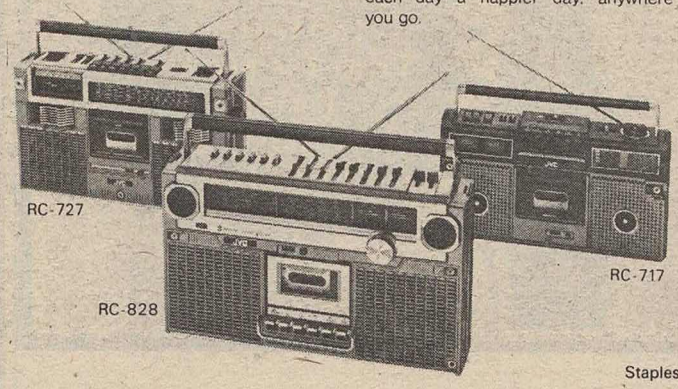

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ON

. . . In which a variety of

The Kinks

ROUNDHOUSE, LONDON

RAY DAVIES. Pic: ROB HALL

Kinkmania rules at The Roundhouse

FOR THOSE of you who can't bear too much suspense, it was as close to being a small triumph as you can get without being triumphant . . .

Having cancelled a short tour of the provinces because Ray Davies thought the new edition of the band needed more rehearsal time, The Kinks were doing a hastily-arranged gig at the Roundhouse.

The place didn't have a Friday night booking and it's having some financial problems over its acoustics as heard from the house opposite, so at two quid a time this is a benefit.

After two weeks of giving interviews to the media and with a new album coming out, there has to be some kind of showcase and benefit audiences are better disposed than most. Any rough edges are more likely to be overlooked — but that's probably being over-cynical and in the event there aren't many to be noticed.

What is noticeable is the extent to which the near-capacity house is behind the band long before they appear. There's something about The Kinks which makes people will them to be good, will themselves to enjoy every performance to the limit.

On this occasion the build-up does its best to drown the ardour.

The warm-up — and I'm being funny which is more than he was — is by a person named Stan Arnold who thinks the mention of sticking a Tampax up somebody's nose is hilarious. Still, he does wonders for the bar takings so maybe it's all part of the plan to help the Roundhouse's finances.

Then comes a period of non-working mikes and other technical difficulties which goes on longer than is usually thought necessary by even the most dedicated technicians.

Finally the familiar figure of Mick Avory climbs up onto the rostrum and behind the drums. Dave Davies is wearing dark suit and white tie like a good-looking minor mafiosi from the musical of *The Godfather*.

They slip into a riff and I'm getting a first glance at the two newcomers. Jim Rodford has taken over from John Dalton on bass; shortish, smiling, already beginning to move about the stage in a clipped strut. Seated behind the piano, John Gosling's replacement, Gordon Edwards, bears an uncanny resemblance to Dory Previn.

Before I can think about that further there's a roar like someone's scored a goal and Ray Davies enters stage right, brandishing a beer can.

Straight to the mike and hollers, 'Day-oh!' 'Day-oh!' the audience immediately chants back.

That's it. It's enough. No need to do the actual song. Rapport established. Credentials exchanged.

From that moment on, The Kinks could have done anything as badly or as well as they'd like and it would have been all right.

What they do is fine anyway.

"Life on the Road" from the "Sleepwalker" album is a good opener giving the band a chance to stretch a little, after which it's into more familiar territory with "Lola" — Ray's face exquisitely pained and torchy under yellow light.

"Wateloo Sunset" comes in a slightly different arrangement, taken faster with Mick Avory's cymbal work more prominent and tasteful guitar from brother Dave. A great song. The two horns join in on "You Really Got Me" which gets a lot of guys on their feet, hands over their heads clapping.

Can't help but notice how much long hair there is about — something to do with the Roundhouse time warp as much as the band's following — and then Ray announces a new song about a man who had his hair permanently waved. 'It's a very political song,' he says, smiling. I find I've forgotten it almost before I've heard it.

The next one's different. The title track from "Misfits" begins with beautiful piano and guitar, moving in and out of one another so smoothly Ray feels the need to put it down — "Where is this — Torremolinos?"—but the lyric and the melody are fine and on first hearing it sounds like one to join the Very Best of songbook.

We're soon hearing "Celluloid Heroes", which may be the best song Ray's written so far. Again, the arrangement's altered and that makes you hear the lyric afresh. *"Everybody's a star."*

The block on the right think so. They're dancing from the first chords of "Sunny Afternoon" then racing down to the front of the stage.

"Rock'n'Roll Fantasy" is next. The song mines the same vein that Ray's used before in some of his best work and it's very good. It starts with acoustic guitar and piano before bass and lead come in and there are some strong drum fills.

As a single it ought to put The Kinks back in the charts.

With the excellent pacing that's been evident throughout the set, the band goes through a medley of "Well Respected Man", "Death Of A Clown" and "Dedicated Follower Of Fashion" before the musical highspot of the evening which is "Slum Kids".

The piano is stand-out: superb. Ray sings at the edge of the stage to the right, loose white shirt, tight black pants, legs bent outwards from the knees. Every rock star wants to play Hamlet.

Then "Alcohol". Every serious actor wants to be a clown. As a piece of theatre it's well managed, the front of the stage thronged by now, faces uplifted waiting to be showered with beer.

"All Day And All Of The Night" finishes the set with the right kind of aggression.

Frantic demands for an encore produce "Live Life For Yourself" from "Misfits".

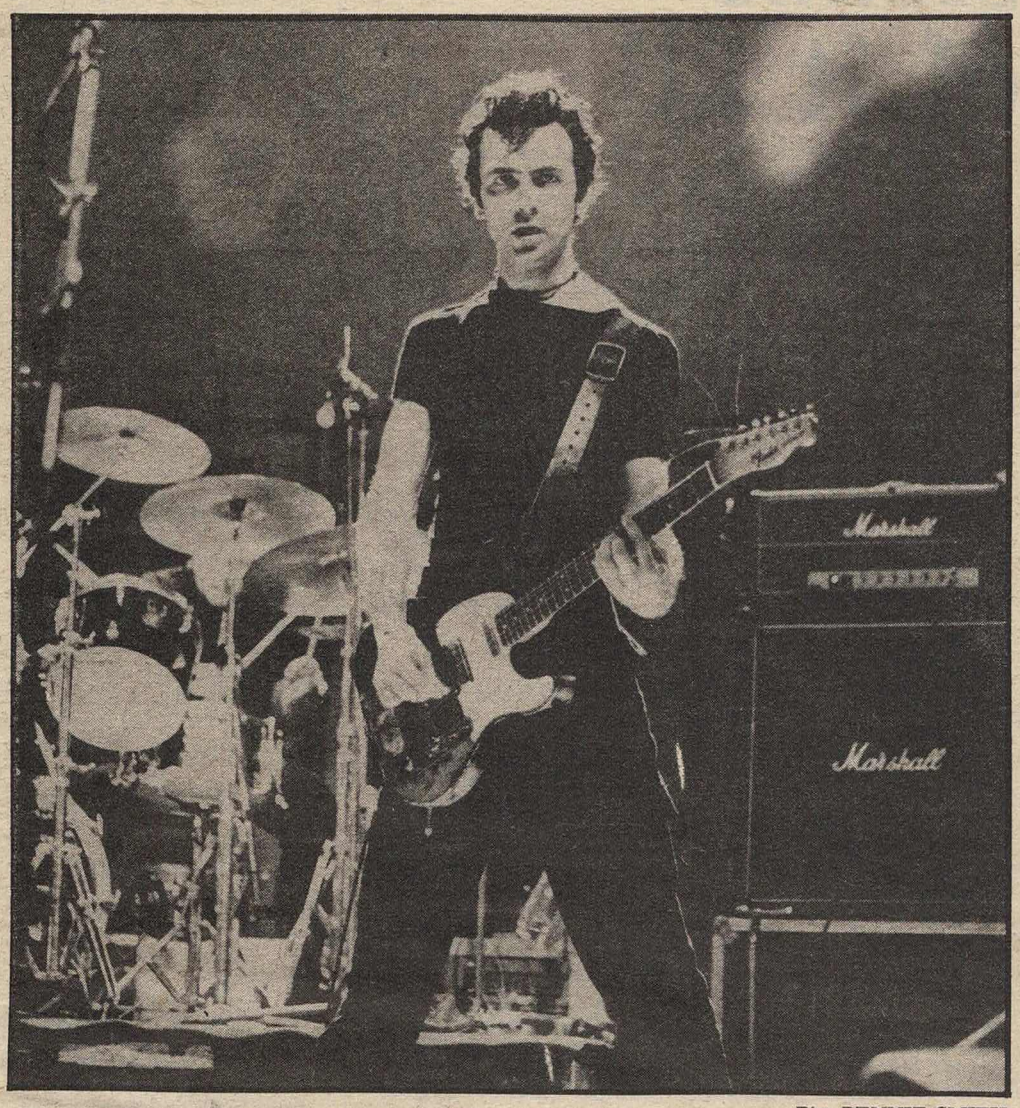
Everyone standing, clapping, stamping. 'Let's hear it for the Misfits!' Ray takes the mike; *"Daylight come and I want to go home."*

A small triumph and if I say it was too easily won, that's not to knock how good they were. Merely to note that in a few months time and working to a less dedicated audience they'll probably be even better.

John Harvey

THE TOWN

seasoned campaigners come up with the goods



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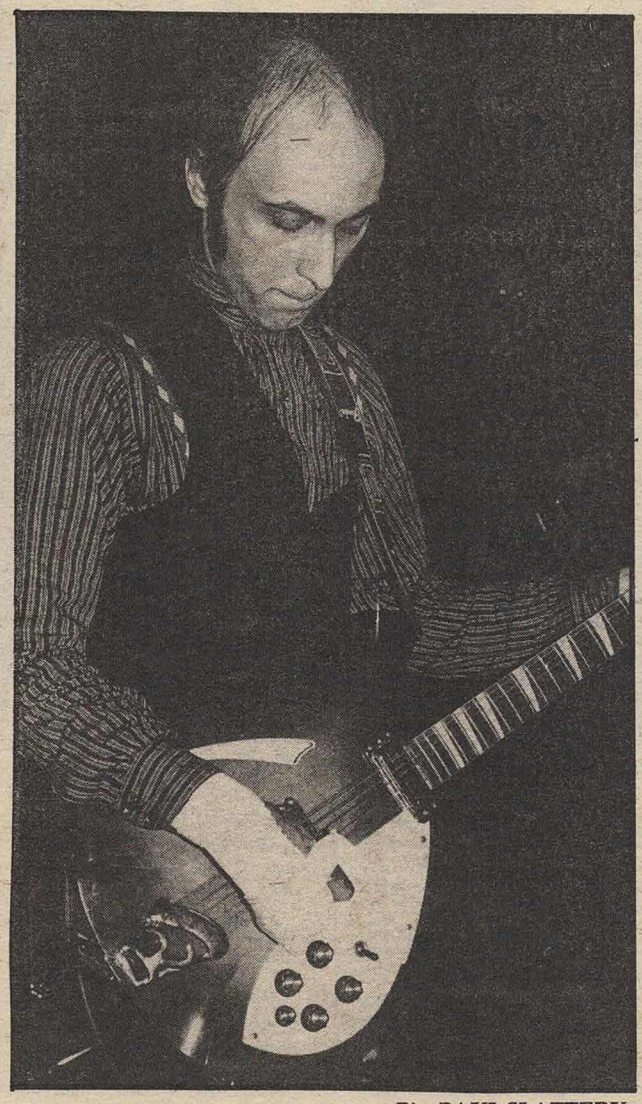


Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

The Stranglers
BRIGHTON CENTRE

Stranglers step up the pace

THE LAST time I saw The Stranglers was at The Roundhouse in November. I was left with two impressions.

Firstly, that they had subverted the performer/audience balance to the extent that it was the audience who were performing, the band merely acting as a catalyst.

And secondly, as I dragged out a friend with a broken ankle, that I was lucky to be alive.

They'd reached a stage where, apart from inciting more hysteria by deriding the crowd's reponse, they didn't have to *work* for an ecstatic reception.

The Stranglers now return to the circuit in a very different league, and it's certainly hard to imagine playing a venue more soul-destroying than that clinical bunch of breeze-blocks, the Brighton Centre.

Everything was against them. There was nowhere near a 5,000 capacity crowd, no bar (imagine it!), and a sound mix that was knotting itself into sonic spaghetti and bouncing off the walls.

Coupled with this, any reaction from the audience was so deadened by the surroundings that the band probably thought they had the place to themselves.

After about three numbers, the distinctive Stranglers sound finally broke through.

The ceaseless twanging of Burnel's bass and the caustic rasp of Cornwell's guitar chords, offset by Dave Greenfield's fluid, almost delicate, keyboard fills, seemed more than usually aggressive, as if honed on a cheese-grater.

A more comprehensive exposure of the band's material I couldn't have wished for. Not only did they play almost every track off the "Rattus" album ("Sometimes" and "Hanging Around" being quite outstanding), but also a fair few from "No More Heroes", before launching into the realms of the new LP "Black And White."

Supposedly an album representing extremes, their horizons, both musical and lyrical, are considerably broadened.

This was the first time I've heard any of the material, and the only time I've seen The Stranglers use lighting to any real effect.

The songs were punctuated by ranks of white arc-lamps and air-raid spotlights, slightly lost in the vast cubic void of the Centre, but still suggesting something of the starkness of the lyrics.

Easiest to accept were "Sweden (All Quiet On The Eastern Front)", "Do You Wanna", and "Death And Night And Blood (Yukio)", because they conformed fairly closely to the standard Stranglers format of an incessant, balanced barrage of sound, swayed by keyboard and guitar breaks.

"Outside Tokyo" was radically different. Introduced by Cornwell's precept, "Look at your watches and go to sleep", it was a loping and dischordant dirge, conspicuous by being so out of character with everything else.

"In The Shadow" was not a pleasant noise by any means. It consisted of echoed moans against a listless backing that was more like a reject sound-track from a Hammer movie, and wrecked the continuity of the set.

As for "Nice'n'Sleazy", any remaining doubts as to whether The Stranglers are macho-merchants, or as to whether they give a nubile's butt that anyone cares, were swiftly dispersed by the appearance of a stripper. Within seconds she had whipped off the bulk of her mail-order lingerie, and embarked on a routine that would curdle milk.

The mammoth one and three-quarter hour set finally closed to the more familiar tune of "No More Heroes", "Something Better Change", and "Five Minutes".

If The Stranglers proved one thing it was that, although still trading on the sound they first hit on two years ago, they've got themselves to this level by producing enough musical variation within those limits.

They're also back to working for a response.

The gig gave the impression they were starting all over again, but on a much larger scale — getting the audience to accept new material, cranking them up to react to it, and playing with all their old energy and determination.

Mark Ellen

Flamin' Groovies
MANCHESTER

. . . and the Groovies are just the Groovies

ABOUT BEFORE 12.15 . . . I don't want to talk about it.

And then The Flamin' Groovies, the religion and romance of . . . Nothing can take away their magic.

A collective genius that can isolate and recreate the abstracts that made The Beatles, Them, Byrds, Rolling Stones, Chuck Berry indisputable Greats, an ability and sensitivity to emphasise and supplement the intangible idiosyncrasies of pure pop and rock'n'roll, an absolute understanding of pop symphony, texture, control, structure, power, harmony.

The nostalgia of recognition.

All this, and they're a cabaret group . . . In moments of weakness I often think that the two best rock'n'roll groups in the world are the Flamin' Groovies and The Fabulous Poodles . . .

Right now, the Groovies have settled on the deceptively simple, tough, jingly-jangly rock'n'roll that allows for best exhibition of their uncommon understanding; the rippling texture (guitar poetry) of three driving guitars, the full pumping of a Hofner bass, the whip-snap drumming, the transcendent harmonies.

Executed with visible on-stage enthusiasm and lessons in tightness and professionalism for every other remotely comparable show group from The Swinging Blue Jeans right through to The Vibrators.

The Groovies played it safe 'cos Jordan's hand is heavily bandaged — lots of homages, no encore.

They caught the stop-start rapid swing of "Baby, Please Don't Go", achieved the symphonic moodiness of "Paint It Black", the detached irony of "19th Nervous Breakdown", slummed to the naive inspiration of early Beatles, adapted to the leering inspiration of Chuck Berry — with something more special than just a touch of the Yarwoods.

Their own songs were in brackets throughout the set, all the echoes of the procedures they've effortlessly mastered but, really, just platforms. They need to bounce off the platforms their interpretations of masterpieces create.

The Groovies, despite their genius, are disarmingly artless.

It *is* cabaret rock'n'roll, but, paradoxically, their tongue is thick and juicy.

There is no chance of them endangering the roles of the Buzzcocks and The Ramones as the two perfect pop groups, because, ultimately, the Groovies repeat old patterns.

Time went one way, the Groovies went another, becoming solo masters of art forms discarded by everyone else.

Occasionally, fashion has almost collided with the Groovies route, but that's the only chance they've had of receiving true popularity for their true pop music.

They are an oddity. They always will be, and they don't give a damn. They give a wonderful show, and everyone smiles.

Paul Morley

Climax Blues Band
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL

THE LAST time I saw the Climax Blues Band (or Climax *Chicago* Blues Band, as they were known at the time) was about a decade ago at Nottingham's Boat Club, at the height of the British Blues Boom.

Bassist Derek Holt — at least, I presume it's the same guy — then claimed that the band wanted to expand their musical horizons beyond the straight twelve-bar stuff they churned out at the time, and do some more "progressive" things. (Remember progressive music?)

Well, they certainly broadened their horizons, physically as well as musically, although I'm not sure that several years in the land of plenty has been completely beneficial to their music, which now exhibits many of the disagreeable easy-listening tendencies of their wealthier American collegaues.

Still, there's no denying the experience they've gained in gigsmanship.

Straight away, friendly over-tunes are made by guitarist Pete Haycock's inviting everybody down to the front of the stage.

Any dialogue set up, however, is quickly destroyed during the opening number — "Hey people you got to live together", or something like that — when middle-aged uniforms remove the modest congregation from the front of the stage.

Haycock fails to persuade said jobsworths to let the fans remain, so "Sense Of Direction", "Mistress Moonshine" and "When Talking Is Too Much Trouble" (their latest semi-ballad single) are performed to a lukewarm disgruntled audience.

It's only with "Whatcha Feel" that the band start to regain some of the atmosphere they've lost.

It's the more usual Climax material, pointless lyrics and easygoing boogie, featuring a longish alto break by Colin Cooper over a smooth funk backdrop, and well-received after the limp and depressing "When Talking Is Too Much Trouble".

Next up, a Pete Haycock slide-guitar solo, "Country Hat", which I felt was a trifle self-indulgent, (although I seemed to be in a minority of one), metamorphosing eventually into "Come On Into My Kitchen", Cooper joining Haycock on harp.

Now, *this* is more like it! Conclusive proof that Climax' blues side has a deal more life than their soft-funk side, a conclusion reinforced by their version of Muddy Waters' "Hoochie Man", which follows.

It's during the dirty raunch of "Hoochie Coochie Man" that the fans reassert themselves and return to the front of the stage. This time, of course, they're not prevented: there's more of them.

"Champagne & Rock-'n'Roll", "Right Now" and "Chasin' Change" — all favourably received — precede the closing "Couldn't Get It Right", after which the band return for a clutch of encores.

It's as if Climax themselves felt the gig only *really* started with "Whatcha Feel", and want to provide a fair quota of good vibes by way of blues and boogie.

And, as probably the only British band of any renown still taking the trouble to provide young kids with a taste of the blues, there's no way I can hold their recent lapses of taste against them.

Andy Gill

Oh! the grinding sleaze of it all . . .

Corny songs, embarrassing lyrics, but it's all rock 'n' roll.
Pic: GUS STEWART

Cherry Vanilla
F CLUB, LEEDS

WEEEELL . . WHAT you expect of course, is not always what you get.

What I expected was some boring old boiler trying to cash in on a trend already 18 months out of date, in a straightforward attempt to stash some more ackers in the bank account.

Cherry's in there with the New Wave, the RCA blurb seemed at desperate pains to point out, and if you saw her first single was called "The Punk" *(sic)* and heard the awful lyrics, you'd be forgiven for turning the page with a tired sigh. I know I did.

Then I heard the album, which although heavily flawed, does contain some steaming doses of good old Noo Yawk rock and roll within the dross,

As you might expect it has sweet FA to do with dear old punky rock, being far closer in spirit to the grinding sleaze that all these scuzzy little Big Apple bands (from the Dolls, to The Electric Chairs) churn out so effortlessly.

So I went to see her in the flesh, and whaddya know . . . I had me a real good time.

This was largely down to Cherry's 'backing' group.

Whatever else her faults, she sure knows how to put together a bitch of a band, a fact which seems to have become common knowledge among the American rock fraternity.

Nils Lofgren and Todd Rundgren aren't the only ones to have benefitted from ex-Vanilla sidemen, and who knows, by the end of the year half this lot might be gigging with Bruce Springsteen, 'cause they're no exception.

Zecca Esquibel may have an unpronouncable name and ridiculous blue hair, but he barrelhouses those ivories like nobody this side of Jools Holland.

Likewise Louis Lepore, Cherry's omission — year old boyfriend and co-writer, who looks as fragile as a piece of Cappodimonte china, but is a fiercely potent guitarist, capable of some exquisite solos.

Howie Finkel was coughing up blood before the gig, but played on regardless, and his totally workmanlike bass provided an unshakeable bottom for Michael Mancuso, who made as much noise on his kit as small American drummers usually do ('cept Tommy Ramone of course).

That just left Cherry, who was surprisingly *not* the focus of attention.

Those in the audience expecting Cherry to come on, strip off and blow the band one by one were disappointed; indeed for someone who emphasises the sex angle as much as Cherry there was very little rudeness. No more outrageous than current Wayne County (with whom I think comparisons are fair).

This narrowed it down to her voice, which was a pity, coz it's pretty naff, and she needs every ounce of the vocal support she gets from the others.

The songs themselves are so achingly corny (all this "Hard As A Rock" and "Foxy Bitch" stuff) and the lyrics so embarrassingly contrived (I mean, could you visualise someone who *"looked like Rudolph Nuryev and played just like Keith"*?) that if you didn't laugh you'd start listening to Henry Cow albums.

Anyway, it's only rock 'n' roll, however crass, and the band are so tight and energetic that you'd need concrete sneakers not to want to dance just *a bit*.

The set had some strange moments. At one point Cherry and Louis do a call-and-response number that Sonny and Cher would have been proud of, and on "Bad Girl" she came across as a dead ringer for Tammy Wynette! (I've seen them do both these numbers in Nottingham as well, and I swear no-one else could have got away with it.)

At the F Club no one was particularly bothered about anything, the majority too busy watching the activities of some *Daily Express* photographer who ceaselessly posed a couple of tasteless punkettes in the front rows.

And that was about it.

I found Cherry's perpetual self-debasing flaunt ('I Know How To Hook' etc.) fairly amusing in a way, but the number of girls who left muttering about 'insulting women' only shows once more that there's two views to any pose. I thought the whole thing was too pathetically pretentious to get worked up about, but then I'm a bloke.

Bitching aside, they *are* an exciting band, who succeed in blotting all but Good Time from your mind while they're in stage, and no matter what anyone else tells you, that's still what it's all about.

Stephen Gordon

Fairport Convention
EDINBURGH

ALTHOUGH DAVE Swarbrick has proved himself on his solo albums to be capable of considerable taste and sensitivity, the Fairports have become dully predictable. What once was radical is now cliched and the musicians' contributions, once so fresh, are now stylised down to the last tempo change. Why, Bruce Rowlands even adds a totally redundant and thoroughly uninteresting drum solo, just for that added touch of 1969 authenticity!

To put it bluntly, the Fairports are living on past glories. They seem to regard getting pissed as substitute for inspiration, relying on an atmosphere of jolly camaraderie to get by.

For example, this tour's model is "John Barleycorn" set to an old hymn tune. Hardly daredevil pioneering, is it?

That crown has been ceded to the Albions — without a fight, apparently — while the Fairports have descended to the level of a reconditioning machine, but now the guarantee is getting shorter with every reworking.

Meanwhile, the audience chatter through the usual songs about maidenheads and drinking and fox-hunting until they get the licketty-split reels they've come for.

Wheeling out the rock'n'roll jigs will always whip up the crowd and guarantee an encore or two, but this is distressingly easy meat for men with the creative capabilities and pedigree of Messrs Swarbrick, Pegg and Nicol.

It's the spirit of adventure that's missing in Fairport's music just now, as they've grown complacent — slothful, even — through the years.

The innovation that a challenge and a sense of purpose bring would do much to rid them of this overwhelming sameness of approach that currently besets their music. A bit more of the edge and wickedness that's captured in their "Eynsham Poacher" is what's to be looked for.

Ian Cranna

The Fruit Eating Bears
WHITLEY BAY REX

IT WOULD be fanciful to suggest that Sunday nights at the Rex are, at present, a success.

Tonight the audience only just outnumbered the bands, a striking condemnation of Tyneside's bored trendies who turn up in droves for the better-publicised heroes of the

ADVERTISEMENT

Van Halen
bringing back the good times

ACCORDING to Webster's, rock 'n' roll is a kind of commercial jazz music based on the blues and characterized by strong, regular beat but as every mother's child knows the hard core ethic demands cars and girls, beer and good times, hard-driving, high energy Fun. Take a look at Van Halen. Michael Anthony (bass), Dave Lee Roth (lead vocals), Alex Van Halen (drums) and Edward Van Halen (guitar) live by the rules — shake it up, strut, your stuff, the world is at your doorstep and the party is now.
Now Van Halen are strutting it all over England on the Black Sabbath tour.

IT MIGHT seem a tall order to get Van Halen's high potency quotient down on record but producer Ted Templeman (The Doobie Brothers, Montrose) has wrapped it up neatly on "Van Halen".

"It sounds purely like Van Halen", smiles Roth, "Anyone who has seen us live will not be disappointed by the album." With the exception of the bluesy "Ice Cream Man" (Elmore James-John Brim) and the Kinks' bone-crusher of a hit "You Really Got Me" the songs on this debut album are all Van Halen — powered originals: raunch 'n' rock 'n' roll with the titles such as "Feel Your Love Tonight',, "Running With The Devil", "Ain't Talkin' Bout Love" and "On Fire".

WHETHER you see them on tour, or listen to the album the exceptional power that is Van Halen will shatter you.
"We come on like a super nova," Roth concludes. No doubt. Van Halen lights up the sky with energy to spare.

new wave.

Disguise opened, but as I waxed lyrical about them not three weeks ago, just let me say that they're better than any of the imported talent we've had of late.

The F.E.B.'s (classy abbreviation eh?) came out of the night only marginally ahead of the hapless punters for entertainment value.

With no disco to fill the break between bands two energetic lads offered their services. Leaping onto the state they rendered "Satisfaction" and "Ready Steady Go" to wild applause from their friends. Needless to say they made The Residents sould like Gallagher and Lyle.

The Band That Came Second Last in the British heats of the Eurovision Song Contest, that's the F.E.B.'s.

It's likely to be their only shot at the stars. I honestly couldn't see that they have anything at all to offer.

Playing home-grown material, they could do little but ape their betters.

Their cover versions stunk like North Shields fish quay on a hot day and their reading of "Walkin' The Dog" was a complete travesty. If I hear one more punked-up '60s classic I shall no doubt strangle the perpetrators.

The F.E.B.'s like many of their ilk are trapped in a straight-jacket of style, all form and no content.

No doubt they'll think that I'm being brutally unfair on what was, after all, a bad night all round. Okay boys, prove me wrong.

Tom Noble

Don McLean

GLASGOW APOLLO

EVER FELT like screaming at a concert?

Not Dummy Osmond type screaming, but screaming to relieve the relentless, suffocating tedium?

Well, that's how I felt listening to over an hour and a half of Don McLean.

No, this isn't just another fashionable slag at singer-songwriters.

As a matter of fact, desperately uncool though it may be, I happen to *like* singer-songwriters a good deal.

But I swear I have never, ever, been so oppressively bored at a concert as I was at this one. Even the dreaded Slits began to seem attractive by comparison, and that's not scraping the bottom of the barrel — that *is* the bottom of the barrel.

I've never understood what people see in Don McLean. To me he's always seemed to be the musical equivalent of that *Green Woman* painting by Tetchikar which people flock in droves to buy at their local Woolies.

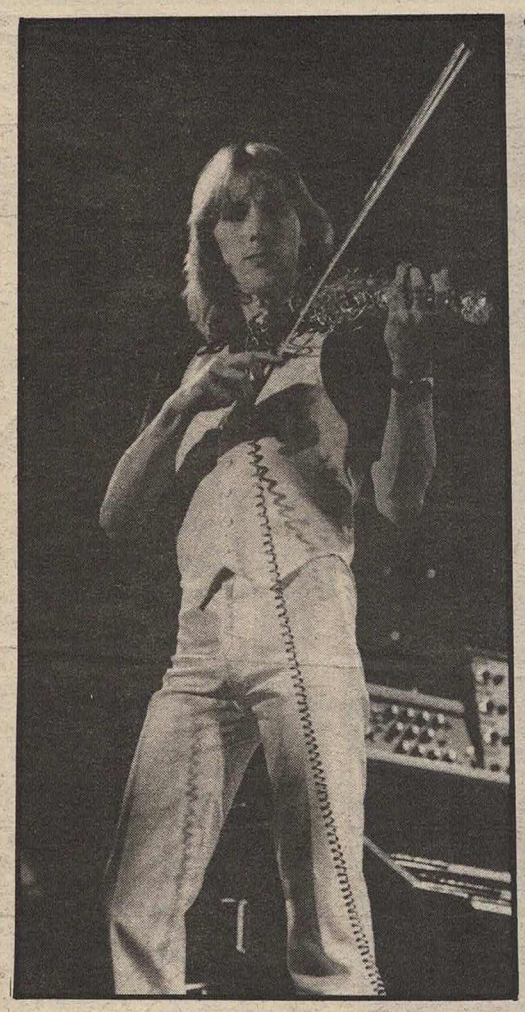
Cleverness of a kind, I suppose, but not the sort of thing you could get next to.

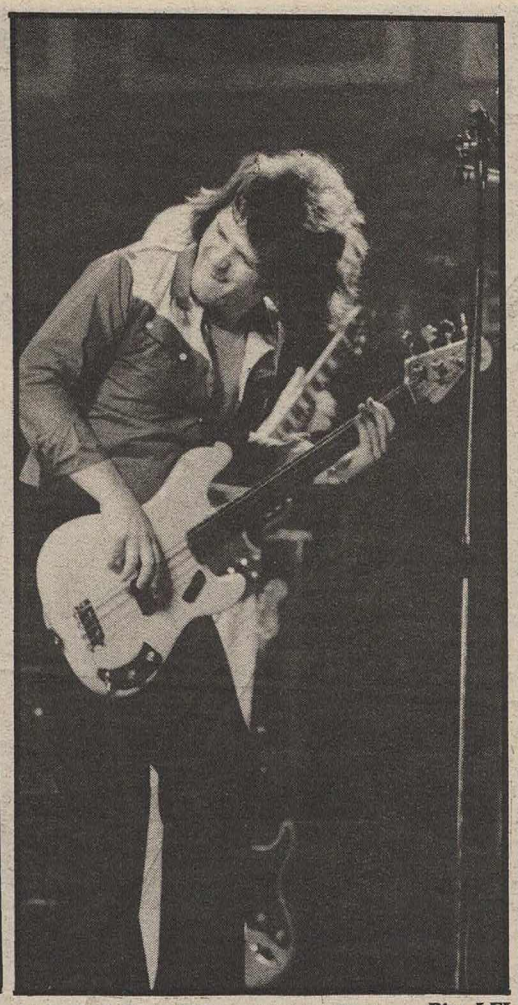
A Pete Seeger without the humanism, a cowboy who's never roped a cow, a blues singer without the blues,an angry young man without anger, a lover without love — Don McLean is all these and more.

His academic reverence reminds me inexorably of those Christian campfire singalongs you always seem to stumble over on some summer beach — they 'll sing anything as long as it make them feel inferior.

His is the kind of cleverness that rhymes 'anticipation' with 'concentration' and writes equally pointless songs about watching the end of the world on TV.

He's the kind that writes sublimely meaningless songs about *"birds at peace with nature's way"*, while his *"This world was never meant for one as beautiful as you"* from that outstanding monument to public bad taste, the godawful "Vincent", sounds like the kind of precious maudlin twaddle Tom Robinson ditched in favour of *real* enotion.





Jobson (left) and Wetton (right) *Pix: LFI*

I wouldn't dare call in question his evident playing ability and the fellow is obviously something of a musicologist, but he's about as spiritually satisfying as a conversation with a statue.

I've always considered the prime requirements of the singer-songwriter to be the ability to spark and hold the emotions of the hearer, and in those terms McLean's detached dabblings represent absolutely sweet zero.

And too much of nothing can make a fellow mean.

Ian Cranna

No cheers for democracy

U.K.

RAINBOW

THERE CAME a point during U.K.'s set, when admiration surrendered to disillusionment.

In my case, this was after about seven minutes.

The main reason for this being that the sound emanating from the stage had turned into a display of how that man/machine "the democratic band" can actually work, but had ceased to be music.

John Wetton and Bill Bruford scurried through a maze of super-complex bass/drum figures beneath the angular keyboard solos of Eddie Jobson, and the largely atonal flights of Allan Holdsworth's guitar.

The result was tension — tension produced by an over-conscious attempt to assert themselves individually, and the musical tension that builds up over sequences of dischordant themes that never seem to reach any resolution.

More often than not, as in "Alaska" and "Time To Kill", the backing was too obtrusive to allow any solos to actually take off, and, at times, Jobson's keyboard playing drifted so far from the rhythm and melody, as to be little more than a cacophonous blitz.

Allan Holdsworth, looking more like a very unassuming session man than part of the band, played in two distinct styles.

His machine-gun approach to "Thirty Years" gave the impression that someone had just handed him a message that read — "The world record stands at 117 separate notes in five seconds — Go to it!"

But his playing on "In The Dead Of Night" not only had a smoothness of tone that counteracted the constant off-beat, but also was the nearest thing all evening to expressive music.

At the moment, U.K., in trying to pool their resources, seem to have mislaid all but their technical skill. They've stripped rock music down to its most skeletal form — all the style, but none of the feeling.

On a different note, support act Tony De Meur and his lascivious gang of Fabulous Poodles were on fine form.

No longer are they dogged by a lack of visual humour, or an inability to communicate with the audience, the only thing marring a very entertaining set being that flaccid encore "Let's Wrist Again".

Mark Ellen

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John Cooper Clarke/The Fall
The Passage
GOLDSMITH'S COLLEGE

THESE THREE acts from Manchester are all related to each other apparently. Well, God gave us our relations, as the saying goes, but we can choose our friends.

The Fall are a conventional new wave outfit — loud, cumbersome. I was in the bar downstairs when they came on and thought a Boeing had crash-landed upstairs. Shiver me timbers.

I shoved my earplugs in and struggled up the stairs against the hurricane-like wall of sound to get my weekly quidsworth of Saturday night Armageddon. I thought punks / new wavers hated heavy metal. I still can't tell the difference. No, hang on — HM is the quiet one.

Oh well, if you can't join 'em, beat 'em. Over the head. Jack up the volume for a little Dutch courage. Vocals that make Arthur Mullard sound like Julie Andrews . . .

The Establishment offers total unconditional surrender. If only they'll stop playing. Well, that seems to be the fantasy, anyway . . .

The Passage are the poorer relations. Inferior equipment with modest bass/vocals, drums, Vox Continental line-up. The bassist is the man with the message, though it's hard at first hearing to know what the message is.

But he plays a mean bass (reminiscent of Burnel) and is ably and imaginatively supported by the drummer who has an unusual range of gear including what look like some kind of Asian tom-toms.

These two guys I think might actually surface somewhere in the future, but they could do with some stronger musical support from those around them.

Pic: ROB HALL

He's a poet, an' he know it (an' sure he won't blow it)

As for the punkette on keyboards — she looks a bit of a goner. Poker face, poring over a musical score on the dashboard; limp-wristed, decidedly non-percussive perusal of the ivories . . . It gives the whole sound an eery quality however which presumably matches up to their intentions.

John Cooper Clarke is, simply, great.

Okay, so he's not music. Tonight he appears with not so much as a drum machine. But he's one of the very few acts associated with the new wave to show any trace of wit, insight . . . intellectual muscle even.

Which of course is far more threatening/damaging to the cultural/social establishment than the petulant kindergarten ravings of the majority.

Okay, so the people have taken to guns while the intellectuals are still trying to negotiate (or some such sloganeering, I can hear it already from the Red Army Fraction in Carnaby Street), but it seems to me they've been mostly firing blanks anyway — noisy and smoky and lotsa fun but . . .

But Clarke's aim is truer.

He's literate - no hiding that. The Motorcycle Sluts end not with a bang but a Wimpy. And he's coarse and vindictive like many a Northern comedian, but he's funny with it. (Though you wouldn't think so to look at the punkette standing in the wings, staring at him in wondrous disbelief, catching flies.)

His skill with words, his broad knowledge of anything from SF to T. S. Eliot to Shreddies packets, and his eye for the ridiculous match anything from the "Liverpool" poets of the '60s (he is particularly reminiscent of McGough) though he is, thankfully, free from the Mom and Da sentimentality of same.

And so much ruder.

Right on, John. Can't wait to see you on TV for Schools.

Geoff Hill

THEATRE: Snoo Wilson

"The Glad Hand"
(Royal Court Theatre)

TAKE A generous handful of society misfits and stereotypes, confine them on a tanker, set it adrift, and a drama will evolve.

This is the basis of the ingenious Snoo Wilson's latest play "The Glad Hand", the 'world premiere' of which is now running at The Royal Court.

A fanatical South African headcase, called Ritsaat, is convinced that all history is controlled by The Anti-Christ. Financed by The CIA, he assembles his motley crew, (featuring two gay actors, a portly playwright, a lesbian long-distance sailor, a drug-addled hippie, a Kentucky sheriff, various incest-crazed artisans and a hooker), and sets out aboard this tanker, attempting to bring about the incarnation of The Anti-Christ.

His method of achieving this could be called 'abstract'. Knowing that the AC's disruptive powers were hard at work during the Cowboy Strike of 1886, he orders the gang to don Waltons-type garb, and start re-enacting relevant scenes from Yankee History.

The mass of philosophical maxims that continually leap out of the script, never resolve themselves in any obvious statement — but that's immaterial.

What makes the play so enjoyable, apart from the ethnic cowboy music of Little Feat and Meal Ticket, is the non-stop barrage of one-off punch lines and unexpected comic situations.

It makes Monty Python look almost innocuous when a cowboy, who gets his legs chopped off by a train (to stop him making a 'stand' against technology), is then wheeled around on a trolley until someone kindly sews them on again.

Wilson's real achievement is that while presenting a complete fantasy, he manages to condition the audience into accepting every quirk of his bizarre imagination as being perfectly normal.

Mark Ellen

"Untitled"
I.O.U. Theatre Company
(Norwich Arts Theatre)

A LAX night for my sensibility, but a busy one for my mouth, — ceaselessly dashing from Y to A to W to N.

The show was of strictly peripheral interest, your reporter being attracted by the advertised involvement of playwright Snoo Wilson, best known in rock-biz terms as collaborator with the only *real* singer-songwriter extant, Kevin Coyne.

Hohum. I felt like a fish dining out in dunes. This was an on-going Woody Allen-type in gathering of cultural/social stereotypes situation.

College lecturer (very liberal studies), ex-student with factory job (must have grit in fingernails) types, all resplendent in boiler suits complete with foreman's pencil in breast pocket etc. Heavily into street theatre, and so on.

The performance on stage was a Myths-on-Wheels affair, cheap allegorical scenery.

Characters abounded: the usual superhuman crew: Beauty/Knowledge vs. Beat = Savage = Primal element, with Death, Vanity etc. putting in brief cameo appearances.

Rather like the *Wizard Of Oz*, in fact. Yes, there was music, and songs too — all of 'em in French. Ta.

One can only conclude that the whole self-important shambles was a study in the great and overwhelming Tedium of East Anglian Night Life.

Symbolic? Symptomatic.

Ian Penman

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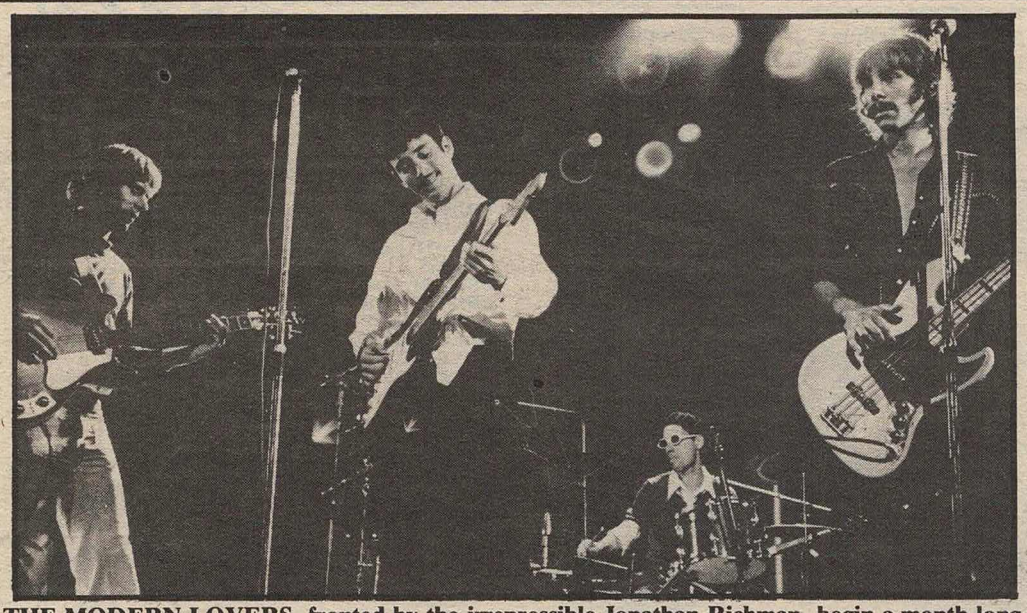

THE MODERN LOVERS, fronted by the irrepressible Jonathan Richman, begin a month-long British tour this week. Their opening dates are at Bournemouth (Thursday), Oxford (Saturday), Derby (Sunday) and Newcastle (Wednesday).

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

XTC return from their six-week overseas jaunt to headline three performances at London Marquee on Tuesday and Wednesday, including a special show on the first evening restricted to the under-sixteens. They also play Birmingham (Saturday) and Manchester (Monday).

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BASILDON Double Six: THE VIOLINS
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BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: ELKIE BROOKS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: TRINITY
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
BRADFORD Mecca World: THE IVY LEAGUE
BRIGHTON Alhambra: DIP DAZZLE & THE INDICATORS
BRIGHTON The Richmond: THIEVES LIKE US
BRISTOL Granary: DEAN FORD BAND
BRISTOL Hippodrome: GEORGE BENSON
BRISTOL Polytechnic: GRUPPO SPORTIVO
BRISTOL The Dug Out: GLAXO BABIES
BRISTOL Yate Stars & Stripes: SHAM 69
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: DOLL BY DOLL
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: CHEAP FLIGHTS
COVENTRY Locarno: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
COVENYRY Robin Hood: JENNY DARREN BAND
COVENRTY Rhyton Bridge: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
COVENTRY Warwick University: LINDISFARNE
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: BONNIE TYLER
DONCASTER Outlook Club: CYANIDE
DUNDEE Caird Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
DUNFERMLINE Kinema: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: GREGORY ISAACS
DURHAM Coach & Eight: ALLWOODLEY JETS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: SHOWADDYWADDY
HANLEY The Gaiety: IDIOT ROUGE
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: SORE THROAT
LEEDS 'F' Club: YACHTS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: AFTERMATH
LIVERPOOL Eric's: STADIUM DOGS
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SOLLO
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JOHNNY MOPED
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FINGERPRINT
LONDON CANNING TOWN Hollies: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BABY GRAND / THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: MISTY
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: WAILING COCKS
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: ZARABANDA
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RUMBLE STRIPS
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LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Country Club: SPITERI
LONDON HARROW RD Windsor Castle: JAB JAB
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: LANDSCAPE
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BOWLES BROS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE SOFT BOYS
LONDON Maunkberries: DANA GILLESPIE
LONDON Palladium: THE TWO RONNIES (summer season until August 19)
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: THE IN CROWD
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: SPHERE
LONDON ROTHERHITHE Rising Tide Club: SWIFT
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: SUNSTROKE / COAST TO COAST
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: O.K.
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: U.K. SUBS
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE CRACK
LONDON WOOLWICH The Broom: DESPERATE STRAITS
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MANSFIELD Brown Cow: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: WIGAN'S OVATION (for three days)
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MILTON KEYNES College: BULLETS
NEWCASTLE Kings Club: GONZALEZ
NOTTINGHAM Albert Hall: JOE PASS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellows: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Playhouse: FIVE HAND REEL
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE REZILLOS
OLLERTON Eastwood Club: DAVE BERRY BAND
OXFORD New Theatre: MADDY PRIOR BAND
OXFORD Polytechnic: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
PENZANCE The Garden: STEEL PULSE
PLYMOUTH Drake Club: PIN-UPS
POOLE Wessex Hall: THE CHIEFTAINS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: BLACK SABBATH
PORTSMOUTH H.M.S. Excellent: SOUL DIRECTION
PORT TALBOT Troubadour: GIRLS SCHOOL
POYNTON Folk Centre: JON BENNS
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REDCAR Royal Hotel: MATHEWS BROTHERS
RETFORD Porterhouse: BUSTER JAMES BAND
SHEFFIELD City Hall: HARRY CHAPIN
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE BRAKES
SWANSEA Circles Club: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES / RADIO BIRDMAN
TORQUAY 400 Club: TONIGHT
WEDNESBURY College of Further Education: LITTLE ACRE
WEST CORNFORTH United Club: SON OF A BITCH
WHITEHAVEN Zodiac Club: THE REAL THING
WORCESTER Bank House: MATCHBOX / CARL SIMMONS
WORKINGTON Slypt Disc: BEANO
WORTHING Balmoral Castle: PTARMIGAN
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Friday

BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: PIN-UPS
BEDFORD Corn Exchange: KRAZY KAT
BELFAST Grosvenor Hall: HARRY CHAPIN
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CHESTERFIELD Brimington Tavern: VESUVIUS
CHIDDINGLY Six Bells: POSSUM
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COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
CRAWLEY Community Centre: THE LURKERS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: THE PIRATES
DUBLIN Trinity College: THE BOYFRIENDS
DUDLEY J. B.'s Club: THE YOUNG ONES
DUNSTABLE Civic Hall: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
EASINGTON Village Club: SON OF A BITCH
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GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE STRANGLERS
GLASGOW Kelvin Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
HALIFAX Good Mood Club: ALWOODLEY JETS
HATFIELD Forum Theatre: THE KILLJOYS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: ALEX ATTERSON
HORNCHURCH The Bull: JERRY THE FERRET
HUDDERSFIELD Coach House Club: THE VYE
HULL Bestobel House: ETHEL THE FROG
HULL Wellington Club: THE VOID
IPSWICH Kingfisher: RUBY JOE
IPSWICH Manor Ballroom: RUTS / BLACK IVORY
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LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ROLL-UPS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: FRANKENSTEIN
LONDON City University: CARF ALL-STARS (benefit show — see news pages)
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DEAN FORD BAND
LONDON DALSTON Cubies: CRACK THE TELLER
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE Southbank Polytechnic: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS / AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: UNITED
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE SOFT BOYS
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LONDON NOTTING HILL Old Swan: DESPERATE STRAITS
LONDON N.15 Club Noreik: ASWAD
LONDON N.19 Caxton House: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON OLD KENT RD. North Peckham Assembly Hall: LANDSCAPE
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: THIEF
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: BOZ/THE RIVALS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: DERROL ADAMS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT with NA FILI
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: JOHNNY G. AFFAIR
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: OFANCHI
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CHELSEA
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: THE MOTORS
LONDON S.W.1 Barleymow Country Club: BRYAN CHALKER & THE NEW FRONTIER
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SOLLO
LONDON WALTHAM FOREST College: CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON WANDSWORTH South Thames College: THE MOVIES
LONDON WOOLWICH The Broom: TEQUILA BROWN
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGLERS
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: NIGHT FLIGHT/RITUAL/ANGLETRAX
MACCLESFIELD Bees Knees: JAILER
MAIDSTONE School of Art: HOT POINTS
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: RANDY NEWMAN
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: FIVE HAND REEL
MANCHESTER Rafters: GRUPPO SPORTIVO
MANCHESTER U.M.I.S.T. LINDISFARNE
MATLOCK Pavilion: MAINLINE STATION
MELSHAM Town Hall: TONIGHT
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: 90° INCLUSIVE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: SHOWADDYWADDY
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: BRASS CONSTRUCTION/ROKOTTO
NORTHAMPTON Salon Ballroom: THE DOOLEYS
NORWICH East Anglia University: THE ONLY ONES
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE YOUNG BUCKS
NUNEATON Football Club: RAY KING BAND
OAKENGATES Town Hall: JASPER CARROTT
OXFORD New Theatre: GEORGE BENSON
PAISLEY Technical College: THE VALVES
PETERBOROUGH Cresset Centre: THE REAL THING
PLYMOUTH College of St. Mark & St. John: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
PRESTON Dirty Duck: THE REDUCERS
READING Target Club: EARTHBOUND
REDDITCH Valley Rock Club: MOONKNIGHT
ROSS-ON-WYE Harvey's Club: SOUL DIRECTION
SHEFFIELD Abbeydale Cinema: MISTY
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: PUSH
SHREWSBURY Shelton Hospital: MUNGO JERRY
SOUTHEND Top Alex Club: TOO MUCH
STUTTON The Hall: GYPP
TAMWORTH Arts Centre: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
TORQUAY 400 Club: STEEL PULSE
ULVERSTON Penny Farthing: STADIUM DOGS
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES/RADIO BIRDMAN
WAKEFIELD Old Lodge Inn: JAB JAB
WATFORD Cassio College: SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
WATFORD Red Lion: REDNITE
WORKINGTON Rendezvous Club: BEANO

Saturday

AYLESBURY Friars: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarellas's: XTC
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: OCEAN
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: GEORGE BENSON
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Waterside Rock Club: SCHOOL SPORTS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: ARMPIT JUG BAND
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: SILVER ACE
BLACKPOOL Norcalympia: SLADE
BOLTON Institute of Technology: CHICKEN SHACK
BRIGHTON New Regent: THE BRAKES
BRISTOL Blue Lagoon: ASWAD
BRISTOL Granary: DAGABAND
BRISTOL Hippodrome: ELKIE BROOKS
BUDE Headland Club: PIN-UPS
CAMBRIDGE Gt. Shelford Memorial Hall: HAZARD
CAMBRIDGE Kelsey Kerridge Hall: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
CANTERBURY Bramling House: GUYS'N'DOLLS
CARLISLE Flopps: CHARLEY BROWNE
CARLISLE Market Hall: AC/DC
CHIDDINGLY Six Bells: DIP DAZZLE & THE INDICATORS
CIRENCESTER Corn Hall: SOUL DIRECTION
CODSALL Crown Inn: CHRIS BARBER BAND
COLCHESTER Essex Univerisyt: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES/RADIO BIRDMAN
CORK Arcadia Ballroom: THE BOYFRIENDS
CRAWLEY Sports Centre: SHAM 69
CROMER West Runto Pavilion: SOULED OUT
CROYDON Red Deer: SUCKER
DARLINGTON Bowes Wine Cellar: BLEAK FUTURE
DUBLIN Stadium: HARRY CHAPIN
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: JAPAN
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: BRASS CONSTRUCTION / ROKOTTO
EASTBOURNE The Archery: THIEVES LIKE US
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: STADIUM DOGS
EPSOM Ebbisham Hall: THE STOP
EXETER College: TONIGHT
GAINSBOROUGH United Services Club: STRANGE DAYS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: DARTS
GUILDFORD Surrey University: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
HALIFAX Good Mood Club: PUSH
HARROWGATE P.G.'s Club: TRIBESMAN
HESSLE Ferryboat Inn: ETHEL THE FROG
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE SOFT BOYS
HUDDERSFIELD New Theatre: 90° INCLUSIVE
HULL Technical College: THE VOID
ILKLEY Teachers Training College: ALWOODLEY JETS
LEEDS Haddon Hall: OVERLORD
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: PREACHERS DREAM
LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Hall: RANDY NEWMAN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET / TEAZER
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: FISHER-Z
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LEE DOSMIN'S LOOSE SHOES
LONDON DALSTON Cubies: GIRLS SCHOOL
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: SORE THROAT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON HAMPSTEAD County Club: SPITERI
LONDON HARLESDEN New Roxy Theatre: STEEL PULSE/FRED LOCKS & THE CREATION
LONDON HIGHGATE Jacksons Lane Community Centre: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE TOURISTS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: YACHTS
LONDON LEWISHAM Odeon: BLACK SABBATH
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: ZHAIN
LONDON N.5 The Stapleton: RED NITE
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: TRINITY
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: HANDBAG
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: MADDY PRIOR BAND
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CHRIS HILL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON S.W.1 Barleymow Country Club: THE HILLSIDERS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SOLLO
LONDON WOOLWICH The Broom: HARRY SENT US
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: BONNIE TYLER
MANCHESTER Pembroke Hall: THE DOOLEYS
MANCHESTER Rafters: THE YOUNG BUCKS / JAB-JAB
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: SON OF A BITCH
NEWCASTLE Grosforth Park Hotel: JOE PASS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: RAY PHILLIPS BAND
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: TRAPEZE
OXFORD Corn Dolly: VESUVIUS
OXFORD Exeter College: STEVE GIBBONS BAND

MORE GIG GUIDE AND LIVE DATES OVER THE PAGE

RANDY NEWMAN arrives in Britain hot on the heels of fellow U.S. singer-composer Harry Chapin (featured in last week's Gig Guide) for concerts kicking off at Manchester (Friday), Liverpool (Saturday) and Birmingham (Tuesday).

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

OXFORD New Theatre: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
OXFORD St. John's College: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: LITTLE ACRE
PRESTON Dirty Duck: THE REDUCERS
PRESTON Piccadilly Club: IDIOT ROUGE
READING A.U.E.W. Hall: MISTY
RETFORD Porterhouse: LITTLE ACRE
SALTBURN Philmore: THE REAL THING
SANDBACH Town Hall: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE YOUNG ONES
SOUTHAMPTON Solent Suite: PTARMIGAN
STAFFORD Borough Hall: CRYER
ST. ALBANS City Hall: THE MOTORS
ST. HELENS Triplex Club: DAVE BERRY BAND
SWINDON Leisure Centre: JASPER CARROTT
WALSALL Town Hall: MUSCLES / GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
WATFORD Red Lion: THE VIOLINS
WHITEHILL Royal Oak: SHORT STORIES
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: THE PLEASERS
WORKINGTON Rendezvous Club: BEANO

Sunday

AMERSHAM Crown Hotel: IAN McINTOSH
ASHINGTON Regal Cinema: CYANIDE
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES & RADIO BIRDMAN
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: ADAM & THE ANTS
BLACKPOOL ABC Theatre: GUYS 'N' DOLLS
BRADFORD Alhambra Theatre: HARRY CHAPIN
BRADFORD Princeville Club (lunchtime): ORPHAN
BRADFORD Royal Hotel: THE CORTINAS
BRIDGNORTH Festival: JOHNNY COPPIN BAND / PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
CARDIFF Chapter Arts Centre: MATHEWS BROTHERS
CARDIFF Top Rank: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: THE PIRATES
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
CHESTERFIELD Adam & Eve: DAGABAND
COVENTRY Theatre: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
CROYDON Greyhound: THE MOTORS
DARLINGTON Houghton-le-Skerne WMC: BEANO
DERBY Assembly Rooms: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
EDINBURGH Odeon: AC/DC
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: CHARLEY BROWNE
ELLESMERE College: CHRIS BARBER BAND
GLASGOW Appollo Centre: THE STRANGLERS
HATFIELD The Forum: JOE PASS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: FIVE HAND REEL
HIGH WYCOMBE Newlands Club: TRIBESMAN
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: BLACK SABBATH
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE VIOLINS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: UNITED
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: THE MONOS
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE BUZZCOCKS
LONDON COCKFOSTERS Trent Park College: 90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BERNIE TORME
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: RANDY NEWMAN
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: THE VIPERS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: REDNITE
LONDON LEWISHAM Odeon: GREGORY ISAACS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE LURKERS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: WARREN HARRY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
LONDON THE MALL I.C.A. Theatre: THIS HEAT
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
MACCLESFIELD Bears Head: JAILER
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: GEORGE BENSON
MANCHESTER Willows Club: SLADE
NEWBRIDGE Working Men's Hall: GIRLS SCHOOL
NORTHAMPTON Royal Theatre: DIANE SOLOMON
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: THE NEXT BAND
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
OXFORD Mayfly Festival: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
OXFORD New Theatre: BONNIE TYLER
PLYMOUTH H.M.S. Raleigh: PIN-UPS
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: LINDISFARNE
PORTSMOUTH Portsea Rotary Club: THIEVES LIKE US
POYNTON Folk Centre: CYRIL TAWNEY / SHIRLEY HOUSTON
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
ROMFORD Harold Hill Albemarle Club: THE INMATES / ON THE OUTSIDE / 1348
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE PLEASERS
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS
SUNDERLAND Empire Theatre: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: THE ACCELERATORS

Monday

AMPTHILL Folk Club: CHRIS SADDLER
BATH Parade Gardens: CHRIS BARBER BAND
BIRKENHEAD New Hamilton Club: GONZALEZ
BIRMINGHAM Barbarells's: THE KILLJOYS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDEBOYS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLINGTIME
BIRMINGHAM Kings Club: GUYS'N'DOLLS (for a week)
BIRMINGHAM Nite Out: GENE PITNEY (for a week)
BIRMINGHAM Pastoral Centre: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE
BLACKPOOL Norcalympia: SUPERCHARGE / STEEL PULSE
BLACKPOOL Tiffany's: BRASS CONSTRUCTION / ROKOTTO
BRADFORD New Talk of Yorkshire: ORPHAN
BRENTWOOD Youth House: DESPERATE STRAITS
BRIGHTON Bucaneer: SUBSTITUTE
BRISTOL Colston Hall: LINDISFARNE
BRISTOL Polytechnic: 90° INCLUSIVE
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BURTON Willington Power Station: JOHNNY COPPIN
CANTERBURY Marlowe Theatre: LANDSCAPE
CARLISLE Market Hall: FIVE HAND REEL
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE INDEX
DEWSBURY Pickwicks Club: PUSH / THE VYE
DONCASTER Stainforth Club: BEANO
DUNDEE Caird Hall: AC/DC
GT. YARMOUTH Tiffany's: BUSTER JAMES BAND
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
KIRKALDY Adam Smith Centre: SYDNEY DEVINE
LEEDS Brannigan's Bar: ETHEL THE FROG
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE ONLY ONES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE CASUAL BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: PRINCE FAR EYE/BLACK SLATE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: OFF LICENSE/OUT OF THE BLUE
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE TOURISTS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE LURKERS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: DOYE AGAMBA
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: LE CHEILE
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: MISTY
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: BONNIE TYLER
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom (noon to midnight): FLYING SAUCERS/FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE / MATCHBOX / CADILLAC/ GREASE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SWIFT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SOLID STATE
LONDON STREATHAM Cobblestones: SOUTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES BAND
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: KAMERAS/ NECROMATS/NOBODIES/ALMOST BROTHERS
LONDON WILLESDEN The Cavern: PIN-UPS
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: JOHNNY G. AFFAIR
MANCHESTER Elizabethan Rooms: THE MOTORS
MANCHESTER Rafters: XTC
MANCHESTER Russell Club: GREGORY ISAACS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: HARRY CHAPIN
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: GRUPPO SPORTIVO
PURLEY Tiffany's: HEATWAVE
REDDITCH Tracey's: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE IN-CROWD
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: THE REAL THING
SUNDERLAND Old 29 Club: THE ACCELERATORS
SWANSEA Circles Club: GIRLS SCHOOL
SWANSEA Townsman Club: JOE PASS
SWINDON The Affair: THE BRAKES
TORQUAY Town Hall: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
WAKEFIELD The Pride: ARC ROUGE
WORCESTER Hideway Club: MUSCLES
YORK Munster Bar: THE VOID

Tuesday

ABERDEEN Capital Theatre: DARTS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SPLIT ENZ
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: RANDY NEWMAN
BOURNEMOTH Winter Gardens: BONNIE TYLER
BRIGHTON Art College: EVAN PARKER/DAVE ROBERTS
BRIGHTON The Richmond: SKIDMARX/SATELLITES
BRISTOL Colston Hall: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BRISTOL Locarno: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES-/RADIO BIRDMAN
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: CYANIDE
COVENTRY Locarno: THE MOTORS
COVENTRY Theatre: BLACK SABBATH
CWMBRAN Congress Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
DEWSBURY Turks Head: DAGABAND
EDINBURGH Odeon: GEORGE BENSON
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: THE PIRATES
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: LINDISFARNE
KEIGHLEY Nikkers Club: THE ONLY ONES
LEEDS Guildford Hotel: ORPHAN
LEICESTER Braunstone Hotel: JOE PASS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: BLUE OYSTER CULT
LIVERPOOL Eric's: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE BISHOPS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: 999
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ANGLO PALADINO
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TRASH
LONDON HACLNEY Middleton Arms: LOADED
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE MAKERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: GRUPPO SPORTIVO
LONDON Marquee Club: XTC
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: SPITERI
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: RUMBLE STRIPS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STONE BREW
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: MEMBERS/HERBSMEN
LUTON Royal Hunt Hotel: TOO MUCH
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: HARRY CHAPIN
MANCHESTER The Placemate: THE DOOLEYS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: FIVE HAND REEL
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: THE ACCELERATORS
PERTH City Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
ROTHERHAM Thurnscoe Hotel: BEANO
SANDHURST Rose & Crown: MATHEWS BROTHERS
SMETHWICK Blue Gates: SOLID
SOUTHEND Talk of the South: BRASS CONSTRUCTION/ROKOTTO
STAFFORD New Bingley Hall: THE STRANGLERS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: ELKIE BROOKS

Wednesday

ABERDEEN Ruffles: LABI SIFFRE
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: SOLID
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: MADDY PRIOR BAND
BRADFORD University: PIN-UPS
BRIGHTON Dome: ELKIE BROOKS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: BONNIE TYLER
BRISTOL Polytechnic: UNCLE PO
CHELMSFORD Odeon: LINDISFARNE
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
CHESTER Valentino's: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: JOE PASS
CUMBERNAULD The Kestrel: CHARLEY BROWN
EDINBURGH Odeon: BLUE OYSTER CULT
GLASGOW Satallite City: THE PIRATES
GUILFORD Civic Hall: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES-/RADIO BIRDMAN
HULL Piper Club: BEANO
KEELE University: GRUPPO SPORTIVO/THE BOYFRIENDS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: BLACK SABBATH
LIVERPOOL Eric's: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: FINGER-PRINZ/U.K. SUBS/CLAPSIN DECKCHAIRS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JOHNNY MOPED
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: TRAPEZE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: PANTIES
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: THE VIOLINS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: ROLL-UPS
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: REACTION
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SOUNDER
LONDON Marquee Club: XTC
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: HARRY CHAPIN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pagasus: RIFF RAFF
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: LEE KOSMIN'S LOOSE SHOES
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON W14 The Kensington: SWIFT
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
PRESTON Charter Theatre: FIVE HAND REEL
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE SOFT BOYS
SOLIHUL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STEVENAGE The Swan: REDNITE
SWANSEA Halfway Winch Wen: THE STATE
TAUNTON Brewhouse Arts Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
WHITEHAVEN Civic Hall: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: SHAM 69
WORTHING Balmoral Bar: SHORT STORIES

VEHICLE MUSIC
presents
ROGER THE CAT
Friday May 26th
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PADDINGTON
Saturday May 27th
HAMBRO TAVERN
SOUTHALL
Sunday May 28th
TWO BREWERS
CLAPHAM
Friday June 2nd
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FRI 26
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TUES 30
THE BISHOPS
WED 31
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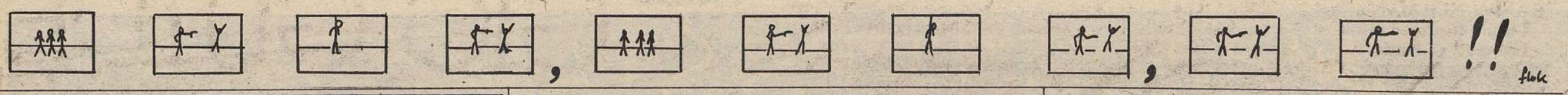
ICARF (ISLINGTON CAMPAIGN AGAINST RACISM AND FASCISM) BENEFIT ON FRIDAY MAY 26th AT 8pm. Tickets £1, 50p claimants) AT: CITY UNIVERSITY, NORTHAMPTON SQUARE, LONDON N1.
ARTISTS

words words words words words words words words words words words words
WORDS (BARRY CLARKE)
QUEENSWAY (Civic) HALL, DUNSTABLE
Friday, May 26th at 7.30 pm
STEVE HILLAGE
+ NATIONAL HEALTH
Advance tickets from F L Moore Records, Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead, Record Room St Albans or available on door
CITY HALL, ST ALBANS
Saturday, May 27th at 8.30 pm
THE MOTORS
+ MARSEILLE
Mary Jane Disco : Bar : Food
Advance tickets from Box Office 37 Chequer Street, St Albans or available on door
words words words words words words words words words words words words

FRIARS
AYLESBURY
Welcome Home
JOHN & WILLY
Tonight, Thurs. May 25th
(Tickets 195p available from usual outlets or 195p at door on night.
Life membership 25p
We don't forget and we don't regret and we ain't goin' to



FREDERICK BANNISTER
PRESENTS

DARTS
IN SCOTLAND

28th MAY	APOLLO, GLASGOW
30th MAY	CAPITOL, ABERDEEN
31st MAY	USHER HALL, EDINBURGH

THIRD EAR BAND
Sun. June 4th: Roundhouse Downstairs
Admission £1.50
Sat. June 10th: Strawberry Fair, Cambridge

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Misty In Roots

BRISTOL

WHY, WHY, are RAR so bad at promoting gigs? Probably because as yet art does not come ready-made, tailored to political ends. Until that comes to pass, political promoters will book too many bands, and spend the whole evening at the side of the stage fretting at the bands going five, ten, and fifteen minutes over their allotted span.

Such overbooking is even more of a pity when the music is of such uneven quality, giving the audience too little of the excellent in order to be fair to the awful bands.

First on were the X-Spurtz, who invite smart-alecisms about their being anything but experts. Apart from their obvious enthusiasm, there was little to savour, and the assembled multitudes reassembled in the bar. One song, apparently an extended version of the intro to The Clash's "Police And Thieves" might have been all right if it hadn't been called "Rape" and been dedicated to the Clifton Rapist. But then taste was never one of the great virtues of punk rock.

The Media, on the other hand, had a great deal to offer, and earned an encore. Their best stuff sounds like the interesting parts of Buzzcocks being played by a good solid rock and roll band — TRB or the earlier Stones, for instance.

Their songs were inventive, highlighted by "Fallout Shelter", which begins with the intro to "Love In Vain", continues with a nursery rhyme recitation of *"Don't sit under the fallout shelter with anyone else but me, anyone else but me . . .",* before breaking into a full-blooded rocker.

When their vocalist has learned not to look like the boring and pretentious facets of Devoto's stage personality, they will be a fine band. A matter of time, and then their "O.D., O.D., O.K." can take its rightful place as a single on Beserkley.

The Reds were completely forgettable, being nothing more or less than a disposable April '77 punk band. If they had been dropped, The Media and Misty In Roots could have played longer.

There are seemingly endless supplies of new reggae bands, all uniformly excellent. Misty In Roots are in the same ecstatically smooth style as Reggae Regular, beautiful harmonies with a mellifluous backing strong enough to give the sound a lot of weight. Other than that, all there is to say is that no-one stopped dancing. We could have danced all night.

Mike Holmans

Ivor Cutler

GLASGOW FILM THEATRE

IT SURE won't ever replace the Apollo in our affections, but the Glasgow Film Theatre is a fine place to go for a civilised, relaxed evening of the kind offered by Glasgow's own (and proud of it) Ivor Cutler.

The GFT (as we locals affectionately call it) is usually the sort of place where you go to watch people standing around in the fover or the bar talking like the guy in *Annie Hall* in the queue that Woody Allen gets Marshall McLuhan to speak to.

Ivor Cutler's gig was something of a departure for them.

Previous location for this sort of thing has always been the Third Eye Centre, just up the road a piece; a place where local poets and dramatists have intense conversations in the semi-macrobiotic coffee bar, and paintings are displayed on walls and other surfaces in a valiant attempt to raise the collective cultural consciousness of the city.

It does not make a profit. Ivor's last album was recorded there.

The GFT lacks the intimacy of the Third Eye Centre, but everyone still sat around grinning widely, and you almost felt like you could have stood up in the second half to yell, "Hey, Ivor. Your speaker's broke."

For a more scholarly approach, reckon I'll tackle Ivor's various functions separately:

Comedian: Being funny is Ivor's main talent; he is naturally funny to the point of being able to get laughs merely by walking on stage. His audience sits and grins widely throughout the entire performance; this is an occasion when you can forget any problems you may have and become totally immersed in somebody else's enviable reality. He's a lovely old guy.

Poet: The poems are usually short; sort of Scottish haikus to make a point, or a joke, or just plain weird. Mainly they get laughs for having abrupt endings, like 'Is That It? . . .' Occasionally a gem will slip by, but he's no Roger McGough.

Musician: Ivor's rare gift for melody is probably his least appreciated talent. This has probably got something to do with the somewhat unique lyrics with which he blesses his songs. The songs, too, are invariably short; and generally wonderful.

Go see him if he ever hits your town. I especially urge you to go along if you've never heard of him or have only a vague familiarity through John Peel's show; the amazement at what comes next is most of the fun.

Though not afflicted by xenophobia or the S.N.P. I'm proud that two of the triumvirate of Ivor and Vivian Stanshall and Ron Geesin (the only two other even vaguely comparable performers) are Scottish.

At the end he asked if anybody could provide a lift to Edinburgh for himself and his portable harmonium.

Glenn Gibson

HURRY! HURRY!

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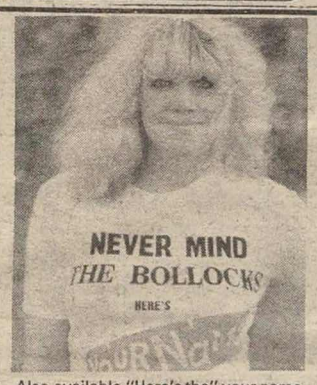

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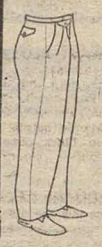

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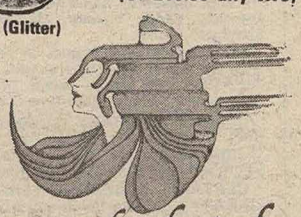

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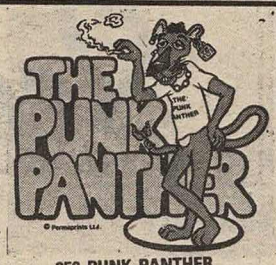

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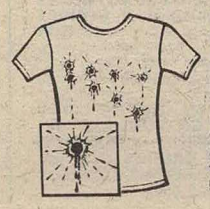

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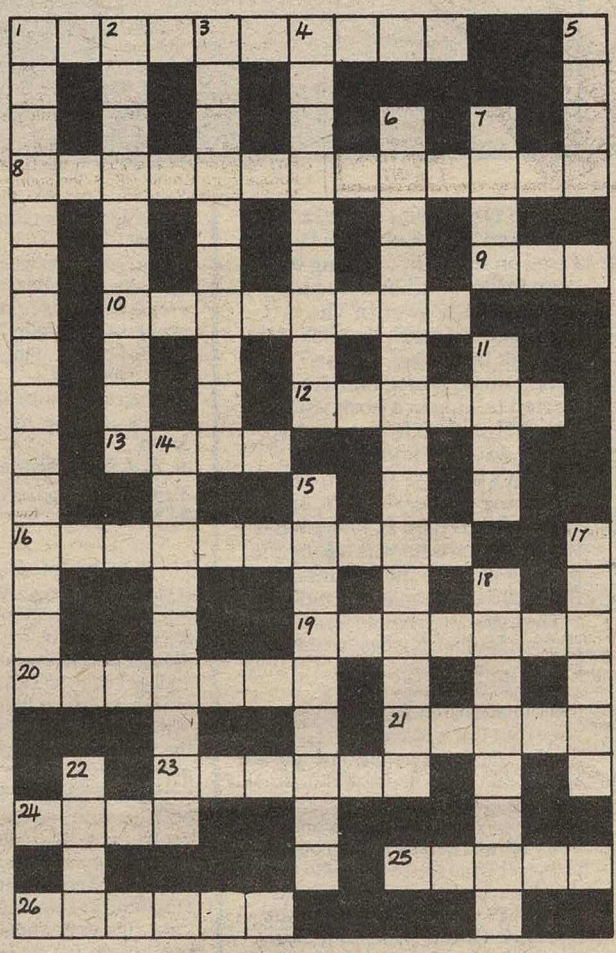


ACROSS

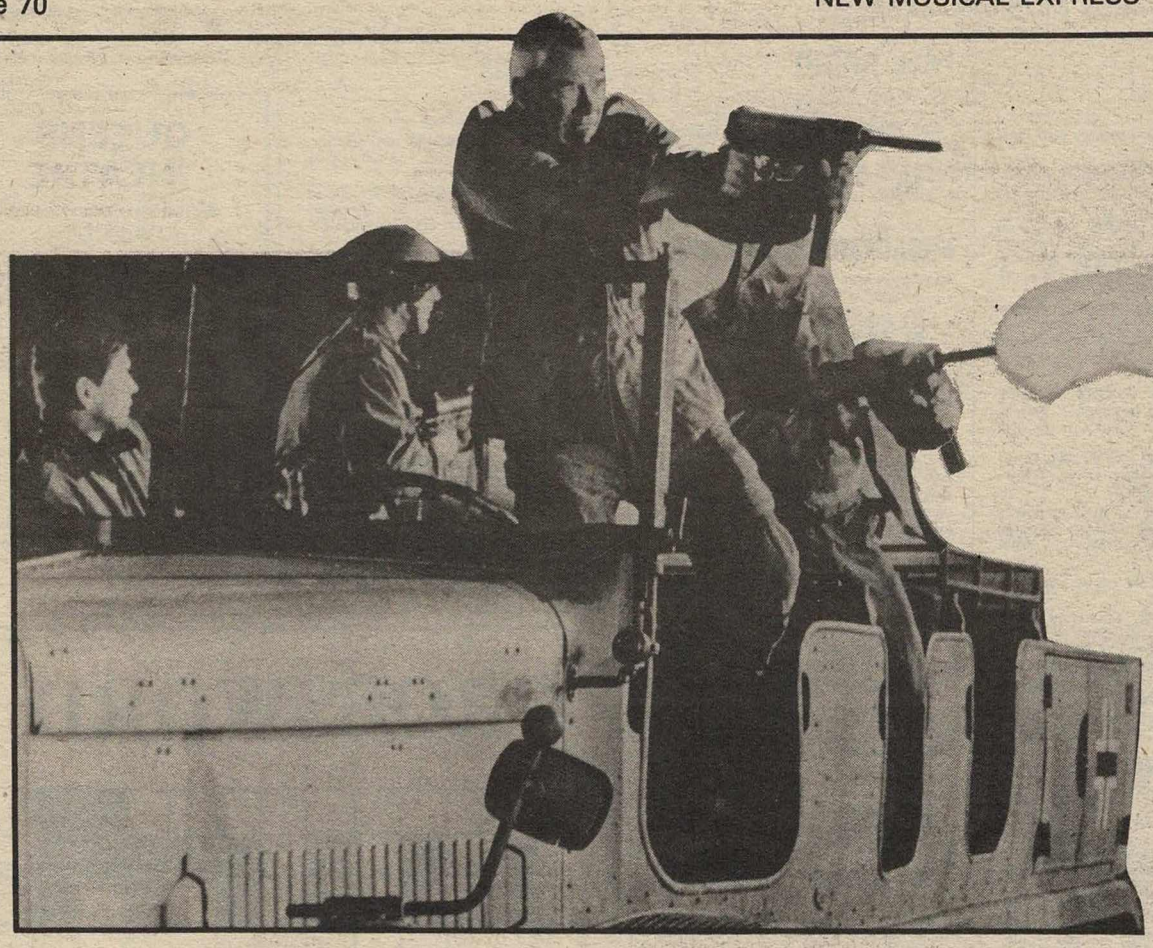
1 Ian Dury in the dumper again! (4, 1, 5)
8 Former Miles Davis sidekick, took his keyboards to form his own sextet and had huge U.S. success with "Headhunters" experiment (6, 7)
9 They had a hit s-s-single with "Single Bed"
10 & 25 From 1970, Rod Stewart's second solo album
12 Meisner, Henley etc.
13 To Slaughter what The Shadows were to Cliff (well, sort of)
16 Held a monopoly in coy-voiced British girl singers until Kate Bush came on the scene (5, 5)
19 Brothers, there were two of them behind the success of Creedence Clearwater Revival
20 & 17 Southend pub-rock band, they disbanded earlier this year
21 On the techno-rock gimmicks shopping list, it comes second only to dry ice
23 Ms Warwick, soul singer of the parish
24 Geezer Butler's instrument is involved in Sabs mix-up!
25 See 10
26 See 5

DOWN

1 . . . McCartney won't put out any more pop manure like this! *(Bet he does — Ed)* (4, 1, 6, 4)
2 Wimpy species of precious metal! *Not so much 24 carat as 'Fool's', huh — Ed)* (6, 4)
3 John Denver's first — and last? — U.K. hit *(haven't we got anything better than this? — Ed)* (6, 4)
4 His group Love were erratic but semi-legendary pioneers of the first psychedelic era (6,3)
5 & 26 A Stone who rolled on — to obscurity?!
6 First lady — *only* lady? — of the national airwaves (4, 11)
7 See 11
11 & 7 Of whom it has been said: "Who let *that* bat out of hell?"
14 Actually a pretty good Who album, despite the somewhat self-depreciative title (4, 1, 4)
15 Mainman of the ELO (4,5)
17 See 20
18 One of the Phil Spector girlie group stable, they were his first signing
22 Marley's lates

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS— 1 X-Ray Spex; 4 Steel (Pulse); 5 Yvonne Elliman; 7 Graham Parker; 10 Bob Harris; 13 Barrie Masters; 14 Stukas; 15 Dylan; 20 Steve Harley, 21 Mick (Jagger); 22 "(Sticky) Fingers"; 24 Johnny Ramone. **DOWN:** 2 "Rivers Of Babylon"; 3 Santana; 4 "Sticky (Fingers)"; 6 "Nice 'n' Sleazy"; 8 (Christine) Perfect; 9 Rutles; 11 "Hard Day's Night"; 12 Sparks; 16 (Steel) Pulse; 17 Beck; 18 Jeff; 19 Mann; 23 "Good (Vibrations)".



MACHO BAG

I WAS DRIVING home last night and Tom Robinson Band came on the radio, singing what sounds like a rather innocuous ditty called "Power In The Darkness". I think that its effect is rather insiduous. I wasn't taking much notice until he started talking in a posh voice about "freedom from pansies, punks, football hooligans, women's libbers" (and so on). He was being ironic, sarcastic and satirical, but then I realised that the sentiments he was taking the piss out of were the sentiments of the ordinary people of England.

They *do* want freedom from the pansies, football hooligans, lesbians. Just ask *your* parents.

Tom Robinson speaks in a schoolteacher/retired colonel/MP's voice, but this is to disguise the fact that he knows the *ordinary* people are against him. If he had power he would obviously persecute the people who held these views and that means that every normal person in this country is in danger from the people who attend the Robinson concerts and buy his albums. Everyone who isn't a punk, football hooligan, pansy or lesbian, that is.

If you are normal, campaign for the right of ordinary folk. Don't buy the album for a start and also don't attend the concerts. Robinson *is* homosexual anyway, and is doing it all out of self-interest. He is a bigot.

If you talk posh, you'll be persecuted along with all the others that are normal and well-adjusted citizens. Beware the new Fascism!
RICH, an art student, Leicester.
Right, that's started things rolling with no words minced. Let's hear from all you cack-handed football yobo dykes. — M.S.

OKAY, SO ageing scribe Nick Kent thinks "Power In The Darkness" fails as a rock 'n' roll album. I disagree, and I think the countless thousands who buy the album will too, proving that they find it a very successful rock 'n' roll album, the playing and the lyrical content are excellent . . . you can't ask for more.

Until you write something bearing a twentieth of the merit of say, "Winter Of 79", then you don't deserve to stand in the same room as the object of your scorn. Until then, keep your mouth shut before the 'sheep' start sussing YOU out. (Recognise It?)

To TRB the leather, to Nick Kent the leatherette.
MICK MERCER, Panache.

TO NICK KENT, All we can say about your review of the TRB album is, 'BOLLOCKS!' Thankyou, and goodnight.
TWO INCENSED FEMALE TRB FANS, who wouldn't mind going to work with Danny Kustow in a Grey Cortina.

I GOT OUT of Borstal last Wednesday. While doing my bird I received your mag every week. Great, but some of the things I read really used to do me in. I wanted to write and give my view (for all it's worth) but I couldn't. Now I'm home and there's nothing in your paper to rile me — apart from Kent's TRB album review.

My God, if he wants to slag TRB, that's his affair but the way he puts it over is as if he reeeaaaalllyy feels bad about doing it. Why? He never has worried before. Sing if you're glad, Nick. Nuff said.

Oh yeah, thanks all the same — you lot helped me do my bird, so I can't moan.
R. E. LEAS, Stevenage.
Yeah, that's a good'un, no messing — M.S.

I WRITE protest songs. My latest one is called "Up Against The Wall". It's not the same as TRB's one, but it's a protest about the size of my bedsit in Slough. I have to stand up against the wall as I can't sit down or stand anywhere else as there's no room. This is true grass roots protest. I am the voice of the average person-in-the-street. When I have written it I'll let you know and perhaps send you the tape. If you could just perhaps put a double page advertisement in for me with some snide one-liner about Persil and Willie Hamilton or something, that would be great. Oh yes! Watch the news and newspapers for my publicity stunt. I could crop up anywhere as anyone, just remember that it's me really, publicising my single.
BINSLEY EXETER (the man behind the acne), Slough.

STREET credibility is being able to stand on the serving side of the 'Rock On' record stall.
A. POTENTIAL 'Book Of Rock Ouotes' Editor/Contributor, Sidcup, Kent.

IT ALL BECOMES clear. Rock Music is a joke. Rotten intended turning the U.K. into Anarchy, like Enoch Powell intended joining the Communist Party. *NME* journalists got their knickers in a twist over Blondie copping out, but perhaps what really frightens them is that the whole Rock 'n' Roll Circus (and their part in it) threatens the Establishment as much as *Crossroads*. CBS knew this when they signed up Dylan in the '60s, and The Clash in the '70s.

Any up-and-coming Rock Revolutionaries who take exception to the above can prove me wrong, when they've earned their first million. They can prove their "credibility" by donating their hard earned cash to the Political Party of their choice.

Perhaps they don't believe in Political Parties of any kind. In that case, they might be anarchists. There is a simple test. Set fire to a pile of five pound notes and see if you can watch them burn.
CLIFF RICHARD FAN, London.
You supply the fivers and I'll supply the matches. And what's wrong with *Crossroads?* — M.S.

HERE'S ANOTHER nail to knock in the coffin of The Stranglers, and any credibility they may have left.

Yes, the tune of the latest moneyspinner from the hip combo bears more than a passing resemblance to Charlie Chaplin's first ever screen song in "Modern Times".

That song too had nonsense lyrics. The elastic band of coincidence is further stretched by the fact that Chaplin got given back last week after being disinterred.

Are the Dave Greenfield Quartet running out of ideas? (Or time?) And who cares?
PAUL DREW, Plymouth.
P.S. Is there enough time to say that "Black And White" is a negative album?

ALL I want to know is: Does Joyce McKinney give lessons in getting off Mormon's chastity garments in one foul swipe and chaining them up?
MOL ESTER, St Neots.
P.S. Any chance of full frontals of The Stranglers?
1. The Daily Mirrror's been boring the pants off the nation with Fax'n'pix of the old slag all week.
2. Sure thing. — M.S.

Burnel, Cornwell and Black pose with a nubile.

WHY ISNT "Why Don't We Do It In The Road?" from the White Album featured on the "Beatles Love Songs"?
JOYCE McKINNEY, Canada.
P.S. My favourite song is "Chains" from the "Please Please Me" album.
Oh, go away Joyce, you old rat-bag. — M.S.

DON'T LOOK now but your mask of trendy socialism has slipped. You heap scorn and contempt on anyone who attempts to incite racial hatred (and before you leap down my throat — I agree with your stance, so don't accuse me of racialism or whatever).

However, are *you* practising discrimination if a white group had got up on stage with a gun and threatened to 'do' any black who attacked a white out of racial hate? (Yeah, it does happen, you don't have to be white to be a bigot, surprise! surprise! — they exist in every race).

Your more trendy (sorry, that word again) staff members would splash it all over *Thrills* and make outraged noises (remember Eric C's remarks at Birmingham?). However, tucked away in *Teazers* we find that Steel Pulse have done just that — only they happen to be black and threaten to shoot whites — guess what? No "social" comment, no outrage, no nothing.

Are you that blind some of you can't accept that to be black don't mean you're always right!
ANTHONY BASS, Derby.
Q: If Idi Amin and Martin Webster leapt off the Eiffel Tower, who would hit the ground first?
A: Does it matter? — M.S.

THIS IS THE letter of a tired man, tired of life and tired of love. I seem to be a battlefield of the gods. Torn by the battles of lords of the higher plains. I feel like ending it all, but that is no answer — violence is another answer but that is going against my nature and my God. My hand is unsteady with passion, my mind swirls with colour and sounds. But I carry on, I fight, I will survive.

But with my only love gone where is my sanctuary? Do I take on the stoical attitude or do I look and seek for pleasure? I don't know. I'll just have to search for a new love and a new life. Or, could I just try again over old terrain? But that could be the death of deaths, it could be my casting into the living hell of pain and sorrow, of fire and blood.
PATRICK DAVID GABRIEL HAMPSHIRE, Staincliffe, Dewsbury.
Well piss off then. — M.S.

NOW MIGHT be a good time to reappraise "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band". To me, it sounds like a scathing attack on Flower Power, and the '60s in general. The title song, which once seemed almost jubilant, now seems deeply ironic and self-mocking. "With A Little Help From My Friends" appears to be a very moving story of someone strung out on drugs, almost on a par with some Lou Reed songs on the same subject. Track by track, this sense of irony and condemnation becomes more apparent.

Things come to a head with "A Day In The Life". Right now, that song is the most depressing one I can call to mind. It reeks of lost hope, futility and defeatism. It depicts a world that holds no future for anybody.
Goes even more over the top hereafter — Ed.)
RICHARD SLAYTER, Hendon.

DEAR NORTH Thames Gas Bag, having read Brian Case's review of Ian Dury at Hammersmith, I must write to put the record straight regarding Max Wall and the 1972 Mott the Hoople Rock 'n' Roll Circus Tour.

Far from being badly received, Max went well at most of the gigs — and even got standing ovations at a couple of the shows. It is true that the rowdy element did mar his act at Liverpool and Glasgow — and at the London Lyceum show (not the best showcase for act) there was a certain audience indifference. It is true to say, though, that Max was a thundering success on that tour and that perhaps his memory is now coloured by his natural modesty — a quality totally uncalled for in a performer of his calibre.

I know that everyone concerned with that tour looks back on it — and especially Max — with affection and respect.

Good on yer, Max!
DALE GRIFFIN, British Lions

WHAT THE bloody hell happened to *Top of the Pops* (May 11th)?

First we see Thin Lizzy, no less, and then we are amazed by Ian Dury, Sham 69, Blondie, Patti Smith (any relation) and last but not least Tom Robinson. But who were them twats from Newcastle — they made a balls of it, but no-one's perfect, eh?

No doubt back to the same moronic rubbish next week.
AN AMAZED LIZZY FAN, Derbyshire
What happened was that Robin Nash went on holiday that week — A BEEB SPOKESTHING.

I WONDER if Joe Strummer will write a song about this letter.
FRAZ, Skelmersdale, Lancs.
Hope not, but at least it would be short. — M.S.

I AM AMAZED to continually read a slagging down of Steve Hillage in your paper. You never say anything good about the guy, you make him look absurd to somebody who has never heard his music, continually knocking him for his appearance and philosophies on life.

I have seen Hillage twice now and each time it has been an experience only felt at a Floyd concert. His music is fresh, his sound unique and he is a brilliant guitarist. Why is is that you keep shooting the guy down? Is it because he isn't ugly, doesn't wear black or swear in front of TV cameras, or because he hasn't got an ugly looking girl in the band? If it ain't punk it's rubbish. Yeah! Well leave it out. You should be selling the guy like crazy, he is the '70s sound. Just because your head and imagination cannot cope with the cosmic Ha Ha.
GWYN, Pontypool, Gwent.
We certainly can't cope with cosmic ha-has or communicate with cauliflowers, either. And we thought his band *were* ugly girls. — M.S.

DEAR A.C. Ambridgefan, I see Gillingham had the last laugh. After all, it is they who have avoided facing the might of Alan Durban's Red and White Army. Led by Brendan O'Callaghan (a centre-forward of Irish extract, for all you non-football fans), Stoke will do for English soccer in the '80s what Mansfield have done in the '70s. I also see that A.G. Illinghamfan has not got the worry of facing Port Vale next season (Cue laughter, followed by the strains of "We are the lads of Durban's Army." Fade and end).
A.S.T. OKECITYFAN, Stoke-on-Trent.
The biggest thing Mansfield ever did was sell Ray Clarke to the foreigners. How's Peter Shilton by the way (ha ha)? Aren't you glad the season's over? *(Yes. — Ed.)* Peru for the World Cup! — M.S.

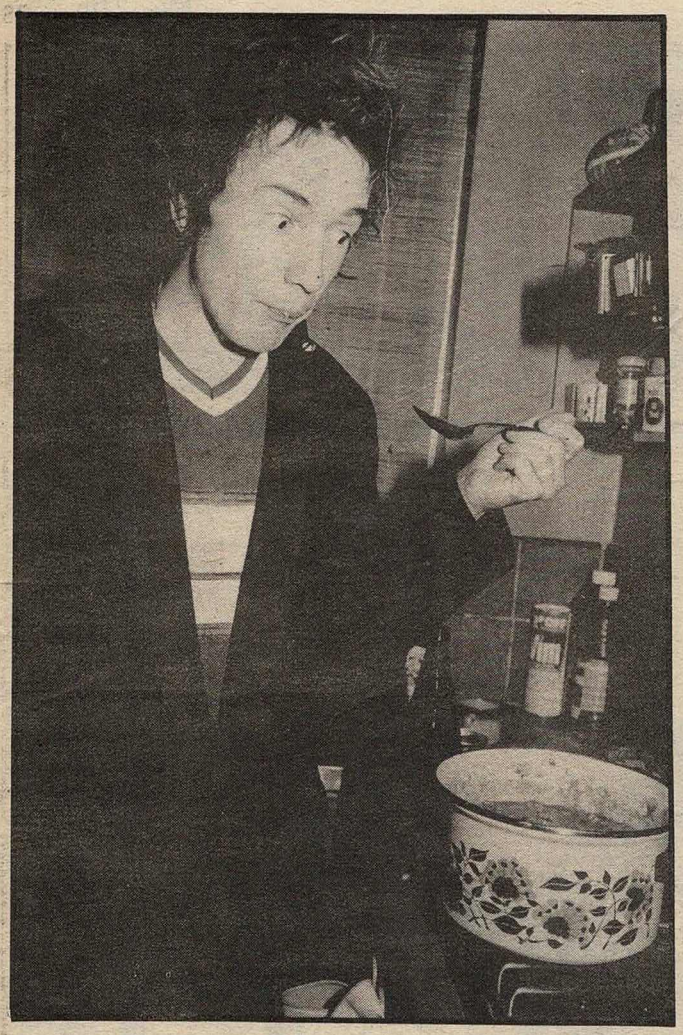
FOR EIGHTEEN months I've been trying to think of a sensible leter to write to *NME*, but I haven't been able to do so. I wonder if this is a record, or if its me speaking.
CLAUDE BALL, Allanton, Lanarkshire.

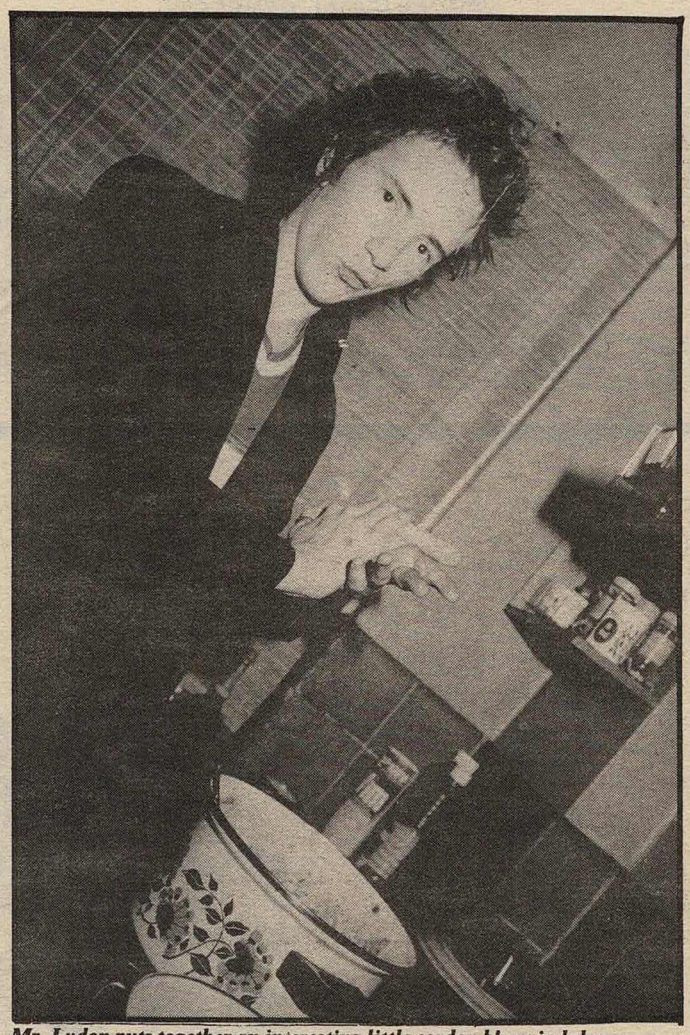
I'D LIKE to say hello to all the family and all my friends, especially those sitting exams at college and a special hello for any girls who might be reading this.
A VERYFRIENDLYANDBIG HEARTEDPERSON, Ayr.
P.S. Please print this request before 7 o'clock as I have to muck the pigs after that.

IT'S time to air my grievances. You stink.
A MINDLESS AGGRESSOR, Romiley.
P.S. Any paper that prints my letters NEEDS a new editor.

It's A Fair Cop:

Monty Smiff





Mr. Lydon puts together an interesting little cordon bleu vindaloo (left, eat your heart out Elizabeth David) only to discover that the results made one a little, well, queasy. Pix: JOE STEVENS

teazers

A Weekly Insurrection

ZIMMANIA CONTINUES to dominate the headlines. While **Dylan** has apparently specified in his contract for the Earls Court gigs that a bed be provided backstage — so's he can get his head down during the long period between the soundcheck and the gig apparently — there have already been many instances of tickets being offered for sale at hugely inflated prices through the classified columns of newspapers such as the *Evening News*, which evidently exercises no ethical judgement whatsoever in accepting advertisements. (Readers will recall from last week that *NME* has refused many such adverts.) The going price seems to be upwards of £45 for a £5 ticket, which suggests that the queues were artificially lengthened by entrepreneurs. Anyway, readers are advised not to buy tickets offered at much more than face value, if only because there still seem to be sone spare ones in circulation; on Monday a booking agency along Oxford Street was selling tickets, for example . . .

Meantime seems the gigs have been heaven-sent as far as publishers Hamish Hamilton are concerned, since they'll be putting out a large format (i.e. coffee-table) illustrated biography of Dylan on, would you believe, June 15, the v. first night of the gigs. It will be reasonably cheaply priced, at £3.95, and has been written by **Michael Gross,** about whom we are able to impart no information whatsoever; we're still waiting for the semi-official biography, which **Robert Shelton** has been working on for a decade or more. Another Dylan book, **Sam Shepard's** *Rolling Thunder Logbook* is published by Penguin today, and will be reviewed next week in *NME* . . .

Meanwhile, many thanks to the ever-so-wonderful Ian Dury, not just for his excellent gigs at Hammersmith Odeon, but also for his reference to *NME* and the Blockheads competition on Saturday. 'Tis right wot 'e said — the standard of entries was so high that, blow the expense, an extra 500 copies of the special "Sex and Drugs and Rock and Roll" single have been pressed up; results will be published in *NME* forthwith. Dury, in fact, distributed his own prizes to Blockheads — copies of albums by **Anita Harris** and **Russ Conway . . .**

After the non-**Irv Azoff**-approved pic of **The Eagles** (Pye Recording Artists) in *Thrills* recently reader **Paddy** of Wolverhampton wrote in to say that he distinctly remembers said band making their TV debut on *Thank Your Luck Stars,* on the same edition as another new band, The Rolling Stones, made theirs . . .

Roger Daltrey and **Keith Moon** now have fresh assignments. While Moonie is helping to throw a party to relaunch Shepperton Studios, Daltry will be taking the eponymous role in the movie version of *The Life Of John McVicar,* a part he secured by buying the film rights himself. We believe there are plans to spring McVicar, a convicted bank robber, for the premiere . .

Criminals, of course, are much in vogue right now, what with Lord Snowdon flying down to Rio to snap **Sex Pistols** lyricist and sometime train robber **Ronald Biggs** for a *Sunday Times* two-page special — no doubt a Fleet Street two-fingers to the rival *Observer* which had landed the serialisation rights to **Piers Paul Read's** book *The Train Robbers,* though the *Sunday Telegraph* netted the most nefarious memoirs of all — those of discredited politician **Richard Nixon;** his were both the most boring and the most deceitful. *(Whaddya expect? (He's the biggest criminal of the lot — Ed.) . . .*

Liggers at the apres-gig **Kinks** Roundhouse party last Friday included the **Boomtown Rats** (though that's the last time they get a namecheck for socialising; it's about time they turned their energies to something creative), **Graham Chapman** and **Jill Bennett, The Zones** and **Steve New** — i.e. a fairly heterogeneous lot . . .

As a postscript to the excellent news disseminated by **Fred Dellar** in *Information City* (page 24) that Stax are about to issue the two legendary **Big Star** albums as a double, we hear that the band's drummer, **Jody Stephens,** is in the country, and looking for a gig. Bands looking for a worthy and prestigious name to fill their drum stool can contact him on 01-289 3713 . . .

If, say, "With A Little Luck" had been credited to **Paul** and **Linda McCartney** instead of to **Wings,** then the top four best-selling singles in the U.S. this week would all be by male/female duos. "With A Little Luck" is in fact Macca's 26th U.S. No. 1 (20 with **The Beatles,** and six since — can't you just tell *Teazers* happened to catch **Paul Gambaccini's** show last week?) and no-one can equal that. **Robert Stigwood** meantime will not be too worried that, for the first time this year, the Top 4 contains no music from *Saturday Night Fever,* since it *does* contain the main theme from his new money-spinner *Grease,* the soundtrack album of which has already gone platinum — though presumably by now he regards sales in excess of five or six million as merely moderate . . .

And now for the most harrowing news of the week. In the *Daily Express* recently **Tony Blackburn** revealed his plans for airwave domination by 1988; denying charges that he was getting too old for the job, he said: "I'd like to be here in 15 years' time," adding to the disquiet of music-lovers throughout Britain, "not necessarily as a disc-jockey though. In ten years' time I'd like to be in charge of this network." And you thought Radio One couldn't get any worse . . .

Troth-plighting bit: in Detroit recently, **Aretha Franklin** married a movie actor called **Glynn Turman;** the fact that it was her second marriage didn't seem to prevent *her* having a religious wedding since the ceremony was held at her father's church. While **F Mac's** bass guitarist **John McVie** also got married again recently — to Beverly Hills girl, **Julie Rubens.** His first wife, **Christine McVie,** attended the reception . . .

Culture's "Africa Stand Alone" album, currently circulating on pre-release, has been officially designated a bootleg by Virgin Records, who claim that the set comprises unfinished tapes stolen from the studio. The company's own fully-enhanced mix is being rush-released on their Front Line label, on June 16 . . .

Nick Kent's flicking ash over *Melody Maker's* **Ray Coleman** on the tedious *Don't Quote Me* was, he assures us, quite unintentional (as were most of his contributions to the show). Meanwhile, ATV's *Revolver* started very promisingly last week; though much as your correspondent enjoyed **Peter Cook's** M-C'ing, we feel that the the ultimate man for the job is Stiff Records' own **Kosmo Vinyl** *(Yeah! Good one — Ed.)* . . .

MCA press officer **Geoff Thorne** sporting a nasty gash after a misplaced attempt at chivalry in swanky Berkeley Square nite-spot Mortons last week: when he stood up to enquire the health of a girl who'd just fallen across his table, her assailant slashed him across the face with a razor. Several stitches and policemen later, the case will, as they say, be coming up soon. "All I'm worried about," says Geoff, "is that now I've got a squealer's cheek" . . .

In company with the **Bishop of Gloucester,** and authors **Laurie Lee, P. J. Kavanagh** and **Elspeth Huxley,** Squire **Mike Oldfield** one of the signatories of a petition to *The Times* last week protesting about the planned expansion of RAF Fairford to accommodate U.S.A.F. KC135 airborne fuel tankers; that would disturb the peace of their rural Cotswold homes . . .

The degree in Electrical Engineering and Aerospace Technology gained by **Styx's** guitarist **James Young** came in handy at the Sheffield Top Rank when over 15 tour managers and roadies failed to locate a buzz in the P.A. Two hours later, the support band had gone home, it looked as though the gig would be cancelled, when J.Y. — as he's known to his friends — strolled over and saved the day in ten minutes flat.

And that's all, 'cept to add our own commiserations to **Andy Gray,** Scotland's best striker who's being left behind because **Ally** "Get Offa' **MacLeod**-nine prefers Joltin' **Joe Jordan,** the world's costliest non-scoring forward who strikes only at opposing defenders. The amazing thing is, he's never yet been sent off — Argentina will take care of that little anomaly

Hopefully you've all noticed by now that our charming wonderful editor becomes redundant next Thursday. Since he's now coming up to school-leaving age, he'd be interested to learn of any offers of remunerative employment, especially from glossy magazines which feature photos of women with big (Stop it right there. — Nearly Ex-ed) . . .

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	This	Last week	TOP TEN
20p Coney Lou, Black Slate, Steel Pulse, Sphinx Twinkle, Lazy Sod.	1	(1)	BUZZCOCKS
25p Rush (4), Deaf School, Stiff Little Fingers, Overdose, Princess Margaret, Operation Julie (3).	2	(5)	YELLOW COSTELLO
Deluxe 30p Wayne County, Gaye Advert, Plastic Bertrand, Siouxsie Overground.	3	(3)	DEVO QUOTE
	4	(2)	CLASH POLICE
	5	(6)	BLONDIE
	6	(8)	STEEL PULSE
	7	(9)	SHAM ARMY
	8	(7)	999
	9	(4)	CLASH CITY ROCKERS
	10	(—)	SHAM 69

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3.17 MINUTES OF VINYL EROTICA

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ROBERT PALMER

EVERY KINDA PEOPLE

Robert Palmer's new single, Every Kinda People, from the album Double Fun. ILPS 9476

ISLAND

Published by IPC Magazines Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., S.E.1. Printed in England by Northamptonshire Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationery and Office Supplies Ltd. Publishers.

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